THE SATURDAY EVE[illegible]OST

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Christmas sing merrilie

HENRY MILNER RIDEOUT—KENNETH L. ROBERTS
GEORGE PATTULLO—CLIFFORD RAYMOND—WILL PAYNE
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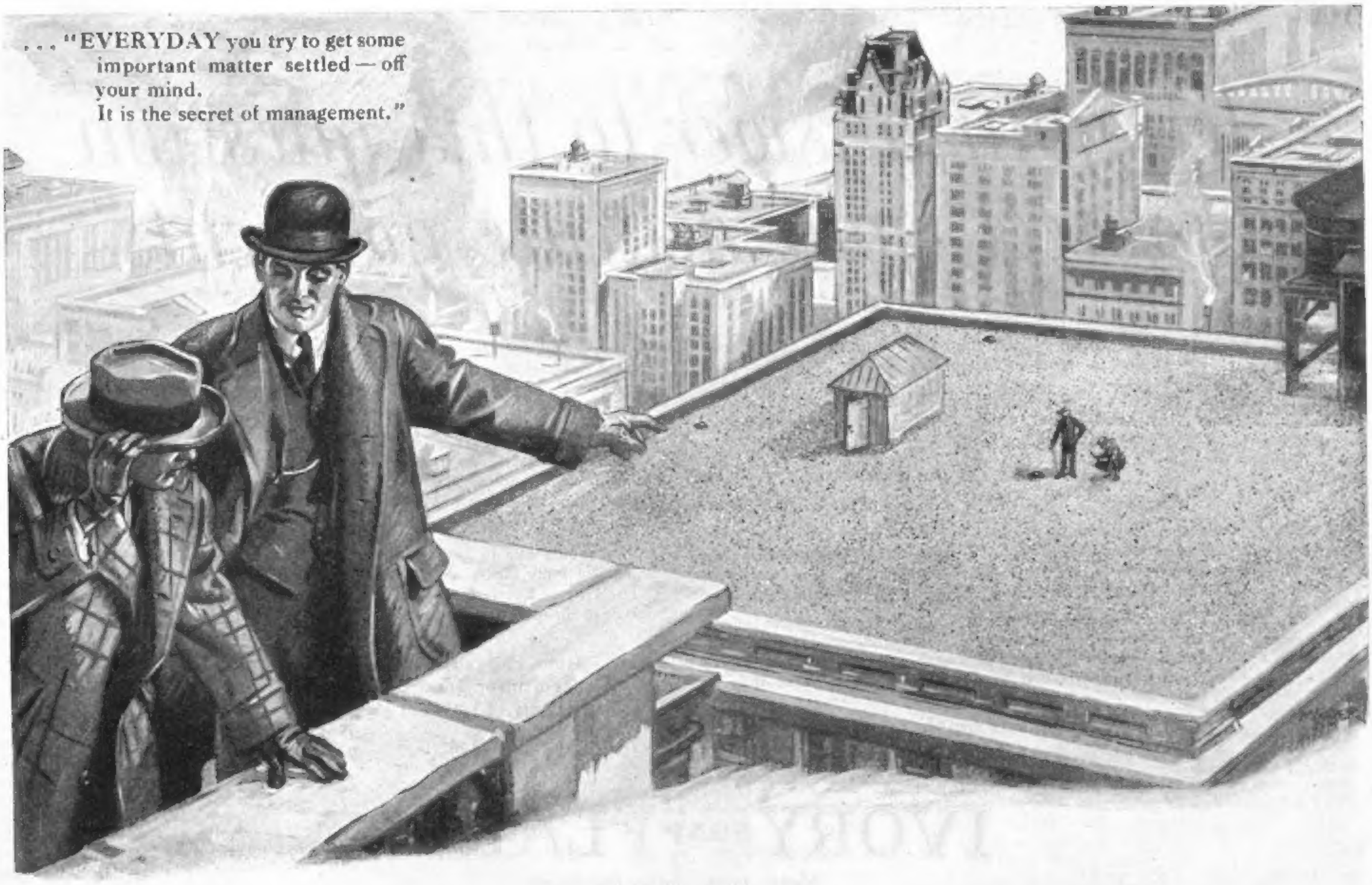

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SHOTS IN THE DARK

By GEORGE PATTULLO

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

A MOCKINGBIRD was testing its voice in the chinaberry below the Wilkersons' sleeping porch. It came there every night, and its liquid warblings had ceased to bother Lee; but when the bird suddenly stopped he woke with a jerk, just in time to hear the latch of the gate click. He sat upright. Somebody was stealing on tiptoe up their walk.

The intruder crossed the lawn and eased through the hedge into the Bantys' front yard, where he hid behind a tree and seemed to reconnoiter. Then he flitted back to the Bantys' gate, opened and closed it with a bang and walked boldly toward the house. It was a puzzling move, but it brought instant results. There came a subdued scurrying at one of the lower open windows and something dropped onto the lawn. Then a spurt of flame and the crash of a .45. Leaping from bed, Wilkerson reached the porch screen just in time to descry a dim figure scale the picket fence between the two back yards and go streaking towards the lane. The man on the walk dashed in pursuit and started to clamber over the fence, but a woman's scream stopped him. He turned and fled. Lee could hear him running swiftly down Live Oak Street.

"Well," said his mother, padding out in her bare feet, "who's killed now?"

"Nobody, mamma. Don't be scared."

"Scared?" she retorted in her harsh, incisive voice. "Don't talk foolish! Who did that shootin'?"

"I don't know. Some drunk, I reckon."

Up and down the street, windows and doors were being flung open and people called to one another, to find out what the trouble was about.

"What're you staring at, anyhow, Lee?" demanded Mrs. Wilkerson.

"Seeing if I can see anybody."

"I thought I heard somebody run off."

"So you did. Somebody ran down Live Oak Street as fast as he could leg it."

A faltering voice called to them from the dark house next door, "Didn't you hear a gun, Mr. Wilkerson?"

"I sure did, ma'am."

"Where was it? I was sound asleep, and it sounded like it was right close."

"Not very far off," Lee answered, grinning.

His mother muttered, "Listen at how funny she talks."

"Anybody hurt?"

"Not that I know of."

A short silence. Then, "I wonder who—did you see anybody?"

"No-o."

"Do you reckon it was burglars?"

"Well, I reckon he was a thief—yes, ma'am."

He waited for a reply, but none came.

"Lee," whispered his mother, "you're keeping something back from me."

"Nonsense! What makes you say that, mamma?"

"Then what makes your voice so queer?"

"Cold, I reckon. Best get back to bed, mamma. This is bad for your rheumatism."

Never Had Such a Sensation Been Sprung in the History of the County—Minnie May Daniels, of All People!

Muttering, and with shoulders humped up and hands thrust inside the sleeves of her nightgown, Mrs. Wilkerson shuffled back to her room, where she switched on the light to take a look at the clock. "After midnight!" she exclaimed. "Looks like folks could do their shootin' in the daytime!" After a time she fell asleep.

That was just before the clock in the courthouse tower struck one. In the same minute Clyde Odom started to close his Kandy Kitchen. He was two hours later than usual, because a party of motorists from Larsen had dropped in for some chili as a counterirritant to the gin they had drunk on the road, and home didn't seem to attract them.

As Clyde turned the key of the front door the screen door at the back opened and a man rushed in, carrying most of his clothes.

"Well, I swan!" cried Clyde. "Been to a party, Ad?"

"Pull down the shades."

While Odom was doing it, the newcomer hurriedly donned his suit and collar and shoes. He was shaking in every limb.

"This society business sure has its drawbacks, don't it?" remarked the Kandy Kitchen man.

"Forget it, and gimme a drink."

"What kind of a drink?"

"Shucks, something with a wallop—none of that belly wash."

Odom produced a bottle and Rosser took a shuddering drink. "Ain't as good as the last batch, Clyde," he observed critically. "Don't take hold the same way."

"What can you expect? They're workin' that guy to death. Give him time and he can make as good corn whisky as you'd choose to drink, Ad. But they won't. First thing you know, he's going to get sore and go back to Tennessee."

"Uh-huh! The sheriff won't let him."

Somebody rattled the door knob.

"Don't let him in!" Ad exclaimed. But the man on the outside called out, "It's me, Clyde. I want a cigar."

"It's Joe Banty," said the Kandy Kitchen man. "I've got to let him in, Ad."

Rosser stepped behind a show case and seemed ready either to leap or run, as Banty entered the store. Yet the latter did not appear formidable—a heavy man of middle age, of the good, plodding, wheel-horse type.

"'Lo, Clyde," was his greeting as he set down a suitcase on the floor. "'Lo, Ad. You're out late."

"How about yourself?" rejoined Odom. "Been away?"

"Just got in on Number 8. Gimme one of those panetelas. What's the matter with you, Ad? Been runnin'? You're breathin' kind of hard."

"I'll say he's been runnin'! The dust ain't settled yet," Clyde volunteered, with a jovial wink.

Banty glanced at Rosser in some surprise. The latter laughed uncertainly and said in a shaky voice, "He's kidding you, Joe. Did you say—did I understand you to say you'd just this minute got in? Just now?"

"Sure. And I'm dog tired too. Well, I must be going. Coming my way, Ad?"

"Reckon I might as well."

And they went out together, Ad deep in a recital of the shooting that had alarmed the neighborhood. The Kandy Kitchen man watched them go with an odd expression. His story of this incident was later to have an important bearing on a murder case, but at the moment he was frankly puzzled.

"Guess I must have been wrong," he muttered as he turned out the lights. "But there's something dog-gone queer about this."

The same idea occurred to Lee Wilkerson early in the morning as he was peering over the hedge into the Banty place, and Joe came out on the porch.

"Why, hello!"

"Looking for burglars?" inquired Joe, with a grin.

"Well, I thought they might have left a trace or something."

"Must have been your place they were after, I reckon. I ain't got anything here worth taking. Ha-ha!"

Wilkerson surveyed him curiously. He always felt a species of contempt for Joe. The fellow was so blind, and so slow, and—well, temperamentally, he rubbed Lee the wrong way.

"Were you home last night?"

"Got back about one o'clock."

"Oh," said Lee, dwelling on the monosyllable, "I see."

His mother, who had been pottering among her flower beds for an hour, now summoned him to breakfast.

"If it ain't one thing," she grumbled, "it's another. First they go to shootin' in the middle of the night, and now Stella's got a black eye."

The cook confirmed this with positive proof.

"He'll never do it ag'in," she announced in slow, solemn accents as she waddled in with the hot biscuits.

"Doc?"

"Yas-suh. Who else would it be?"

"Well, he gave you a beauty—I'll say that."

"Yes, but I done learned that no-'count nigger he cain't lay a hand on me!" shrilled Stella. "He's in the lockup right now. I done got the law."

"All right, Stella. Fetch Mr. Lee's eggs," said her mistress, and the cook obediently departed to the kitchen.

"So Doc's in jail, is he?" Lee asked banteringly, as Stella returned. "You remember what happened last time you put him there, don't you?"

"He can stay there till he rots for all of me!"

"That will do, Stella. Please, Lee!" his mother admonished.

They went on with breakfast. The old lady's consisted of a large glass of milk. She never ate more than a few mouthfuls of anything, and enjoyed the most amazing health.

"Well, what did Joe Banty have to say?"

"Nothing much. He got home early this morning."

"He's a fine man," said Mrs. Wilkerson. "I feel awful sorry for him."

Lee made an impatient gesture.

"I reckon you understand, mamma, that the less said about last night the better?" he snapped.

"Talking is a waste of time. And talking in a small town is right down dangerous," rejoined his mother.

Having finished her glass of milk the old lady rose, without apology, and picked up a basket and a pair of scissors.

"Going to cut some flowers for the church social," she explained. "Minnie May is coming with me."

"Is she?" replied Lee indifferently.

Just after she had gone out the doorbell rang.

"There's a man outside wants to see you, jedge. Do you want I should fetch him in here?" Stella had rigid ideas about class distinctions.

"Of course. Who is it?"

"I didn't git his name," replied the cook.

The visitor entered with an air of repressed excitement. He was a long, lank, badly nourished individual, with an indefinable suggestion of aristocratic forbears—the type is not uncommon in the Southwest.

"Morning," he said. "Is this Lawyer Wilkerson?"

"Yes. What can I do for you?"

"It's my boy, judge."

"What about him?"

"He's in trouble."

Instantly assuming the portentous manner he reserved for prospective clients, Lee cleared his throat and inquired, "Why didn't you wait and come to my office?"

"I just couldn't wait, judge. The sheriff come this morning and took him off to jail. It about killed his mother."

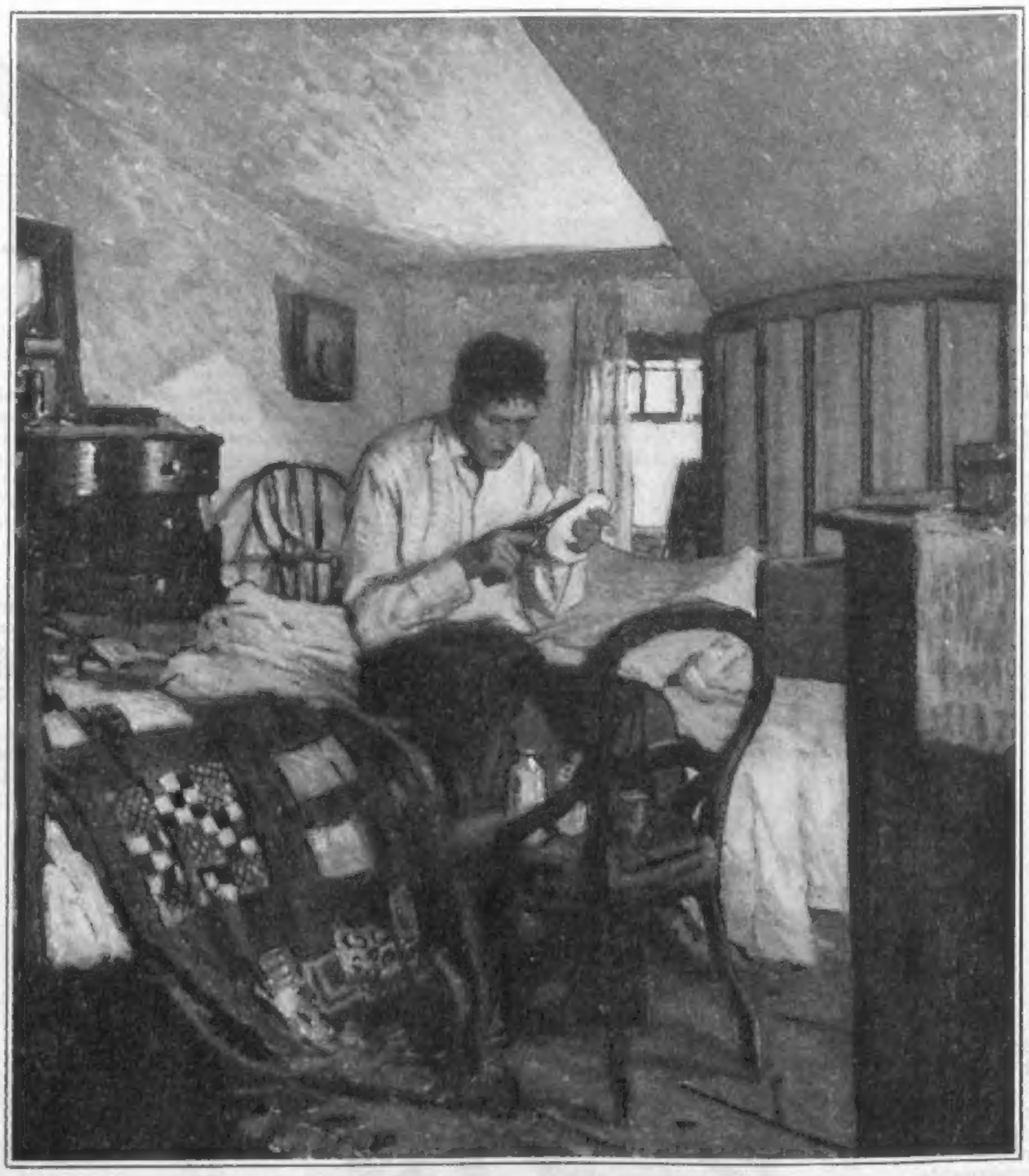
"What's he been up to?"

"Nothin'. So help me God, Mr. Wilkerson, he never done it!" he cried with fierce intensity.

"Never did what?"

"Took that money from the bank. Why, that boy could no more steal than—well, he just couldn't, that's all! It ain't in him."

His voice grown suddenly sharp, Lee demanded, "What bank?"



"I Went Up and Peeped In, and ——" "Well?" "He Was Cleaning His Gun"

"The First National. He worked there. It's like you know him, judge, sir? Larry Kane? Well, I'm his father. What's the matter?"

Lee had pushed back his chair and stood up. Vanished was his professional expression, nicely blended of judicial dignity and sympathetic interest and encouragement; he looked at Kane with a cold and impersonal eye.

"So he couldn't do it, hey? H'm—in my profession, Mr. Kane, we soon learn that anything is apt to happen. I can't take the case. I'm sorry, but—it's impossible."

"Can't take it? Why not, Mr. Wilkerson? I'll meet your price. I'll pay you. I know you're expensive and we ain't got much, but we'll sell the home, Mr. Wilkerson. I'll ——"

"It's not that."

"Then what is it?"

"I don't care to take the case—that's all."

His tone was hard and final. Kane seemed too stunned to understand.

"But I told her I'd get you. 'I'll go get Judge Wilkerson, mamma, and he'll be free in no time'—those air the very words I used. Why, everybody told us to get you, judge! 'You hire Lee Wilkerson and he'll come clear easy'—they all said that. For God's sake, don't go back on us! He didn't do it, sir—I tell you he didn't do it—he couldn't do it! We'll give you everything we've got, but that boy—it'll kill her, I tell you! It'll kill her!"

His voice soared with passion and broke. He took a step toward Lee as though he would use force.

"Stella," said Lee over his shoulder, "bring me my hat."

"Then you won't?"

"No."

"But what'll I tell her? What'll I do?"

"You can get somebody else. I'm not the only lawyer in town."

"No; but—who'd you recommend, judge?"

"Do you know Judge Tarwater?"

Kane grunted angrily. "Him!" he exclaimed. "He's no good. All he does is pound the table."

"It has won many a jury case."

"So you won't? That's final?"

"That's final."

His visitor turned slowly and started out. "Maybe you'll live to regret this, judge," he said with a certain dignity.

"That's no way to talk, sir!"

Kane admitted it with a slight inclination of the head.

"No-o, I reckon not," he said very quietly. "But we're in trouble—bad trouble. And you could have saved us."

The door had hardly closed on him when Mrs. Wilkerson entered from the garden.

"Well, what was all the ruckus about?"

"His son's in jail."

"Well?"

"And of course he is innocent."

"What do you say it that way for? Maybe he is. Ain't you ever defended an innocent man?"

Lee acknowledged the thrust with a laugh.

"I can recall a few. But I'm not going to defend this one."

"Why not?"

"Because the First National is prosecuting—that's why."

"You're not their attorney."

"No, but I'm going to be—some day."

His mother regarded him steadily.

"What's this boy's name, and what's he done?" she demanded.

On learning, she said:

"And you refused to help these poor people, although the boy may be innocent, just because you hope to get the bank business some day?"

"Mamma, you don't understand these things."

"No, but I understand you, son. You're exactly like your father."

"I only hope I leave behind as good a reputation as he did."

"What's reputation?" retorted his mother. "Any scalawag can build up a reputation if he sets out to do it. It's what you are that counts. I'd like to hear from the wives of some of these reputations."

"That sounds pretty hard on father, doesn't it?"

"Your father was all right. He was a good man—according to his lights. But he couldn't think straight, and neither can you. Maybe it's the legal training does it."

"Good-by," cried Lee, making a hasty exit.

"Where do those people live?" his mother called after him.

"Down near the cotton mill somewhere. It's in the phone book," he answered from the gate.

"Don't be late for dinner."

She was talking to herself when Minnie May Daniels arrived. Every morning Mrs. Wilkerson carried on a monologue in the living room to the accompaniment of vague, muttered threats against Doc from Stella in the kitchen. It relieved their feelings and was a harmless way of promoting peace.

"Good morning, Miz Wilkerson. Ready?" asked Minnie May brightly. She was a tall, slight girl, already beginning to fade.

"Just as soon as Stella packs the basket. How's Boly?"

The girl's face clouded.

"He's all right."

"You mean he's been at it again."

"Oh, I do wish he could get away from here, Miz Wilkerson. He goes with the wrong sort of people all the time, and ——"

"He'd do the same thing anywhere else. Folks just naturally drift to their kind, Minnie May, no matter where they are."

"I can't bear to hear you say that."

"No, of course not. The trouble is, Minnie May, you spoil Boly. You have ever since he was a baby."

"Perhaps I have. But how could I help it? He's all I've got, and I've raised him, Miz Wilkerson. I feel like a mother to him. And every time he does anything wrong—well, you know how it is—I think maybe it was my fault, maybe I didn't raise him right."

"Humph!" said the old lady. "What's he been up to now?"

"I don't know. Something's come over him. He acts like he isn't in his right mind sometimes."

"Maybe it's a woman."

Minnie May clutched her chin. "That's just what's been worrying me. It is a woman, Miz Wilkerson."

"Who?"

"I don't know. Some creature, probably."

"Just like his —— Minnie May, you make me lose all patience! It don't matter what that boy does, you always find excuses for him. And it ain't like as if he was a boy any longer. He's a man growed."

"Not to me," cried the girl. "He can never be that to me."

The older woman regarded her with softening face. She nodded slowly.

"Do you know," she said in a low voice, as though thinking aloud, "I do believe half of the trouble in the world is caused by good women—women like you—and me."

"But you don't spoil Lee. You've always been hard on him."

"Hard?" cried his mother with sudden yearning. "Oh, don't I wish I could be!"

"How is he getting along?"

"All right, I reckon. He makes lots of money."

"You say that in such a funny way! I don't think you're fair to Lee. You ought to be very proud of him."

Lee's mother smiled. "Of course, I've got a whole lot to learn about my own son," she observed.

"I didn't mean that. But so often you say things that hurt."

"Hurt? Of course they do. Common sense always hurts, I declare, Minnie May, it looks like most people just can't stand to hear the truth. They'd rather listen to mush and go along fooling themselves —— Oh, I've no patience with you, child!"

There was a long silence, broken at last by Minnie May.

"I'm scared, Miz Wilkerson."

"Shucks, what's the matter now? Boly's weak, but there's no meanness in him."

"You haven't seen him when he's—after he's drunk a lot of that awful stuff. This morning he was talking to himself up in his room, and I went up and peeped in, and ——"

"Well?"

"He was cleaning his gun."

"And tomorrow, when he's sober, he'll be so meek he wouldn't dast say boo to a jack rabbit!"

"Boly's not a coward," the girl flared. "Don't you dare say he is!"

"Oh, well, if you're fixing to cry about it!"

"I'm not going to cry."

"Then let's talk about something else."

They switched to the sensation of the previous night, Mrs. Wilkerson listening in discreet silence to Minnie May's speculations as to why the burglars should have picked on the Banty house.

"And who would have dreamed that woman had the nerve to use a gun?" exclaimed the girl. "I wouldn't have, would you?"

"It was her who did the shootin' then?"

"Of course. Who else could it have been?"

"I didn't know but what Joe might've been home," was the lame reply. "Does she admit she did it?"

"Her husband told Web Spivy that she did."

"Then that settles it sure enough."

They talked, too, of young Kane's arrest, news of which had reached Minnie May through her cook. She knew the boy's mother; it was curious how all their sympathy centered on her. On the way to the church, in fact, there was hardly a local happening of recent date which they did not roll on the tongue—who was going to get married, who was going to split up, who was expecting, the servant problem, and all the usual gossip of household tribulations. Much as Mrs. Wilkerson despised tittle-tattle, it was amazing what comfort she seemed to derive from their conversation. Indeed, by the time they reached the church, both women seemed soothed and uplifted.

Returning home just before noon, her spirit calm and at peace, Mrs. Wilkerson was met by the cook with the announcement that the jedge had telephoned and wanted her to ring him up at once.

"What does he want, I wonder?"

"I don't know, ma'am. He done talked kind of excited," replied Stella. "But when I up and asked him, he cut me off."

"Probably can't come home for dinner, or something," grumbled his mother.

She called his office.

"Is Minnie May there?" he barked.

"No, she's gone home."

"I've been trying to get hold of her. Something's happened."

"What is it?"

"Ad Rosser has been killed."

"Killed? How? When? What's that got to do with Minnie May?"

"It looks like Boly shot him. I want to ——"

"I'll go to her right now," cried his mother, and hung up while he was still trying to tell her something.

(Continued on Page 73)

Wilkerson Reached the Porch Screen Just in Time to Descry a Dim Figure Scale the Picket Fence Between the Two Back Yards

FOUR-MINUTE MEN

By Kenneth L. Roberts

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

All of Whom are Determined to Indulge in the Activity to Which They Refer as "Studying Conditions"

THE old folks frequently knew what they were talking about. "A place for everything," they were wont to remark, "and everything in its place." Then they would remove the new hound-dog pup from beneath the bed sheets and deposit him on the unyielding pavement with the assistance of a well-directed boot toe. This high-handed proceeding, lacerating as it was to the feelings of the son and heir who had adopted the hound pup, was of material assistance in maintaining the family bed sheets in all their pristine freshness, keeping the fleas out of the blankets and preserving the hound pup from delusions of grandeur and other tiresome attributes that sometimes come to overpampered individuals with advancing years.

The thought of remembering the Sabbath Day to keep it holy by shooting thirty-six holes of golf would have left old folks speechless with indignation. The very idea of paying a first-class cook more than five dollars a week would have given them a violent pain. The Seeley dinner, which would leave the younger set of the present day yawning with ennui, created among the old folks as much indignation as would be caused today by an attempt to place a dash of cyanide in the President's coffee.

In short, the old folks were mid-Victorian, which is the modern way of saying that they were dead ones. They were, as the saying goes, simply screaming. They actually believed that a child should be seen and not heard; and if one of their ewe lambs had ever dared to take a drag at a cocktail or babble in an artless and wide-eyed way about dreams and Freud and complexes, they'd have picked up the nobbiest-backed hairbrush in their possession and raised a few blisters that would have successfully taken the mind of the ewe lamb off Freud and concentrated it elsewhere.

Snapshot Studies of Europe

THEY were mid-Victorian, these old folks; and possibly some of their antiquated beliefs are better off in the discard, along with congress gaiters, pug dogs, bustles, hoop skirts, fainting spells, the art of blushing, and the novels of Ouida.

Yet there are times when the old-fashioned blush is preferable to the more modern hard-boiled attitude toward delicate subjects, when the novels of Ouida are welcome respites from the ultra-modern literature that couldn't have been sent through the mails twenty years ago, and when small and amiable pug dogs would be less of a nuisance than the larger, more peevish and more modern police dogs.

And nearly every day one may find someone, somewhere, holding a Lodge of Sorrow over the decay of the ancient American doctrines that there is a place for everything and that everything should be in its place, and that there is no place like home. Residents of New York cruise off into New Jersey and rip up the shrubs and plants and foliage, leaving in their places a fine assortment of eggshells, tin cans, crumpled newspapers and old shoe boxes. Staid citizens take breweries and distilleries into the sacred precincts of the living room and kitchen. Automobilists strive constantly to remove themselves as far from home as possible. And legislators, elected to further the interests of various sections of the United States, hasten over to Europe to tell its statesmen how the residents of Wampum River, Iowa, or Hezekiah, Maine, think that Europe should be run.

All these things, being matters which are out of place, bring slow, penetrating pangs of distress to the sensible citizen; but the thing that brings the loudest and most ear-piercing ululations of agonized protest from the persons who are best qualified to ululate is the recent inundation of Europe by American senators, representatives, unofficial congresses and commissions, bankers, business men and what not, all of whom are determined to indulge freely and fluently in the activity to which they persistently and in all seriousness refer as "studying conditions."

There were so many American students of conditions in Europe during the summer of 1923 that an adding machine was required in order to keep track of their numbers. It was impossible to find a European capital, from the first of May until the first of October, in which at least one distinguished, wealthy, press-agented or merely notorious American wasn't just about to arrive to study conditions or hadn't just left after studying conditions.

Occasionally one actually came in contact with these persistent students, but this was an infrequent occurrence because the students seldom stayed long enough in any one place to be seen by anyone—with the possible exception of one or two of the conditions which they had come to study. The average length of stay of the average student of conditions in the most likely European studying grounds last summer was ten hours, though a few of the most serious-minded students from the United States were able to study the conditions of a country in a manner satisfactory to themselves in four hours.

Bargain-Hunting Investigators

IN FACT, some of the more intense gentlemen who will rise to their feet in various parts of this great and glorious country during the present winter and deliver themselves of impassioned findings concerning European conditions, with frequent references to their own fatiguing and exhaustive course of study thereof, got much of their information in various sections in as little as four minutes, and devoted the remainder of their four or eight hour stay to hunting for bargains in the depreciated currency of the country whose conditions they chanced to be studying.

European Countries are More Polite to Foreigners Than is the United States

For this reason they were known among Americans in Europe—among diplomats and consuls and newspaper correspondents and business representatives of American firms—as Four-Minute Men. They were also known, it might be remarked in passing, by many less complimentary terms; but Four-Minute Men is the one best fitted for polite circles.

Now the gathering of accurate general information on any subject in any country is not so simple as rolling off a log nor so easy as dropping cheese down a rat hole. It is not only a difficult task but a task for specialists. The gathering of accurate general information by an American in Europe is much more difficult than the gathering of similar information in America, because sources of information are greatly narrowed in Europe on account of the difference in languages, because many officials in almost every country in Europe are attempting to enlist the sympathy of America and are therefore distributing lopsided and unreliable information, and because conditions in every European country are so different from American conditions that the American visitor must devote a certain amount of time to getting acclimated, so to speak, to the atmosphere of each country in which he finds himself before he can begin to absorb political or economic information in the proper manner.

A correspondent who is sent into a European country to collect material for an article dealing with some phase of affairs in that country usually finds that the task cannot be adequately performed in less than ten days, provided he is able to get his information in one city.

And he immediately finds that little genuinely accurate information of any sort can be obtained by interviewing the high officials of the country in which he is collecting material. The reason for this is simple. No prime minister or minister of foreign affairs or other high official in Europe is going to tell the whole truth about his country to the casual American correspondent or banker or senator or representative that comes to him for information. He belongs to a certain political party, and he will necessarily tell only those things favorable to his country and to his party as well.

In the same way, in America, the chairman of the Republican National Committee issues a statement declaring that a certain Republican Administration has been a complete success, while at the same time the chairman of the Democratic National Committee issues a statement declaring that the same Administration has been a total failure. The reporter who accepted as fact the statement of either of these two gentlemen, both of whom probably believe what they say, would be regarded as slightly weak in the head.

Why They Flock to Europe

AND now that a few of the dark secrets of reporting have thus been exposed, we can return once more to the vast numbers of American investigators who descended on a helpless Europe to study conditions in the spring and early summer of 1923 and returned in the autumn with their vocal cords stretched to the limit for the purpose of assuring their less-traveled colleagues and the eager populace that Russia is a terrestrial paradise; that Germany is on the brink of a red terror; that France is on the edge of an abyss; that everything is going to Hades in a hack; that America has got to do something about it; that the proper remedy for chills, fever, and the declining popularity of flannel-mouthed demagogues in the Middle West is the coöperative movement as practiced in Denmark; that there are strong signs of an immigration movement from Europe to America, and that it is possible to purchase beer in Germany at a low figure.

In Many Instances the Student of Conditions Took Up Most of the Interview in Telling the Prime Minister or the Minister of Foreign Affairs How the Folks Out in Jumping Butte Thought That Europe Ought to be Run

The reasons for this great outpouring of students of conditions are somewhat varied. Some of them went because the trip gave them an excuse for not going home and facing the blunt and boring remarks of their constituencies—and nine months is a long time to spend in Cow Lope, Tennessee, or Sassafras Creek, South Dakota, hearkening to bucolic desires, when one has once known the incense of stale cigar smoke in the House and Senate cloakrooms. Some went because they had heard on good authority that they could live more cheaply in Germany and Poland and Russia than in America. Some went to get plenty to drink at moderate prices. Many of them took the trip because it gave them a chance to get their names in the city newspapers. Some went because newspapers stood the expense of their journeys.

Now all these students of conditions had certain attributes in common. Some traveled on diplomatic passports, which means that they were exempted from the usual fees which are charged by the State Department to all Americans who wish to travel in foreign lands; and all United States diplomatic passports receive diplomatic visas from all European countries, which means that these students of conditions were also exempted from the usual visa fees which must be paid to foreign countries by traveling Americans. It also means that the holders of diplomatic passports are not subject to the usual grueling and exasperating customs examinations which practically every traveling American must endure on all borders; nor were they subject to the nerve-racking piling in and out of railway compartments at every frontier and the standing for two and three and four hours in rooms smelling of decayed fish, waiting for government employes to come along and place purple ink smudges on their passports.

A large number of them accepted the statements of European government officials as being accurate, reliable and comprehensive. A large number of them, on arriving in Berlin or Warsaw or Copenhagen or whatever the unhappy capital might be, rushed at once to the American embassy or legation and demanded an immediate interview with the premier or the minister of foreign affairs or somebody of equal importance. In many instances, when the ambassador or the minister had pulled wires and finally succeeded in securing the desired interview, the student of conditions took up most of the interview in telling the prime minister or the minister of foreign affairs how the folks out in Jumping Butte thought that Europe ought to be run.

European countries, on the whole, are more polite to foreigners than is the United States; but public opinion runs about the same. It is possible for Americans to gauge the reactions of Europe to those visiting firemen by imagining how America would react to two or three hundred British bankers and members of Parliament if they rushed over here for two or three weeks, insisted on having long private interviews with Mr. Hughes, Mr. Weeks and Mr. Hoover, and spent most of the time telling these gentlemen what the inhabitants of Murgleshaw-super-Soup, Herts, think about America's attitude toward the Allied debts or the folly of the prohibition law.

Free Advice on Everything

ONE distinguished politician addressed meetings in Norway after studying the situation for eighteen hours, eight of which had been spent in sleeping, three in eating and five in talking, and gave the Norwegians a large amount of free advice on how Norway should adjust her relations with Spain, France and Portugal in order to render her prohibition law more effective.

Another distinguished politician stumbled into Warsaw early one morning; and before the afternoon was over he was heard advising prominent Polish government officials concerning the recognition of Russia by Poland—a subject with which he was fully as conversant as he was with the civil-service regulations of the Great Beyond.

Some of the students of conditions went to Europe for the purpose of confirming opinions which they had already formed in the cloakrooms of the Capitol at Washington, or in Middle Western hotel rooms after conferring with

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MARK AND SIR MARMADUKE

By Clifford Raymond

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

SIR MARMADUKE took a Yoick's Virginia cigarette from the box. It was the cigarette of the aristocracy after the hunt. "After the kill, the real pleasure of the hunt—the Yoick's. Pure Virginia."

A magazine on Marmaduke's reading table happened to be open at this very page of advertising. A paper weight had caught it thus and held it. Marmaduke was in his dressing gown. He tapped the end of the cigarette on the table several times and on his thumb nail several times.

The sense of complete physical well-being pervaded him. He was rather pleased that the fox had earthed. He would be sorry when they killed the Artful Dodger. The fox was known throughout the countryside.

What a chase he had given them that day before he took to earth! Magnificent! The hounds could barely limp home. The crisp autumn air, the hedges, the brown and yellow fields and the sedgy brooks. Diana Manners also was magnificent. How she had ridden!

When the time came when a man must consider the perpetuation of his name and regard himself in the potential light and obligations of ancestry, what better could one hope than Diana's aid? Marmaduke thought she liked him. His strong young body found a thrill in the thought. It was luxurious and inspiring. His glance fell on the page of advertising. The beggars did produce a good cigarette, a gentleman's cigarette.

Fletcher entered with a tray bearing a siphon, Scotch, ice and glass.

"Your peg, Sir Marmaduke," he said.

Fletcher was perfect.

"Thanks, Fletcher," said Marmaduke; "you are on the minute as usual."

"Thank you, sir. I am drawing your bath, sir. You enjoyed the hunt, sir, I presume?"

"Vastly, Fletcher, vastly. They broke the Artful Dodger out of cover again, and again he got away."

"A clever one, sir, a clever one."

"I shall be sorry if they ever get him," said Marmaduke.

"A true sporting spirit, if I may say so," said Fletcher. "We know when the country gentleman speaks. I am laying out the new snappy university model for young men, which came today by parcel post."

"How do you like it, Fletcher?"

"Thank you for putting value on my opinion, sir. I think the effect is understated. It is, indeed, a classy garment, with the distinctive touches which appeal to vital young university men. What car will you have tonight, sir?"

"I think I'll have the Solid Six, with the Russian wolfhound on the running board."

"Very good, sir. An admirable car. You never feel the road and you never know a hill."

Marmaduke bathed, dressed and started to descend to the floor below. On the second step he caught his heel in a hole in the carpet and stumbled down, almost knocking over his mother, who was coming in from the garden with a handful of zinnias for the parlor vase.

"My goodness, Mark!" she exclaimed. "What a start you gave me! Did you hurt yourself?"

"No, mother," he said. "It's that hole up in the carpet."

"Your father has been promising me a new carpet for a month and I've been relying on him. Is that your new suit?"

Mark's eyes glistened.

"Yes," he said. "How do you like it?"

"'Lo, Mark," said Sue. "Hullo, Sue," said Mark

He turned slowly on his heels, holding his shoulders back.

"It's real nice. It looks like nice goods. They cut them funny, don't they?"

"It's the Eastern university model," said Mark. "It's what the big football players wear. It appeals to vital young men as socially distinctive."

"I'd rather you wore what they wore than played what they played. And I wish you wouldn't smoke so many cigarettes, Mark. I know you're going to be a man soon, but it can't be good for you to smoke so much."

"Oh, mother, only four a day, and you said I could. That isn't much, and they're Yoick's."

"I used to hear that cubebs weren't harmful. Are these anything like that?"

"You smoke them after the hunt," said Mark.

Mrs. Howe did not understand that, but evidently it meant something to Mark.

"We need things from the grocery, Mark," she said. "Will you go for me? I'm out of sugar. I guess we'll have creamed dried beef for supper. Your father always likes it. Get a half a pound. You'd better get some coffee. Get a sack of salt and some cinnamon and some oatmeal."

Mark ran his thumb and finger down the creases in his new trousers and tried to admire the cut in the back of his coat by twisting his head as far around on his neck as he could. It was a good effort, but all he saw was his shoulder blade. He went by the brick wall to the gate at the picket fence. At the street curb he stopped an instant.

"I think I'll walk, Masters," he said. "You may come to the club for me in a half hour."

"Very good, sir."

Marmaduke tarried a moment longer to stroke the Russian wolfhound on the running board.

"How is the car running, Masters?" he asked.

"Well, Sir Marmaduke, since you ask," said the driver, "it's not exactly the car we ought to have. I'll not say it's not a good car for most uses, but for us it's not everything I'd like to be driving for you."

He looked at it, not with disdain, but with misgiving. "I'll not say it hasn't a great deal of class," he continued.

"It will do for a month or so," said Marmaduke, and walked on, smiling at Masters' concern for the family requirements. He walked because he wanted to reflect. He had avoided engagements for the early evening because he did not know where Diana Manners would be, but he would find her later.

At the grocery, Mr. Squirreltop, having allowed his assistant to go home for supper, was pottering about filling orders, losing his glasses, losing his scoop in the sugar barrel and looking for it in the crackers, prunes and corn meal, losing the end of his wrapping string in its metal container, forgetting the order, forgetting the customer who ordered it, weighing his thumb with the butter. Mr. Squirreltop sold himself with every sale—a brisk retailer.

Six customers were ahead of Mark. One was Sue Ballister, a plump towhead who was forever kicking her shoes out at the toes, running like mad on the sidewalk and yelling "Yoo-hoo!" every time she saw a friend a block away.

She was the only one of the four Ballister girls who did not make Mark wonder why his hands had been hung on his arms in such a peculiarly useless fashion. Whenever he saw Beatrice, Margaret or Patsy Ballister his hands immediately began to swell into enormities. They wouldn't swing right at the ends of his arms. They wouldn't hang at his sides. They wouldn't fit into his pockets. They wouldn't stay behind his back. They simply didn't belong to him, but they made him miserable.

There were other things the three other Ballister girls did to him on sight. They caused his head to become a red toy balloon at the end of a string. This was an interesting phenomenon. Mark thought it might be amusing to observe it more impersonally, but he never could. There were other phenomena, including a rush of blood to the face and the beading of perspiration on his forehead. His feet also were interesting. They ceased to have a coördinated twin movement, but each went recklessly on its own.

For two blocks after Mark had passed Beatrice, Margaret or Patricia Ballister he was engaged in anatomical recapture. In the case of Patsy it nearly always was three blocks. Mark never knew how he succeeded in raising his hat to Patsy Ballister, it being up on the floating red balloon and his right hand being an independent ham at his side. Yet he would walk a mile any time to see her. She was Diana Manners.

The Ballisters lived in a big house across the street and Mark had known them all his life. Sue never bothered him.

In Mr. Squirreltop's grocery store she had taken an apple out of a barrel and was eating it. Mr. Squirreltop had glanced at her over the top of his recovered glasses several times. He wasn't sure it was his apple, but considering that it was Sue Ballister and that he had an open barrel of them, he decided to put a peck on the Ballister bill, anyway.

"'Lo, Mark," said Sue.

"Hullo, Sue," said Mark.

"Going to the movies t'nite, Mark?"

"Gotta study."

"I'm going," said Sue. "Norma Talmadge. Thought you might take me."

"Can't do it," said Mark without interest.

"What you got to study?"

"Horace and history."

"I got mine done this afternoon. I could help you and we could go to the second show."

"Can't tonight. Some other time."

"All righty," said Sue. "I'll go without a beau if I can't have you."

Mr. Squirreltop had worked his dubious way around to her and presently she was on her way with her parcels. Mark had another quarter of an hour's wait.

Sue may have gone to the movies that night, but the other girls were at home. Mark, studying, could hear the laughter on the porch where the Ballister girls' beaux had congregated. Occasionally there was the tinkle of mandolins. Mark, finishing his Horace, was wistful. His father and mother had called good night to him. It was time for his last cigarette. He took a Yoick and went downstairs and out on the porch. He lighted the cigarette and sauntered out to the sidewalk.

It was nearing dusk in the park. Marmaduke had walked along the Mall and the Embankment, by the Washington Monument, into and along the Champs-Élysées. With the coming of dusk the brilliance of the fashionable parade had faded, but he still could recognize here and there a beautiful woman whom he knew.

He sat down at a little table by the curb and asked Jules, the old waiter who had known his father, for a vermuth and gin. He was contemplative and, if he would have confessed it, there was a fringe of sadness to his reflections.

His university model of clothes, which appeal to young men by their distinctive touch, was perfectly creased. There was a spiritual satisfaction in that. One yellow glove lay on his knee. The other, turned back from the wrist to the knuckles, was on his left hand. He brooded, resting his chin on the head of his Malacca cane, and sipped his gin and vermuth.

There was in him, despite the ways of the fashionable man of leisure, the urge of the old Puritan conscience. How had he spent the day? With the fencing master, at lunch, at roulette, at the bath and now this walk. Then what? He did not know. The club, the opera, the country club, the gaming house, or possibly to crash in with the other gilded youth at a ball to which he had not been invited—that, if he did his worst. If he did the best possible it would be a chop and a quiet bottle of Pommard at The Athenæum and later a volume of Procopius by the log fire. What a life—his best useless, his worst vicious.

Aristocracy needed war. It constantly prepared for war, by its manners, its hunting, its fencing, its amours. Lacking war, it lacked reason. All the reason then was with the proletariat, the steel puddlers, the steel erectors, the stokers in the ocean liner's hold, the miner in the shaft, the garment maker in a loft, the man with a load of hogs.

The bourgeoisie did not like war, and this middle-class revulsion against any heroic effort, whether of the anthracite miner with his drill or the earl with his sword, had prevailed.

It was growing dusk, but not too dark for Marmaduke to see the Baroness Andrée de la Fraisieres and the Countess Noémi de Gardens, as they smiled upon him, being driven by in the barouche of the baroness.

Marmaduke, resting his chin on the Malacca cane, had then so sunk in meditation that he did not observe a limousine come to the curb as smoothly as a small-mouthed bass glides under a lily pad.

"Marmaduke," said a soft, velvet voice.

He raised his eyes. It was Diana Manners.

"Come," she said.

The chauffeur held the door of the car open.

"We'll drive into the Bois," she said gently, holding out her hand and assuming his acquiescence in anything she proposed, "and then to La Maison l'Avenue for dinner. Or shall we go up on the hill to Bartoline's, or to the Princess in Piccadilly, or our own little Joseph's? What does it matter, Marmaduke? It is dusk. We are together. To the Bois," said Diana to the driver, "and stop at one of the island chateaux. There will be a moon, Marmaduke. Let's make it the Château Escargot. It has a lovely terrace and the moon will be in the water at the edge of the table. The Château Escargot, André, please."

Diana, as Marmaduke looked at her, was luminous. It was dusk, but he could sense the atmosphere of color, softness, richness and light dominated by the violet of her eyes. Marmaduke now wondered why he had questioned the sufficiency of his existence. The answer in his universe was Diana. He was never worthless when he was by her side. A tender ecstasy flooded his being.

"I adore you," he murmured.

She smiled wistfully, shyly, bewitchingly, with the ripple of a little laugh of pleasure which had a tear behind it. A firm little hand stole to his. There was an abrupt, impulsive, firm pressure. Then, with a pat, the hand was gone, and Diana, with a sigh, sank back toward her corner of the cushions.

"Are you happy?" she asked almost as if she feared he might not be.

He did not answer. She did not want him to. Into the growing dusk they drove. The woods were darkening. They were silent, too happy to speak. The moon rose. It shone on the waters and woods of that famous eating place, the Château Escargot; but Diana and Marmaduke were lost in pure beauty. On, on, on, into the night, the fairy night, the night of the skylark and the harvest fly. Black panthers ran by the car and a winged child caressed them as they ran. The perfume of the Celebes and the nicer odors of the Malabar Coast invested them.

Marmaduke leaned towards Diana. He caught the violet glint in her eyes. He saw the quick parting of her red lips. He breathed deeply and was suspended in wonder.

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The Girls Smiled. The Boys Grinned. Someone Laughed. The Ice Cream and Cake Carrier Slowly Came to Life

I AM A PIRATE KING

By Sam Hellman

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

WHAT you is depends on where you is and who you're with. A turtle in a mud flat is a terrapin in a cover charge. Take a hard-boiled what-the-heller from Hogan's Alley, slap him into one of them high-hat country-club dumps like this here Doughmore-on-the Sound, with a little jack and a lotta wife, and in about six months you'll have Old Dis-and-Dat using words like "adorable" and pulling a perfumed wipe outta his sleeve to wave at the high-nosed chiffon frills. Class maybe will tell, but it ain't never said nothing to me excepting that its check was delayed in the mails.

Getting down to cases, like the guy remarked that had run outta barrel goods, give it a look at me. While I wasn't exactly no gutter-sniper when I was drug to this Long Island deadfall by the frau and them Magruder griefs, you should oughta see me now. I ain't been here but a little while, but already them Doughmorons has sneered the long pants offa me and learned me the knicker-knack, they has made me fire stud and seven-up offa the night shift, to make room on the pay roll for bridge and my-junk, and they has got me to working six or seven forks in a chow act that one knife used to be able to take care of easy. And that ain't the worstest, not by a jig-fall.

Remember Dink O'Day? Well, I ain't him no more. I'm J. Dinks O'Day, the "J" not standing for nothing excepting a example of what I'm standing for in this joint, and the extra "s" being the first letter of a word describing what I is for standing for it. But what can I do? An honest lad can but do his wife's best.

Of course, I can't blame everything on Doughmore; but between the high dog they swings and a misses with ambish, that's trying to turn her meal ticket into a banquet invitation, I ain't got no more chances of acting natural than a pair of loaded dice in a crap game. In facts, in a little while they is got me so goofy I begins doing cuckoo things without even being told to. Tune up your ears for this broadcast:

One evening me and Kate is sitting on the porch of our bungle-house, me thinking and the wife thinking she is, when along comes the Graceys, a coupla fly weights we'd met at the club a few times. She's one of them gurgly dames, the kind that bubbles out words so fast your listeners get winded from trying to keep up with 'em. Her husband, though, holds down the babbling average of the family by not saying hardly nothing.

"Good evening," I pulls, figuring I might as well get in my quota of words quick.

As per usual, the Gracey jane's got her tongue set in high and off she speeds, running by question marks, explanation points and periods as if they wasn't there. Like a kid on a merry-go-round trying to grab off one of them post rings on the fly, I reaches out frantic and finally snags a whole sentence. It seems that the carnival they was framing at the club for the poor of the village—all the dough to go to them after the expenses amounting to 108 per cent of the take-in has been paid—has been called off.

"Why?" asks Kate, who ain't such a alouch herself when it comes to cutting through tongue traffic.

"Well," explains Mrs. Gracey, "I never seen such a jealous bunch of women in my life like we is got in Doughmore. They is three of them that wants the fortune-telling booth. And so stubborn ——"

"I thought," horns in the wife, "that you was gonna take it."

"I was," says the fluff; "but rather than give in to any of them cats I made them drop the carnival idea. Can you imagine," she asks, turning to me, "that Dulaney frump telling fortunes?"

"I wouldn't believe a word she said," I comes back solemn; "but what about the poor? Ain't we gonna do nothing for them?"

"Oh, yes," she answers. "We is gonna give a play at the club."

"Ten Nights in a Boreroom?" I inquires. "Or something like that?"

"No indeed," says the Gracey hen; "we is gonna put on a original piece wrote by Sally Meekins."

"That's nice," I remarks; "but ain't you gonna have the same troubles with the play that you had with the carnival? Ain't this Dulaney twist gonna get the notion that she can make a tramp outta you when it comes to fat female parts?"

"You Don't Have to Do Nothing Like That in Sally's Play," Spills the Gusher. "You Is a Sea Captain ——"

"It just happens," comes back Mrs. Gracey, "that they ain't no parts in the play for fat females, but we has taken care not to have no troubles about the cast. We worked out a grand scheme for picking the actors. We done it by lot."

"By lot? How do you mean?" I inquires.

"Well," she explains, "we figured it out this way: They ain't nobody in the club that's ever been on the stage, so they was no need to pick and choose. Me and Sally put the names of all the members in a hat—first the men and then the women—and picked out twelve of them, eight men and four women. They is twelve in the cast. Ain't that a good stunt?"

"Well, Mrs. Kidd," I Remarks, "How Do You Like Me as a Bold Coarse Hair of the Spanish Mane?"

"Swell," says I. "I'm surprised they ain't tried that stunt on Broadway. You wasn't unlucky enough to get the whole gang of the same age, was you?"

"No," returns Mrs. Gracey. "It worked out pretty good that way. Anyhow, if a young man can make up like a old one, why can't a old one fix hisself up like a young one?"

"They're doing it every day," I admits. "You can kid anything excepting your arteries."

"You don't need to worry," says she. "You fit into your part natural."

"Me!" I yelps. "Me act? I couldn't get away with being a cake of ice in Uncle Tom's Cabin."

"You don't have to do nothing like that in Sally's play," spills the gusher. "You is a sea captain ——"

"Shivery timbers!" I cuts in. "What do I do—dress up like a pinafore and do a Ireland fling? Yo-ho, and a bootleg of rum?"

"This ain't no musical piece," starts Mrs. Gracey.

"Then count me out," I interrupts. "If they is one thing I is good at ——"

"Is they?" oars in the wife.

"If they is one thing I is good at," I repeats, "it's singing them sailors' shanties."

But they ain't no kidding the Gracey ouch.

"I didn't know no captains did no singing on ships," says she, serious; "but if you insists I think we can get Sally to write in some of them shanties for you. They is a scene where you is drunk and you could work 'em in then."

"Nope," I tells her. "I wouldn't even give no imitation of crabbing Andy Volstead's act. Why don't you let him play it?" And I points to her husband.

"Sylvester is already got a part," says she.

"Does he get a chance to say anything?" I asks with deep sarcasms.

"Not much," she admits. "Tell 'em your lines, Sylvester."

"Yes," says he, and stops.

"That's all," explains his wife. "You asks him if Magruder's body's been thrown overboard, and he ——"

"Just a minute," I interrupts. "Is Jim Magruder gonna be in this show?"

"He's the husband you kill," comes back Mrs. Gracey.

I'm beginning to get interested. The notion of being responsible for that blah-baby's death even in a play gives me pleasures.

"How do I bump him?" I inquires.

"You shoot him," she answers.

"Not so good," says I. "Think you can fix it so I rough-and-tumble him and finish up by choking him black in the map?"

"I'm sure," returns Mrs. Gracey, "that Sally'll be glad to make any changes you say. She thinks you'll be wonderful in the part and wouldn't stand for nobody else."

"How come?" I inquires.

"She says," explains the shrill, "that you is the only one in the club which is got the voice and the looks like a captain should oughta have."

"I guess, at that," I remarks, "I'm the only guy around here that don't talk soprano. I'm sorry, though. You'll have to deal me out. I don't know nothing about acting, and I ain't got no desires to duck any pensioned hen fruit at this day of my age."

She keeps right after me, though, explaining that nobody in the layout knows anything about the stage, and besides they ain't nobody gonna see the show excepting the Doughmorons and some of their friends from the city. I looks over toward the wife and she's trying to keep from busting out laughing.

"Come on," urges Mrs. Gracey. "It's for the poor, you know."

"They ain't gonna be nothing around here," I says, "half so poor as the acting in this show. It'll need a benefit."

"That's what we're gonna give it," she comes back. "The benefit of your appearance in the cast."

That's too much for the wife and she cuts loose with the ha-has. For some reason that kinda riles me.

"She in the piece?" I asks the Gracey earache.

"No," she tells me; "but her chum, Mrs. Magruder, was picked."

"What does she do?" I inquires.

"Lizzie Magruder," she answers, "is one of the women you treat so cruel."

I don't know nothing that I'd rather do than treat that wren cruel and heave Magruder overboard, but I just can't get myselfs to flop for this play-acting hop. Finally Mrs. Gracey gets right mean about it.

"It's just like Lizzie Magruder told me," she says, cold. "You ain't got no nerve, and you is besides afraid that her husband will make you look foolish."

"Him make me look foolish?" I yelps. "He couldn't make me look like anything"

"I know he couldn't," says Kate, soothing. "Go on, Dink, be a sport. Show 'em you can act."

That gets me, but I don't say yes. I acts it.

"Avast and delay, you landlovers!" I roars, jumping to my dogs. "Batter down the hatchets and run up the topgallus sail! Get out the guns and cutglasses and prepare to repel lodgers!"

"Boarders, you mean, don't you?" suggests Gracey.

"Who's running this boat?" I barks, fierce. "Throw him on irons!"

II

THE next morning I gets up with a three-star grouch, on the account of letting the misses and the Gracey dame bull me into this acting stuff, and it ain't improved none when I takes my daily constitution and runs into Sally Meekins. She a young flipper—the kind they calls subway-debs on account of 'em not having come out yet—and ain't hard to look at a-tall. I used to like to talk to her, she being a breezy, good-natured kid, but this time she's about as welcome as a kleagle in a synagogue. I knows she's gonna pull something about the piece she wrote, and I ain't no wronger than the guy that played a straight flush to beat a pair of eights.

"You're wonderful," says she, grabbing me by the arm.

"That's the rumor," I admits; "but where did you hear about it?"

"I just left Mona Gracey," explains the flap-jill, "and she told me how cute you acted last night."

"Cute" is the adjective of all work with the frills at Doughmore. A noun that goes out talking without a cute for a escort gets gossiped about. The gals gush about cute hats, cute mountains and cute operations for acute gallstones. Just like "blooming" with them London crockneys, you know.

"What," I asks Sally, "is I supposed to have done the which is so cute?"

"Mona told me," she comes back, "what a grand imitation you gave of a sea captain. She says the way you done it made her blood run cold, and that she could easy imagine she was on a pirate ship while you was talking."

"Considering what we is paying for the bungle-house," I remarks, "that ain't such a hard imagine."

"And Mr. Gracey," goes on the chick, "The poor man had a nightmare. Mona says he sat up in the middle of the night yelling about walking on planks and killing boarders with his cut glass. Wasn't you ever on the stage?"

"Oncet," I confesses. "Between Laramie and Butte. The driver was a one-eyed bimbo, but he sure could handle them nags. We rode ——"

"How cute!" she butts in. "They ain't many tragedians that can be funny. Maybe you can put some comedy reliefs in The Terrible Revenge."

"That the name of the play?" I asks.

"I thought you knew," answers Sally. "Didn't Mona tell you all about it?"

"Nix a tell," says I. "What's it all about?"

"Well," begins Sally, sitting me down by the road, "it's about a pirate and is placed in the sixteenth century ——"

"Just a minute," I cuts in. "Does I understand from that that the captain in this piece is gotta wear them five-gallon dog blankets that funnel out at the knees, a floppy toppiece with a feather in it, and a red sash?"

"Of course," she comes back, snippy. "You didn't suppose you could play Dirk Slaughter in knickers and a golf cap, did you?"

Instead He Makes a Pass at Me and Clips Me on the Edge of the Chin

"The way I does it," says I kinda gloomy, "it wouldn't make no difference. What's that moniker, again?"

"Dirk Slaughter," repeats Sally, "the Scourge of the Seven Seas."

"That's a lotta territory, gal," I remarks, "even for a bozo that musta been christened in a butcher shop. What's the plot of this program?"

"It's like this," she explains: "In the first act Dirk is a nice young feller, but poor. He lives near the castle of the Duke of Flum and one of the daughters of the duke makes a bluff of falling in love with Dirk. She invites him to a party where she says she's gonna announce the engagement, but when the poor boy gets there he finds it's all a joke. The young folks has just played a April-fool trick on him, and when he starts making love they jumps out from behind curtains and gives him the razz. The act finishes up with the duke's daughter, Lady Imajane, slapping Dirk in the face for even thinking that a country punkin could look at a Flum. Then ——"

"And," I interrupts, "I'm the guy that gets slapped, eh?"

"You ain't none other than him," says Sally; "but you has your revenge like you swore you would just before the curtain went down."

"When," I inquires, "do I get drunk and sick myselfs on them Magruders?"

That, I finds out, happens in the second stroke. It seems like the Slaughter-house kid goes into the pirate business, which in them times was just as respectable as selling something you ain't got to somebody who don't want it is nowadays, and in five years he gets to be the Scourge of the Seven Seas—try and name 'em. To get even for the rough stuff pulled on him by the Flum gal and her side-kickers, he raids the town where the castle is, on April First, and kidnaps everybody that had anything to do with the old frame-up.

The second act, which is five years older than the first, is in the cabin of the pirate boat. It opens up with Lady Imajane Lizzie Magruder—pulling off my boots while all the other swells is scrubbing decks, bringing me drinks and the such. I don't do nothing in this act but treat 'em rough, knocking off one guy for spilling some rum and making another one walk into the ocean just for the splash. To make a long slaughter short, I mixes a murder with every drink and finishes up the act by killing Lady Imajane's husband—Jim Magruder—for objecting to my kissing his wife.

"I don't really have to kiss her, does I?" I asks, anxious.

"What's the matter?" comes back Sally. "Afraid you'll catch something—from Mrs. O'Day?"

"No," I tells her; "but kissing Lizzie'll take all the pleasures outta the murders you got me doing. Do I bump her off, too, before the show's over?"

"In the third act," says the Meekins filly, "she falls in love with you ——"

"In love with me!" I gasps. "I know this is only play acting, but you gotta be reasonable, don't you? Ain't it gonna sound fishy to have a jane fall for a bobo that's just knocked her husband for a row of harps, and besides has practically been kicking her in the face since he got her on the boat?"

"Ah," smiles Sally, "you don't know women. You see Imajane has really been in love with Dirk all the time, but has been fighting against it. The last act is three months later.

"They has been a plague on the ship and everybody is dead excepting them two."

"What a swill evening's entertainment!" I mutters.

"The pirate," goes on the springer, "has been sick and she has nursed him. 'I would do the same for a dog,' says Imajane when he tries to thank her. While they is talking a battleship comes along and starts shooting. Dirk wants to surrender and be hanged, but she won't let him, and they both stays on the boat and dies together."

"That's a grand slam," says I. "Do you get anything extra for it?"

"How do you like it?" asks Sally. "Think you can do the part justice?"

"I don't think so," says I. "If I was you I'd get a change of venue. I thought shows was supposed to have a happy ending."

"What happier ending could there be," sighs the frill, with a dopy look, "than to die in the arms of your lover?"

"None," I admits, "when you is eighteen. Later on you'll think more of a Hamburger steak smothered with onions than you will of love. But to get back to the play: How would it be to take the taste of murders and plagues outta the audience's smellers by having Imajane and Kid Slaughter saved by a aëroplane or something, and finish up the piece with one of them pretty tableta showing the pair of 'em marching up the church aisle to the tune of that rag they is always playing at weddings? What is it—the Miserere?"

"No," says Sally. "I couldn't make no changes. This is one of them kinda drammers where the die is cast and the cast must die. But you ain't told me yet how you likes it."

"Well," I tells her, "it's a thriller, and that Slaughter lad's some thrillain; but off the hands I'd say the piece was cut to fit the movies."

"That's what the man down at the Bijou told me," interrupts the gal, eager. "Only he said I'd have to change it around some."

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"Hawkins," I Roars, "Has You Thrown Algernon's Body Overboard?"

THE SIEVE—By WILL PAYNE

ONE of the world's greatest problems," said the banker, "may be stated as follows: If a sieve is forty-two inches in circumference and the holes in the bottom of it are one-thirty-second of an inch in diameter, how much water will it take to fill it up?"

"What are you talking about—if anything?" I inquired.

"Well, suppose I'm talking about the national debt, for one thing," the banker replied. "It amounts to $23,000,000,000 with a yearly interest charge of $1,000,000,000. That's a thundering debt and a thundering yearly interest charge, even for the richest nation in the world. A great many people consider it a heavy ball and chain on Uncle Sam's leg. They're wondering whether we're going to let it stand forever or pay it off sometime, and how. Now there would be no trouble about paying it all in comparatively short time if the people really wanted to do it. I could manage that myself."

This banker lives in a two-story white frame house with green blinds on a hill at the edge of town overlooking a pleasant little valley where the fields are divided off by stone fences. If his bank were set down in Wall Street a traffic policeman would push it over to the curb with his foot lest the automobiles run over it or a hurrying messenger boy stub his toe on it. Therefore a statement that he could manage redemption of the national debt sounded dubious, and I asked him how he would do it.

"Same way that you and I pay our debts," he answered; "same way the nation paid its Civil War debt—by living within our income and applying the surplus to payment of the debt. The only other way for a nation or an individual to pay a debt is to sell something, and the nation has nothing to sell. But you can't pay a debt and buy a new automobile with the same $1000. Nationally speaking, we're using our money to buy new automobiles—and not only not paying the old debt but piling up new hand over fist in a time of peace and prosperity. That's the time—for a nation or an individual—when there ought to be a margin against future emergencies, even if there is no debt to be paid. I don't believe many Americans understand how fast we are using up our margin. The public money doesn't go into a reservoir, but into a sieve.

"For example, I took off my hat to President Harding for his budget reform and his efforts at economy and retrenchment generally. Exact comparisons are out of the question, but I doubt that any predecessor of his back to George Washington made a better record in that regard; perhaps none as good. The Federal tax bill was reduced from $5,000,000,000 in 1919 to $3,000,000,000 in 1922. When you consider that getting a reduction in appropriations out of any bunch of officeholders is about the same as getting blood out of a turnip, you will agree that this slash of $2,000,000,000 was a notable feat."

The High Cost of Government

"BUT while Federal taxes were reduced by $2,000,000,000 from 1919 to 1922, state and local taxes increased more than $1,000,000,000. In just these three years half of the big saving in Federal taxes was shot away in increased state and local taxes. Put it another way. In spite of the big slash at Washington, the total tax bill in 1922 was sixty-five dollars a head of the population against twenty-three dollars a head in 1913—nearly three times as much a head, although the war was over five years ago. State and local governments had very little to do with the war. The cost of that fell almost wholly on the Federal Government. But in 1913 taxes collected by state and local governments came to $1,526,000,000, while in 1922 they came to $4,147,000,000—not far from a threefold increase in nine years. The trouble with us in this affair is not war—any more than war's the trouble with Tommy Smith when he borrows money on his life-insurance policy to buy his wife a new fur coat."

"These figures are official?" I inquired.

"Except for 1922; for that year they're in good part official and the rest estimated by competent men. You will find them in a tax report by the National Industrial Conference Board. You know pretty nearly every line of business has some kind of association, most of them national in scope. This conference board is a sort of fact-finding association of such associations, with headquarters in New York, and a staff of trained men. Of course reports on state and local taxation are made from time to time by the Federal Government. I've no doubt that when the final official figures are in they will be close to those I'm giving you.

"Now sixty-five dollars a head of the population means nearly three hundred dollars a year for the statistician's average family of four and a half persons. It's my guess that if a few million actual average families understood that they were paying three hundred dollars a year for government they'd stand up and demand in ringing tones to be shown the goods they were paying that much for. But not many people, in my opinion, do realize how big the bill is or where the money actually comes from. They've been given to understand, by a good many eloquent gentlemen, that taxes nowadays are mostly paid by the rich.

"On that head I can refer you to another very useful concern, somewhat like this National Industrial Conference Board. I mean the National Bureau of Economic Research, at Washington. Its report on income in the United States is, I believe, one of the best jobs of the kind that has been done anywhere. Of course we know far more about that subject now than it was possible to know a dozen years ago. We now have Federal income-tax returns from individuals and corporations. Fourteen states levy income taxes of one kind or another. In other directions the data are better than a dozen years ago. The bureau's latest report covers 1918. In that year, excluding soldiers, sailors and marines, it found that the aggregate of all income in the United States was $58,000,000,000 in round numbers, of which $51,000,000,000 was received by persons whose incomes did not exceed $10,000 a year."

The Poverty of the Rich

"NOWADAYS, by any reasonable use of language, a man whose income does not exceed $10,000 a year cannot be called rich. But if you took away the total income of all persons above that line, not leaving them even a quarter for a bunk in a lodging house, you would get barely enough to pay the tax bill for 1922. Probably you wouldn't get enough, for prices and income were higher in 1918 than in 1922. When radicals talk about the rich, they seem to have in mind persons with incomes above $100,000 a year. The aggregate income received by such persons in the boom year 1918 was $1,700,000,000, or not much more than enough to pay the yearly interest on outstanding national, state and local debts, leaving nothing to run the governments with. For one thing, then, the rich couldn't pay this tax bill because they haven't the money, even if you take their total income.

"While the total tax bill in 1922 was $7,000,000,000, only $3,000,000,000 went to the Federal Government and $4,000,000,000 to the state and local governments, whose principal source of revenue is the ad valorem tax on land. Some rich men, holders of city realty, do pay that tax—when they are unable to shift it to their tenants in the form of higher rents—but that doesn't happen as often as it ought to. Ask farmers whether the rich pay most of the tax on land.

"Nobody can tell how much corporation taxes of all sorts are shifted to consumers; but everybody knows that, as a matter of course, they are shifted just as much as corporations can manage it. By and large, taxes go into the cost of doing business, like rent, raw materials, wages and all other items. By and large, they fall on consumers. This shifting of taxes is an intricate subject on which many intricate volumes have been written. Sometimes, no doubt, they can't be shifted. But as a general sort of rule, wherever there is a strong demand for the taxpayer's goods or services he will shift the tax to the consumer. Automobiles and theater tickets are simple illustrations. In both cases the war tax was added outright to the price and handed on to the consumer. Gasoline, as you know in your daily experience, is another illustration. This state of Connecticut levies a tax of a cent a gallon. Drive a few miles west, across the New York State line, and your gasoline is a cent a gallon cheaper because there's no tax. That's been the case ever since this state levied the tax.

"There is one big tax, however, which probably cannot be shifted to any important extent. That is the tax on farm land and tangible farm personal property. Not only have farmers very little bargaining power in fixing the prices of their produce, but the prices of the big farm staples are largely governed by world markets and a world competition. And probably farmers, taken as a class, are more heavily taxed than the remainder of the population, taken as another class.

"In other words, it is calculated that if you divide the population into agricultural and nonagricultural, agriculture pays 17 per cent of its income for taxes, and the remainder of the population 12 per cent. Of course nobody would claim strict accuracy for such a calculation, but it seems to have been carefully made, and it is worth mentioning for the light it sheds on the hazy delusion that taxes are mostly an affair of the rich.

"Another hazy delusion is that these high taxes are pretty much an unavoidable result of the war. But the war burden fell almost wholly on the Federal Government, and as I said a little while ago, the increase in state and local taxes from 1919 to 1922 was over $1,000,000,000. War had very little to do with that. This increase of $1,000,000,000 in state and local taxes since 1919 is nearly 50 per cent more than it cost to run the Federal Government before the war. And in spite of the Harding economies it costs four times as much to run the Federal Government as it did before the war. About $1,000,000,000 of that increase represents interest on the war debt; but deduct that and still the cost of the Federal Government in 1922 was almost three times what it was in 1913. What's the use of blaming that on the war?

"This increase in the expenditure of tax money goes largely into pay roll. And there you strike an odd situation—namely, that it's almost impossible to find out, now or at any other time, how many people are on the public pay roll. In many states and cities the records are in such a conveniently chaotic condition that it would take an elaborate investigation to find out accurately how many employes the public pays salaries to.

"For a good while the Civil Service Commission at Washington has kept a roll of all employes of the Federal Government who come within the civil-service law—which, of course, takes in the big bulk of them. From this roll it appears that the civil employes numbered 918,000 in 1918, and by the end of June, 1923, the number had been reduced to 548,000. There is where a big part of the Harding retrenchment came in. To cut taxes, cut the pay roll. You understand, of course, that I am talking about current governmental expenditures that are met out of taxes, and not about permanent improvements, such as roads, parks, sewer systems and the like, which are financed by bond issues. I'll tell you something about that later on. But for this present discussion the relation between taxes and pay roll is as intimate as that between a cow and her calf.

"New York State has a civil-service commission that keeps a roll of the state's civil employes. Four years ago the commission began to collect reports on the number of employes of cities, towns and villages in the state. In 1919 the number of such employes, exclusive of school-teachers and those engaged by contractors doing state jobs, was 87,593, and in 1921 the number was 134,314. There were also 34,562 persons employed directly by the state. Including 59,585 school-teachers, 228,461 persons were then on state and local pay rolls."

Our Infant Bureaucracy

"NO DOUBT there are a greater number of public employes per head of the population in New York State than in the nation generally. In the whole country, according to the best guess that can be made from insufficient public records, there are 2,700,000 persons on the public pay roll, drawing $3,500,000,000 a year in salaries. Of that number 800,000 are school-teachers, and certainly worth all they get. Then 230,000 are in the Army and Navy—none too many, I believe, in the present state of the world, nor too well paid. That leaves about 1,700,000 whom I would like to see pass in review before a board of hard-boiled corporation executives. I guess there would be some gaps in the ranks.

"There are also 670,000 pensioners on the public pay roll—soldiers, sailors and retired civil employes—which makes a grand total of 3,400,000 people, in round numbers, drawing $3,800,000,000 a year from public treasuries. That is nearly two-fifths of the wages paid out in a year in all the country's manufactories taken together. Factory wages are a subject that there's always a row about somewhere. Taking the country over there is a sort of perpetual anvil chorus, workers insisting on more pay, employers insisting that they can't raise pay without raising the price of the goods, which will make the public mad. For my part, I never hear a suggestion that the public may get mad about a $3,800,000,000 governmental pay roll.

"If you take the income-producing portion of the population—those over sixteen years of age and gainfully employed—one out of every twelve is on a public pay roll. When any average dozen of us, over sixteen and having any sort of job or occupation, get together, eleven of the bunch are paying the twelfth for governing us in some way or other, or for having assisted in governing in the past. In the last three or four years everybody has read scandalous reports on government bureaucracies and pay-roll stuffing in Europe—how in Italy before the Fascisti took hold, and in Austria and Jugo-Slavia and many other states the ruling ambition was to get a government job. I haven't any of those European figures at hand; but I guess our infant American bureaucracy, with its one out of twelve, wouldn't have so much to blush for in comparison.

"Every one of these 2,000,000 state and local employes is specifically exempt from Federal income tax, and that naturally brings up another interesting phase of this subject. A yearly tax bill of $7,000,000,000 takes 12 per cent

of the national income. By national income I mean the value of all the goods and services produced by the people of the United States in twelve months. Now 12 per cent out of any income—whether it's a street sweeper's income or a steel corporation's income—is a lot. However taxes may be shifted around from one shoulder to another they finally come out of national income—roughly, one dollar out of every eight. No matter how many dollars you have, or how few, one out of every eight makes a whole lot of difference. If you have ordinary sense any enterprise or adventure that is going to take one dollar out of every eight of your income will receive very sober consideration.

"But I maintain that taxes never have received sober consideration. A burden of that proportion ought to be so laid as to produce the greatest possible revenue with the least possible cost, loss, friction and inequality; but you might almost say that taxes in the United States have been, in the main, just spattered on. A revenue structure that should have been reared on strictly scientific principles has been misshapen by laziness, buncombe and ignorance.

"Salaries of state employes, no matter how large, are specifically exempt from Federal income tax. The Constitution says the Federal Government may levy and collect taxes on incomes 'from whatever source derived.' Some good lawyers hold that those words mean what they say. But it is felt that for the Federal Government to tax salaries paid by a state government might be considered impolite—bad form, you know. So no attempt is made to tax such income. As you know—for there's been a lot of discussion lately—about $11,000,000,000 of bonds issued by states and political subdivisions of states are also wholly exempt from Federal income tax. On the other hand some $23,000,000,000 of Federal bonds are wholly exempt from state and local taxation."

Tax-Exempt Real Estate

"EVERYONE has heard of these exempt bonds and salaries; but I doubt that one person in a thousand realizes how extensive other exemptions from taxation are. For example, the ad valorem tax on land and tangible personal property such as livestock, goods in merchants' hands and household furniture is the basis of all state and local fiscal systems. This ad valorem property tax furnishes eight-tenths or more of local revenues. Some states make no attempt to value exempt tangible property. But in New York the assessors' valuation of exempt real estate has grown from $761,737,483 in 1901 to $3,285,077,891 in 1921—nearly four and a half fold in twenty years. In the latter year the value of exempt realty was more than one-fifth the value of taxed realty. In Pennsylvania the value of all exempt real property has risen to just under $1,000,000,000. In Massachusetts the value of exempt real and personal property held by private individuals or corporations is $370,000,000. In New Jersey exempt real and personal property is valued at $459,000,000, against $68,000,000 in 1893. In Rhode Island the corresponding figures are $59,000,000 in 1912 and $93,000,000 in 1920. The value of exempt real estate the country over was estimated at $18,398,000,000 in 1921.

"A great part of this exempt property, consisting of schools, churches, hospitals, libraries, serves a most useful public purpose; but investigation shows that as a rule exemption has been granted on no uniform rule and no well-thought-out plan. Sanitariums that are practically private institutions operated for profit are exempt in some places and taxed in others. Undertakings that claim to serve a public purpose get a tax exemption when the legislature is in a good-natured mood or the applicant has a skillful lobby; again, similar concerns are refused exemption. And often, on the well-known contract theory, an exemption once granted lasts forever. Personal property in endowments, foundations, and the like, is very generally exempt from all taxation. Add $23,000,000,000 of Federal bonds and $11,000,000,000 of state and local bonds, and you get—by the best estimate which available data afford—more than $50,000,000,000 of property in the United States partly or wholly exempt from taxation.

"And while we are on this subject of tax exemptions remember that out of a total national income of $58,000,000,000 in the year 1918, almost $42,000,000,000 was received by persons whose incomes did not exceed $3000 a year. That is nearly three-quarters of the whole national income, and it is practically exempt from Federal income tax, because only a minute fraction of it is reported for taxation, and on the fraction that is reported the tax collected—after personal and other exemptions are allowed for—amounts to only .8 per cent.

"When taxes take 12 per cent of the national income, that mountain of exempt property and income becomes a sizable problem. Probably we should have a better fiscal scheme with no exemptions of real property whatever, and a tax levied even on the public-school building; but that is only an academic question now, for usually an exemption once granted lasts forever. Which makes it all the more important to use greater care in granting exemptions in the future.

"Apparently one of the first things that any normal man has wanted, since the expulsion from Eden, is exemption from taxation. Back in the mellow days of Louis XIV, to pay taxes was a distinct badge of inferiority. The nobility who operated the government, with the king as their chief, were exempt; which was the main reason why the government finally went stony broke, and if the government had not gone broke the French Revolution that wiped it out would not have happened—at least not as and when it did happen. On principle, when everybody wants to escape taxation, nobody should be allowed to; for if you open the door at all the pressure may become irresistible. I have no doubt that tax exemptions lead directly to tax dodging.

"That there is an enormous amount of tax dodging in the United States is not open to question. The motive and opportunity for most of it arise from silly and antiquated revenue laws. As I said before, the foundation of our revenue system is the ad valorem tax on land and tangible personal property—which probably worked first-rate in Colonial times, when property consisted mainly of land and of personal property like cattle, stocks of merchandise and household furniture that was in plain sight. It works fairly well now in rural communities, where property is mostly of that sort. But wealth in the form of paper began to multiply. The typical rich man no longer owned land, cattle and stocks of merchandise, but only pieces of paper—stocks and bonds—that gave him a first call on the income derived from physical properties such as factories, railroads and mines."

An Acknowledged Failure

"EVERY state in the Union, I believe, attempted to tax that intangible property in the form of paper on the same basis as tangible property that was in plain sight of the assessor. And in every state the attempt was a flat failure. The faster paper evidences of wealth accumulated the flatter the failure. A report by the New York State Tax Commission shows that back in 1866 over one-quarter of all the property assessed for taxation was personal property. By 1900 the proportion of personal property had fallen to 12 per cent. At present it is little over 1 per cent.

"Some states have frankly acknowledged the failure and given up the attempt to tax intangible personal property substituting a special tax on bonds, mortgages, stocks, and so on, or a state income tax. There is a fundamental difference between a quarter section of land or a cow and a piece of paper that sets forth a lien on the land or cow. But many states refuse to recognize it—although they

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No Wonder It's So Hard to Start

THE OTHER DAY

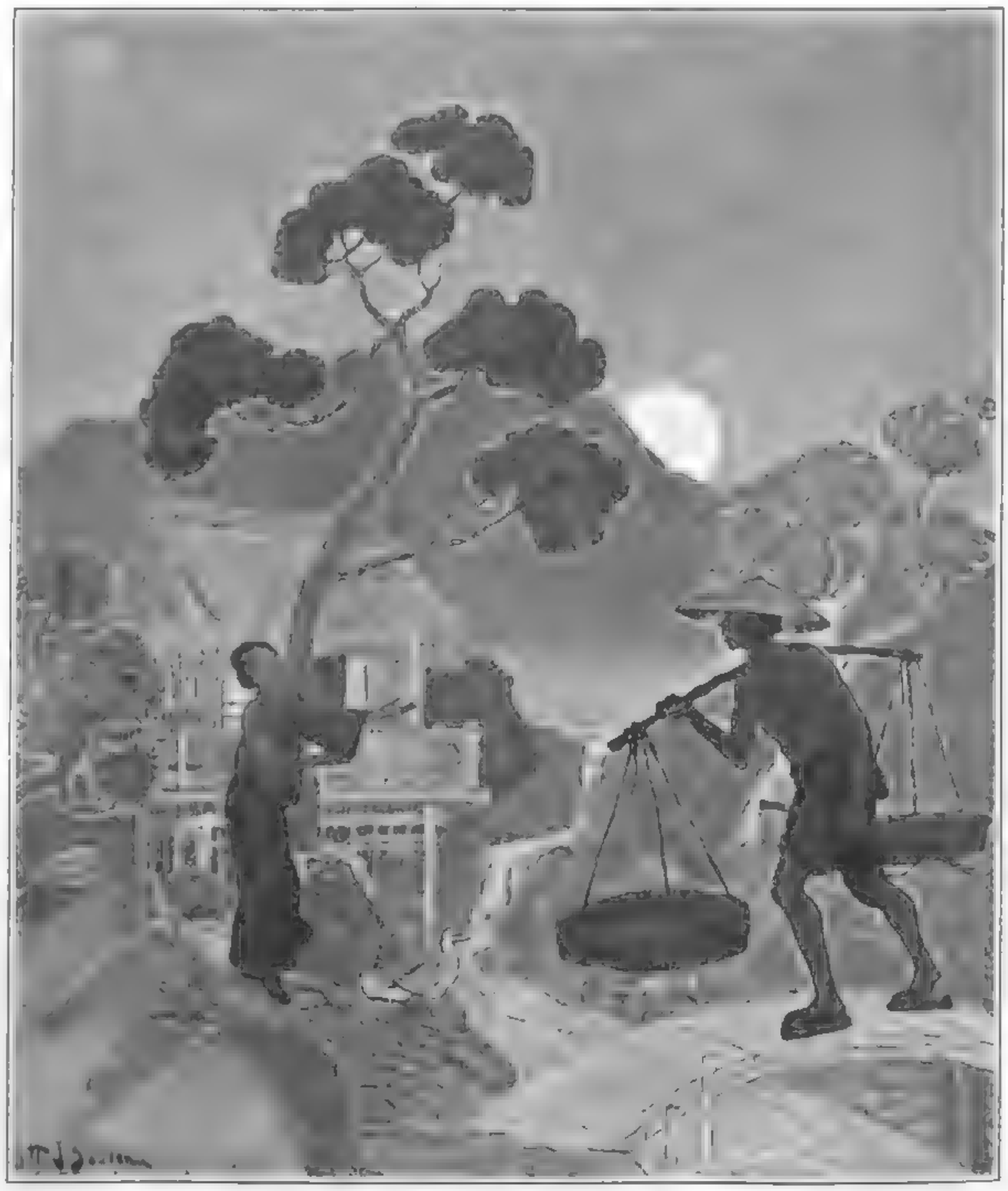
By Henry Milner Rideout

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. SOULEN

YI TAO'S kitchen was a good harbor and refuge, in the rains when darkness filled the house and a noise of splashing surrounded it; in a January north wind that chilled the bones and made the nostrils raw; in any weather, green spring or burnt-brown summer; even at noon on the most lovely days, while charming ladies came to eat in a party and talk of their —— Who knows what they talked of? Not Yi Tao; for though his table near his cookstove became at such times the only convenient place for man or boy, he was too busy to think of any but that spiritual thing, the honor of the house, embodied in food borne quietly through a swing door into the dining room. What they talked of does not signify; without being rude we may dismiss them here; for the point is that what did signify was Yi Tao's own conversation.

Always a good refuge, his kitchen seemed therefore best without ladies behind the swing door. At dishwashing hour on a rainy night, so wet that neither friend nor neighbor was coming, how pleasant it could be to sit at Tao's table and give ear.

"He wan' chin-chee da govmin." Yi Tao, suffering a cold which would put any one of us to bed with pneumonia, stayed hard at work. In white jacket unbuttoned round the throat, black trousers, and black cloth shoes with padded soles, he moved like a neat ghost, flipping his towel round the plates and laying them away dry and clean. A brew of thoroughwort tea wafted strong medicine about the room, and this with Chinese potatoes and plenty of good spring water taken before sleeping, would cure his malady. "He wan' chin-chee da govmin. He say, 'Tear 'em all down.'"



If He Carried Back His Gear Well-High Empty After a Fortnight's Absence, the Girl Nevertheless Had Her Welcome for Him

This might be a comment on Dr. Sun Yat-sen or some other politician desiring new things and a change in government.

"He say, 'Tear govmin down.' All lite, they b'lief him, they tear 'em down, all same olo house. Then they come say, 'How we built 'em up 'gain? Pleasse you tell to us.' He say, 'Ho, pleasse you ixcusse me. I nev' carpinter, I not know how to do any mo'.' That is fool, that is damn fool. Befo' he take Jap money; now take Looshian money for spoilum. Lob the joss house all same Looshia. That lotten. Ha, if I can see him, I kill him, shu!"

This prayer, pious because filled with love of country, being ejaculated with a fierceness quite alien to his character, Tao went on working placidly.

"Nev' min'. He not las' long. Some thing kill him bym-by."

"You think so?"

"Shu. Heap foolish."

Leaving that matter comfortable on the knees of the fool killer, we might discuss the breaking of gold images and confiscation of property in municipal temples, then religion by and large, then the problem why a certain city had no joss houses left.

"You see, that city, eart'quak' he shakee down many kin' of builting, joss house all same too. Young men say—'Look, joss house gone, finish, no good. What fo' built him up? If the Got live there, how can shakee himse'f down? Joss house too foolish, no can do.'"

"Were the young men right or wrong?"

"Hart to say. Joss house, what is fo'? S'pose you going there, all same go you' chu'ch fo' askee the Got to do something welly nice. Is the Got in He's house? You walkee inside, you look, you hear; not'ing to see, no one to speak, house empty, awfu' dark. Where is the Got can be? He no bed in He's house, not sleep there, not'ing to eat. Maybe no one stay there. Maybe He stay there. You listen, you think too moch, maybe make you clazy. But this true, this the troof. S'pose you walkee inside, you thinking, 'I go to chu'ch, so I am welly goot man.' That is lotten. S'pose you thinking, 'Ho, I am welly bat man, poo', no can do. I welly bat man. Help, help!' That is all lite, no harm, mos' bes' way."

From such a homemade version of Pharisee and publican, it would be but a step to metaphysics, likewise homemade, based on the principle of *yin* and *yang;* to those three brass men who stand in the mud holding hands at the bottom of the Pearl River; to the giant horses of stone that once galloped over hill and field eating the rice crop in a blind thunderstorm; to the deeds of devils and foxes. Being a South China man, Yi Tao knew little of foxes but by hearsay, for foxes are Northern; and besides, any fox magician can pass unheeded in a crowd if his tail be carried well down inside his trousers leg and the slyness of the eye be moderately veiled.

"Plenty man look allo same fox. You no can tell."

Devils, however, Tao knew more about, having personally met a few. Not seven miles from his kitchen, in A.D. 1923, a devil disturbs one whole quarter of a town by making noises like a baby dog in the sky, and these not only at night but by day, when the sun is shining. "Ai-yow-wa!" he says, and "Ai-yow-wow!" What he intends, we have not yet learned. Moreover, Tao knew very well indeed the New York highbinder who murdered thirty or forty Chinamen, and died the other day in California of nothing but faces—faces of thirty or forty devils round his bed late one afternoon. An honest man has little to fear from this kind. Easier to detect than foxes, they appear only at dusk, are of an old-bone color, and lack the chin.

To halt their approach you need only turn your back, stoop, lower your head, and look at them upside down from between your legs. No devil can bear the sight of you then. On your loneliest path, if you strike the attitude quickly and often—above all, if you are short and fat—he will walk away from you backward into the gloaming.

"Largee deffil in my town, you see, my willitch where I am born," said Yi Tao. "My fadder, and he's fadder, and he's fadder, they meet plenty deffil befo' me. They not lie. I not lie. You think I am lie? What fo'? Was'e time."

His hearer knew that he did not and would not. It was while in the vein, swapping views, beliefs, guesses at the unseen, that one who is not a liar told a tale. He had lumbago at the time, and was limping badly; but he had cooked for his guest in the kitchen a great bowl of soup containing fat peanuts, beans, diced pork and sweet lotus root, very good. He himself took nothing but his doctor's prescription, the powdered horn of a unicorn, costly because rare, hard to get now. Any Westerner who likes may smile, but not too broadly. During Queen Anne's reign good English doctors had powdered horn of unicorn in their pharmacopœia, and there are some laymen who do not yet know that Queen Anne is dead. George Washington, the other day in this young country, wore a pigtail.

"When you know what is happin, then you b'lief."

We were discussing this world and the next, the thinness of the partition between them, and the power of the dead in the land of the living.

"Jixy lek the star by daytam, jixy lek so thick ——"

Here Yi Tao grew so mired in the bog of language that it is only fair to haul him out on a paraphrase.

Just as we can forget the stars by day, and never care that they are still in the sky, not gone but present, so we can forget all things unseen, which nevertheless are with us, underfoot, overhead, alongside, far away, near by, exchanging influence like every star and every grain of dust. Nothing is gone or wasted, for there was only so much to begin with, and it is being used forever.

"Near my willitch, not long 'go, odda day, one man he sell littoo feeze-ekk ——"

It was little fish eggs that the man dealt in. His name was Chan Man Nen —Mr. Thousand Years Chan—and he lived near Yi Tao's village, or not many miles distant. A handsome young man, learned, a graduate with the first or bachelor's degree, he had a wife about fifteen years old, who was as lovely as a fruit tree in blossom seen through river mist at sunrise. What is more, she was good all through, gentle, brave and full of fun.

"He loving to her, she loving to him, allo same dok."

"What? Dog?"

"Naw!" cried Yi Tao in disgust. "Allo same dok bird. Jixy lek dok welly loff!"

This young man and his wife, then, were like the mated birds, duck and drake, that for ages have been a symbol of true love. But here the fortune of Chan Man Nen stopped. No one may have more, in quantity or quality, than his nature can absorb.

(Continued on Page 108)

THE SCALPERS

By BERTRAM ATKEY

ILLUSTRATED BY NANCY FAY

THE Tressidder brothers stood side by side, staring gloomily out of the window at a couple on the tennis lawn at the front of the house.

"When I think that a sister of ours—a pretty kid, in her way, too—has let herself be vamped by a thing like that, it puts me off my drive absolutely!" said Tom Tressidder, local golf champion.

"If only the useless bounder would cut his greasy locks it would help a little—not much—but still it would help. And it might put young Dulcie completely off him and his poetry too!" chimed Tim Tressidder, the local tennis crack.

They continued to stare at the trim and dainty girl, their sister, who sat in a deck chair raptly listening to the utterances to which the young gentleman whom the brothers were discussing was giving impassioned vent.

"She was coming on with her iron shots quite decently," said Tom, "until the cat found that thing in the woods and brought it into the home."

"And if it comes to that, she was working her way well on to making a bit of a noise at tennis," claimed Tim, "until that velvet-coated short circuit distracted her attention."

Tom Tressidder scowled.

"Grr-rr! I say, Tim, d'ye think she's really in—er—in love with him?"

The younger brother flushed angrily.

"Oh, damn it, that's impossible! She's usually such a sane kid. Look at the way she runs this house. Clockwork, what I mean to say. She can't love a velvet-coated fuzzy-wuzzy freak like that. I think it's more of a morbid fascination."

"But what the dickens is it that fascinates her? It can't be his face. Chap's only got an ordinary face. Neither-one-thing-nor-the-other sort of face. His politeness?"

"Fellow's no more polite than any other decent man. Hundreds of men about the place as polite as frizzy out there."

"Well, is it this poetry he keeps grinding out?"

"I dunno—I don't understand the stuff any more than you do—or Dulcie—or the blighter himself. He writes it, but he don't understand it. I heard him reading a blinking sonnet or lyric or hysteric or something to Dulcie yesterday, and I simply couldn't stick it. I broke in on him. I asked him to explain to me what he meant by a line he'd just read. It went something like this: 'The dreaming flowers stand with listless heads and folded hands.'

"'Now, what d'ye mean by that?' I said. 'What are you trying to convey to people? What kind of flowers are they? Hands? What hands? Flowers haven't got hands. How d'ye mean "listless," too?'

"'Lilies—tall, pale lilies—the golden-rayed lilies of old Japan,' brayed the ass, and went on reading.

"Presently he came to this—something like it: 'The brazen color scream of untamed tiger blooms.' Dulcie was following him like a girl in a dream. Fancy a girl who can play a forehand drive like hers listening to that sort of muck! I barged in again, absolutely sick, old man.

"'Half a minute,' I said. 'What are you talking about?' I said. 'What d'ye mean by tiger blooms?'

"'Lilies—tiger lilies.'

"'Well, why don't you call a lily a lily? And they aren't untamed—they're tame. It's all wrong. Bags of 'em round in the greenhouse as tame as -as the tomatoes. And they aren't brazen—they're ordinary spotted flowers tame ones. And their color scheme isn't any ——'

"The bloke sighed, Tom, and looked weary.

"'Color scream, not color scheme,' he said. 'I am conveying the jarring, brassy trumpetlike sound which the fierce colors of those blooms echo and reecho around them.'

"'Echo—an' reecho!' I echoed a bit feebly, old chap, I'll admit. Dulcie laughed in that rotten, pitying sort of way she's learned since she met the long-haired hound, and I pushed off. Couldn't stick it."

Brother Tom Tressidder nodded.

"I know—I know," he agreed sympathetically. "Bill Laffan says she's not fascinated so much by his infernal poetry as by his curly locks. As a doctor, he ought to know. I was talking to him down at the clubhouse yesterday, and he said it was a scientific fact that no woman is proof against this golden curly hair worn longish. Sounds mad, don't it? Old Bill thinks no end of Dulcie; fact, he's in love with her himself, but he was saying that his style of looks is too rugged to beat this poetic bloke's."

Tim agreed.

"Yes. Bill's as sound as sound as steel; but he's a bit roughhewn."

"Anyway, he says that, speaking as a doctor, nothing but the loss of Haremain's hair will cure Dulcie of her infatuation."

"Loss of ——"

The brothers stared, struck by the same idea simultaneously.

"Well, but if that's all, can't we manage a little thing like that?" said Thomas. "I'd do worse than that to save young Dulcie from that bounder. I tell you what—let's drift down to the clubhouse and have a chat with Bill Laffan about it. If that's true—why, what are we worrying about? Give me a pair of clippers and Haremain's head between my knees, and I'd glory in the bally act!"

The brothers, slightly cheered, sallied forth without delay.

II

IT WAS in the joint opinion of the Tressidder brothers a very grievous affliction that their pretty sister Dulcie should have fallen in love with a long-haired poet, and since she was the only sister they possessed it is not greatly to be wondered at that their chagrin was great, their objections fierce and their denunciations extravagant.

They were just beginning to feel that Dulcie would yet be a credit to the family—provided she practiced her forehand drive diligently and ceased not to study untiringly her iron shots—when the poet first crawled over their horizon and completely spoiled their entire outlook on life.

At first they had not viewed the matter with any real concern, for they believed Dulcie to be a girl with some notion of the fitness of things. She had long ago proved to them that in the ordinary affairs of ordinary life she was as practical as she was pretty, for ever since the death of their parents, some two years before, she had run the house perfectly and so economically that the income which each of the three had inherited proved to be considerably in excess of what—being people of simple tastes and single-minded ambitions—they needed. Tim Tressidder lived only for the day when he would burst into the tennis-championship class like a thunderbolt from the void; and Tom dreamed ever about, and labored incessantly to gain, just that extra bit of finish and skill which would put him high up on the rickety ladder of the amateur golf championship. Work never happened to occur to them.

"'Lilies—Tall, Pale Lilies—the Golden-Rayed Lilies of Old Japan,' Brayed the Ass, and Went On Reading"

Both had looked for great things on the tennis court and golf course from Dulcie—and now she seemed to have committed a species of harakiri by falling in love with a creature which wore its hair long and bushy, and sometimes kept itself warm with a velvet coat, and devised deliriums about brassy color screams and flowers with folded hands.

What really made it so much more nauseating was the fact that this poetic person, Hamelyn Haremain, might in happier circumstances have escaped being what he was and have done decently well for himself in other fields.

The fellow seemed to have some money—the brothers had gathered that he was master of perhaps seven or eight hundred a year—and though by no means built on such a heftsome scale as the Tressidder brothers, he was neither precisely deformed nor half-witted. He was slightly over the average height and he was symmetrically built. Indeed, Dulcie had once claimed that he was quite strong and that he had proved it by the solution of some weight-lifting problem or other connected with her little twin-cylinder, air-cooled runabout—on the occasion when quite inadvertently she had driven into a pond down Dorking way.

But this claim the brothers had derided with brotherly frankness. No

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THE WILD AND WOOLLY VEST

The Chase Was Toward the Spot Where the Sun Had Long Since Set: Asia's Destination Was Some Place a Trifle Beyond the Horizon

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

THEY promoted Asia Salmon and made him wild. The job was not entirely to Asia's liking, despite the fact that it marked a distinct forward stride socially. Theretofore Asia had been persona grata with the Johnny Jazz Greater Carnival Exposition Shows; a mild, inoffensive and excessively dark gentleman who had attached himself to the colored organization in the earnest hope of occasional work and less occasional eatments.

Of the former there had been a plenitude; of the latter not so much. But Asia traveled on and on with the carnival against the day when a break in luck might precipitate him into the ranks of the regulars. In his blood ran the instinct of showmanship; he yearned for the spotlight of public approval. Yet, when it was thrust upon him at the opening of the carnival's Nashville engagement much of his enthusiasm vanished.

In the first place Asia considered himself constitutionally unfitted for the rôle of wild man. He was by nature peaceful, retiring, and very, very timid. The rabid cavortings and eerie shrieks of the wild man never appealed to him, and he stepped timorously into the difficult part.

Nor was his distaste for this particular job engendered solely by temperament. Having traveled long with the show, and knowing therefore much of its internal politics, Asia Salmon realized that danger lurked in the vicinity of the wild man's tent. Somehow he could not forget the terrible ferocity of his predecessor.

There had been much that was mysterious in the severance of Alley Tanner's connection with the Jazz Carnival. Alley was a first-class, A1 wild man, possessed of figure, activity and voice. His throaty call echoing down the midway, "Look o-o-out, folks! Ise wi-i-ild!" had never failed to strike terror to the shrinking soul of Asia. Somehow, even though he knew Alley intimately enough to have lost frequently his modest earnings to that gentleman via the route of the rattling cubes, he yet did not believe that Mr. Tanner's wildness was entirely simulated.

Too, Asia knew full well that the pompous and impressive Johnny Jazz was an excellent showman and one who appreciated to the ultimate degree the drawing power of Alley Tanner's wild wildness. Therefore, when Asia awakened to the fact that Mr. Jazz had deliberately tricked Mr. Tanner and left that gentleman stranded and flat broke when the show slipped out of Memphis, he knew it was not at all unlikely that Alley would rise up in his wrath, wild somebody out of the price of a railroad ticket and give hot pursuit

The prospect was not alluring, and Asia voiced weak protest to the insistent Mr. Jazz.

"Shuh, Mr. Jazz, you know I ain't fitten fo' no wil'-man job."

"Who says you ain't?"

"Well—is I?"

"Co'se you is. All you got to do is wear them sheep pants an' woolen vest of Brother Tanner's an' screech aroun' a little."

Asia shook his head slowly. "Nossuh. Folks c'n look at me an' see I ain't wil' "

"You is crazy in the haid, Asia. Does people see them coschume an' those paint, they ain't gwine ast no questions."

"B-b-but I looks so modest."

"Tha's gwine he'p you be wil'. If a bad-lookin' feller like Alley Tanner commences wildin' up an' down his cage they ain't nothin' unusual in it. But does a po' li'l' half-baked, dried-out, knock-kneed, no-'count shrimp like you commence screechin' an' jumpin' roun' an' eatin' raw meat an' such—they is gwine think things."

"I dunno ——"

"You gits twelve dollars a week an' cakes "

"I know, Mistuh Jazz; I know. Tha's a heap of money an' I likes the job fine—on'y I kind of wish you di'n't want yo' wil' man to be so terrible wil'."

Mr. Jazz shrugged his elegantly tailored shoulders. "You c'n take it or leave it, Asia. But does you turn it down I ain't gwine have you hangin' roun' with us no mo'."

Mr. Salmon's lower jaw drooped mournfully. "Aw, Mistuh Jazz ——"

"You hearn me."

Asia thought the matter over. Instinct warned that he was about to become engulfed in a maelstrom of trouble. "S'posin' Alley Tanner should foller us?"

"Well, what of it?"

"Mistuh Tanner is real wil'; he wasn't no faker like I."

"Shuh!" An unholy light gleamed in the managerial eye. "Alley ain't got a dime. He coul'n't foller nobody nowhere no time."

"Yeh; mebbe so. But s'pose he did? What you reckon he would do to the feller which was wildin' in his place?"

"Nothin'!" explosively

"Alley never did like me," explained Asia doubtfully. "Two or th'ee times he useter say he reckoned mebbe I was cravin' his job."

"He was kiddin' you."

"Tha's what you says, Mistuh Jazz; tha's what you says. An' mebbe you is right. An' then again mebbe you ain't! But if you ain't I is the feller which is runnin' the risk of gittin' deaded—an' deadness ain't the fondest thing I is of."

Johnny Jazz lighted a flagrant cigar. "I gives you fifteen minutes to decide."

"Fifteen minutes. Oh, my gosh! Say, Mistuh Jazz, is you willin' to answer me one question?"

"What 'tis it?"

"How come Alley Tanner to leave the show so sudden?"

Beneath his coat of racial tan Mr. Johnny Jazz flushed a purplish lavender. There was much about that transaction which was embarrassing, and Mr. Jazz had no mind to enlighten his prospective wild man as to the salient facts.

"Jus' lef'—tha's all."

"H'm! He seemed pow'ful contented; saved his money."

"Never saved no money!" Johnny's negative seemed unnecessarily violent. "That man never saved a copper in his whole life."

"But," persisted Asia, "he tol' me hisse'f that he had saved up pretty near eight hund'ed dollars cash money."

"Words!" snapped Mr. Jazz. "Nothin' but words! How come him to be wildin' if he had that much money?"

"Dunno, but he sho' tol' me about them moneys with his own mouf. 'Eight hund'ed dollars,' he say. 'I gotten it saved up with Mistuh Jazz's carnival savin's bank.' Tha's what he tol' me hisse'f, an' ——"

Without apparent rime or reason the sartorially elegant proprietor of the Johnny Jazz Greater Carnival Exposition Shows grew alarmingly apoplectic. He hurled anathema upon the head of the late wild man and branded as horrifically false that gentleman's claims to a fortune of eight hundred dollars. Asia was impressed, but not convinced.

"Still don't know how come him to leave the carnival."

"Nor neither I don't. Does a feller crave to leave, he leaves, an' tha's all."

"An' does he git back his job if he catches up with us?"

"Nossuh! Alley Tanner has wilded fo' me fo' the las' time. I wishes him luck in Memphis an' other places, but not with us. An' I asts you fo' yo' final answer: Does you take his job or don't you?"

"H'm! Alley Tanner is awful wil'."

"Ain't! Never was!"

"But he would be was he to meet up with me holdin' his job."

"Ain't never gwine catch you."

"You says. But you ain't runnin' no risk yo'ownse'f."

"What you reckon Ise payin' you twelve dollars a week cash money fo'? When wil' men gits scared they ain't much use."

Asia knew that Mr Jazz was not to be trifled with The opportunity was golden, and Asia Salmon had long yearned for advancement from the ranks of hangers-on to the regular pay roll Somewhat doubtfully he announced to Mr. Jazz his favorable decision. That gentleman appeared delighted, but not at all surprised.

"Come along with me, cullud boy, an' I gives you yo' wil' suit. We opens heah this afternoon an' you has got to git yo' screecher wukkin' good."

They visited the wardrobe tent, where the decidedly moth-eaten wild garments were intrusted to the tender hands of Asia Salmon. He inspected them fondly, yet timidly. They seemed redolent of trouble, and Mr. Salmon was not overly fond of that.

The garments, considered solely as such, were nothing to rave over. There was, first of all, a one-piece, skin-tight suit of deepest black which extended from feet to neck. The legs and arms were plentifully supplied with hirsute

adornment which looked—and smelled—as though it had first seen the light of day on a mangy collie dog. There was a hairy skirt which encircled the waist and extended about halfway to the knees. But the pièce de résistance was a heavy hairy vest which was liberally sprinkled with delicate ornaments representing scalps, teeth and other trophies of the human chase.

Anklets and wristlets of long silken hair completed the haberdashery ensemble. For the application of facial ferocity Asia knew he was to be intrusted to the merciless clutches of a gentleman well versed in the art of wild-man make-up.

Temporarily Asia forgot Mr. Tanner, and, tucking that gentleman's professional raiment under one arm, Mr. Salmon strutted pridefully down the midway. At last he was a performer, a star in his own right, an attraction, a person of such allure as to cause a steady trickle of dimes to enrich the carnival coffers.

"Hot dam!" enthused the new wild man. "They sho hadn't better trust no lions roun' me when I gits these clothes on."

But as the new member of the profession walked toward his tent on the midway, Mr. Johnny Jazz stared thoughtfully after him. Mr. Jazz was more pleased than he cared to admit to others; he was grateful for the fact that his new wild man was of a very retiring disposition—a gentleman easily controlled. And, above all, one who would not again ask embarrassing questions.

"What You Reckon Ise Payin' You Twelve Dollars a Week Cash Money Fo'?"

As a matter of fact Mr. Jazz's conscience was troubling him. He found it rather difficult to rid his mind of Mr. Alley Tanner, the deserted wild man. Of late Mr. Tanner had caused Mr. Jazz more than a trifle of uneasiness. He seemed to have slipped into the spirit as well as the letter of his rôle. In brief, it appeared to Mr. Jazz that Alley Tanner was becoming too genuinely wild.

Then there was a trifling matter of finance. For several years Mr. Jazz had been a staunch advocate of thrift among his employes and to that end had inaugurated an informal savings bank. Each week, by agreement, he deducted from various pay envelopes a modest stipend, for which a deposit receipt was given. And quite recently Johnny Jazz had come to realize that Alley Tanner's receipts amounted to very nearly eight hundred dollars.

Somehow that discovery brought no surge of exaltation to the Jazz bosom; it seemed a personal affront—and an entirely unfair one—that one of his most humble employes could at any moment cause him serious cash embarrassment. Quite naturally the thought occurred to him that if anything in the nature of extinction happened to his wild man, the Johnny Jazz Greater Carnival Exposition Shows would be considerably the gainer—wild men being infinitely easier to acquire than eight-hundred-dollarses.

Of course Mr. Jazz did not consider doing away with his wild man, but he did admit to himself that Mr. Tanner was not particularly popular with him at the moment. And if it should ever happen that Mr. Tanner failed to make train connections, or was late, or just happened not to be where he was supposed to be at the time he was supposed to be there ——

Which is just what had happened when the show departed from Memphis. Mr. Jazz was willing to swear that if, at some later date, Mr. Tanner should maintain he had been informed the hour of departure was three A.M.—that if Mr. Tanner said that, he was wrong, because Mr. Jazz would then remember most positively that he had told the wild man that the show would depart Memphis promptly at two o'clock. And depart at two o'clock is what the show did—*sans* Mr. Tanner's professional truculence.

Johnny Jazz was not materially worried about his ex-wild man. His route had been radically changed; the task of discovering their whereabouts would not be an easy one. But should Mr. Tanner succeed in trailing them, Mr. Jazz planned to greet him with a smug and genial smile, offer him his old job and, on demand and presentation of the deposit certificates, duly pay over to Alley the eight hundred dollars.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Jazz's scheme was even more Machiavellian than that. Cornered, he boldly intended to let the prodigal savage understand that the whole thing had been a deep dark plot hatched against him in the brain of Mr. Asia Salmon, the present incumbent. Johnny figured wisely; he knew that a person of Mr. Tanner's type would demand action—immediate and forceful action—and Johnny considered it a genuine pleasure to divert that rancor to the inoffensive Asia Salmon.

After all, he was paying Asia all of twelve dollars a week, with cakes, and he figured that one should run some small risk in return for that handsome remuneration.

Wherefore, Mr. Jazz sauntered out on the midway that afternoon as the first-day crowds commenced to straggle in. Mr. Jazz's soul was pervaded with a sensation of utter beatitude. The assemblage, though not large, was promising. Lottery wheels glittered in the sun, concessionaires arranged their wares, side-show performers slipped about in the rear of the tents preparatory to the first afternoon performances, and the colored minstrel men corked their faces in deference to custom.

The strident voice of a ballyhoo beat upon the eardrums of Mr. Jazz: "Ri-i-ight this way, brethren an' sister'n, to see the wildest wil' man which ever wilded in the jungle heart of darkest Africa where they has darkness as is dark. He eats rhinoceros steak fo' breakfas', elephant tushes fo' dinner, an' soup fo' supper—soup, gemmun an' ladies, with pythoons fo' noodles. He has chewed up mo' than a dozen folks since he has been with this carnival, but we has got him chained proper. His trainer is jus' feedin' him a bowl of warm blood, an' as soon as he finishes that you is gwine heah him screech."

Within the tent the very much stage-frightened Asia Salmon took his cue. He threw back his ferociously made-up face, puckered his lips and emitted what he fondly fancied was a terrific African screech. The tones came with difficulty; the tremolo effect was nasal and startling. The dusky gentleman who posed as his trainer prodded him decisively.

"Make it wil', Asia; make it wil'!"

Under the inspiration of the not too gentle prod Mr. Salmon found his task easier. There was pained surprise in the shriek which rent the atmosphere, and the crowd outside the tent shivered deliciously. The ballyhoo enthused, and once again the prodding occurred within the tent.

"Yeeeeeoooow!" wailed the wild man. Then—"Hey, you; leave off of that! I don't need no poker to make me wil'!"

"A' right." The trainer was willing to compromise. "Keep on yellin' thataway. An' dance!"

Mr. Johnny Jazz shilled by the gatekeeper with the interested crowd. The amazingly grotesque wild man was shrieking and screaming around the place at ten cents per scream. And there was no denying the fact that in the costume of the late Alley Tanner, Mr. Salmon presented a terrible appearance. The wristlets and anklets rattled and slattered about on his skinny arms and legs, the vest and skirt fitted him about six weeks too late, and, to add to the general horror of the effect, the make-up man had done himself proud.

Mr. Jazz strolled contentedly away and later in the day chuckled with satisfaction with each new outbreak of wildness from the tent of the Captured Fiend of Darkest Africa; Drinks Blood and Eats Folks.

As for the new wild man, he liked his task better and better as the day

(Continued on Page 115)

Mr. Johnny Jazz Proclaimed Unanimously That Asia Salmon Bade Fair to Become One of the Wildest Men in Captivity

IMMIGRANTS OF TOMORROW

Coming—a Shipload of Immigrants Arriving From Danzig, Seeking Fortunes in America

And Going—a Throng of Immigrants Returning to Their Homeland, Carrying With Them an Average of $3000 Each

By Marcus Eli Ravage

IN THE main, this article is a report. It is the product of more than two years' study and observation of the changed conditions of Europe as they bear on the problem of American immigration. I set out in quest of the facts It is the facts that I propose to offer.

My purpose is to furnish the data necessary to answer a parcel of vital questions. They are not questions which I have raised. Therefore, I do not feel called upon to provide a solution. Three years ago, when I started abroad, Americans of all classes and all interests were pondering them. They are still asking them today. It has merely seemed to me that it might prove helpful to secure the raw materials from which an intelligent answer might be extracted.

These are the questions: Assuming that the war and its sequel have altered the circumstances of life in many places in Europe, what is the effect likely to be on emigration to the United States? Will more aliens seek our shores than before 1914, or fewer? What will be the quality of the new immigrants? From what countries will most of them come, and from what strata of society? What sort of picture of America—what prepossessions and preconceptions—will they bring with them? Or, in other words, what will they expect of us? And what contributions to American life and civilization may we expect of them?

The Handicap of Memory

LOOKING into my note bag I discover with a good deal of perplexity that my stock is of the most confusing variety. There is a little bit of everything—facts political and religious, facts economic and social, and then a few more facts for which no descriptive tag is available offhand.

Also—and more distressing than all the rest—I observe that I have brought away some conclusions, in spite of all my efforts to keep off that tack. Interpretations, I kept telling myself all the time, was not what I was hired for. Yet it looks as if I have not entirely succeeded in escaping them. In one very important direction, I suppose, I was seriously disqualified for the enterprise—I did not start out with a clean slate. I had my memories. I had been in most of these homelands of the immigrant before, and willy-nilly comparisons kept intruding themselves into the proceedings. I caught myself repeatedly looking with one eye at what was in front of me, and with the other at the past. Maybe you think that was not altogether a disadvantage. I can assure you it was an irritating handicap. I wished devoutly more than once that Europe were to me just so much virgin soil and everything that happened there a strange and exciting novelty. The eternal temptation to look backward and forward by turns complicated my job enormously.

I naturally believe that I am right about my conclusions. Still, I have no difficulty imagining someone else, equally as wise as I am, arriving by the same route at precisely contrary ones—that is to say, I do not for an instant believe that my view of the scenery is the one inescapable view. I am too much alive to the immensity of the proposition to go around with any such notion as that I have laid hold of the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. The movement of great masses of people from one continent to another is no matter for rules of thumb. It is a skein of many strands, and the man is not alive who has them all in his hand. Therefore, I modestly disavow right here at the start any and all pretensions to infallibility.

Properly speaking, it is, as a matter of fact, not conclusions at all that I have brought home. I have simply observed certain tendencies. By your leave I would ask you to go back and put several heavy black lines under that word "tendencies," for emphasis.

To be quite frank, even these tendencies have not, as far as I am aware, yet translated themselves into the records at Ellis Island. That may prove a number of things. None the less, I know some good reasons why they should not have—reasons which I shall presently divulge. What is more, they—the tendencies may not become apparent for a considerable while to come, without in the least upsetting my interpretation. But then again, my reading of the data may very well be askew, and the drift which I anticipate may never come to the surface at all. It would not greatly surprise me.

War Effects on Immigration

THE tendencies I have in mind, if they interest you, are fairly simple. I am going to begin and foremost by setting them down before I go much further. Having got them out of the way, the field will be left clear for more essential things. This is how the situation looks to me:

The total effect of the war and the peace has been of such a nature as to aggravate the causes of emigration, and it is fairly predictable that more Europeans than ever will be seeking these shores. But—yes, there is a "but"—though the vast struggle has profoundly injured Europe as a whole, it has resulted in the betterment of the lot of certain large sections of the population. Therefore, as so often before, the quality of the newcomer will not be the same as formerly. It will be markedly better—that is to say, it will be better if you are more interested in the future of America than in her immediate industrial needs; if you see in the immigrant a potential junior partner in our civilization and not simply a man of all work.

To be more explicit: The elements from which America latterly drew the greater part of her crude labor are today better off in their own homes than they ever were in their whole history. Hence their incentive to emigrate is weakened. On the other hand, those countries which in the last quarter of a century or more have sent a diminishing number of their people to America have been the hardest hit by the recent war and its consequences. That holds good for nations as a whole, and more particularly for the educated and economically higher groups among them, which in the past rarely had cause to emigrate at all. If experience may be taken as a guide to the future, it seems likely that the immigrants which we shall now

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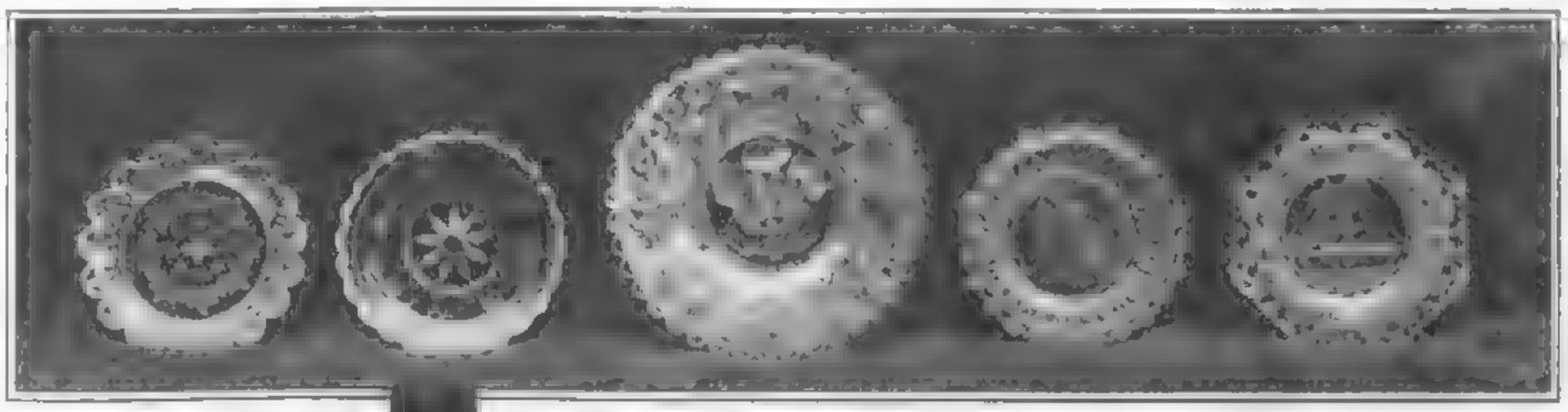
Thousands of Poles Waiting Outside the U. S. Passport Bureau at Warsaw

GLASS MANIA

By Elizabeth Shackleton

MY WIFE has the exclusive right to an old well and all that's in it!" happily crows a proud Bostonian of his glass-collecting wife. The well was long ago filled with débris from the now famous Sandwich-glass factory started in 1825. "And she won't stop short of going to the bottom herself for finds."

It is enthusiasm such as this that sends limousines to Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, with golf bags filled with picks and mattocks to dig over the meadow below the old mansion at Elizabeth Furnace. The family who have long owned Baron Stiegel's old home are bored that their landscape is so often bedotted with trespassing strangers, matching and snatching fragments from the pre-Revolutionary scrap piles of the first short-used and long-discontinued Stiegel works. Investigators have to be very determined who dig at Manheim, where most of the Stiegel glass was made, for there the site of the glass house is covered by many feet of graded earth, and a steam shovel would be a fitting implement. But it has been done! It has been done!



Some Very Rare Plates. From Left to Right—States Cup Plate, Made in Boston, 26 Stars for States. Nursery Rhymes. Presentation, Sandwich Cup Plate, Made for Prince of Wales, 1860. Thistle, Typically Lacelike. The Constitution, Sandwich's Best

The Boos Bottle of 1840

What do they find? Identifying colors and fragments that characterize—a potpourri that is a literal pot-pouring from the old glass retorts. These, thereby, identify the finds of jugs and decanters and plates and sugar bowls; the deep blues, the amethysts, the ambers, smoky and clear, the greens and opalescents. Such digging and delving in half a dozen states by ardent collectors have served to identify the things made there—the three-piece molds, the ribbed, the tear stems, the folded foot—all the methods of early manufacture so necessary to know with confidence before it is safe sailing to say, "It is Wistar glass," which was made before the Revolution in Southern New Jersey; "It is Stiegel," which places it in Pennsylvania just before the Revolution; "It is Stoddard," which is a name now much used for glass blown in a three-part mold made in Cheshire County, New Hampshire; "It is Sandwich," which places it on Cape Cod. Without the identifications by the old-glass augurs, we should all be using that blanket phrase "Early American glass," and a cold wet blanket it is! But even the Metropolitan Museum so labels case after case of its diversified and interesting specimens, in a spirit of extreme caution, rather than risk an opinion on the what and where of old glass.

The All-Seeing Eye, 1840-1861

Clock

Meanwhile the army of glass collectors grows. They all want to eat off antiques and peer through old-glass collections hived in window cabinets, and go in search of more.

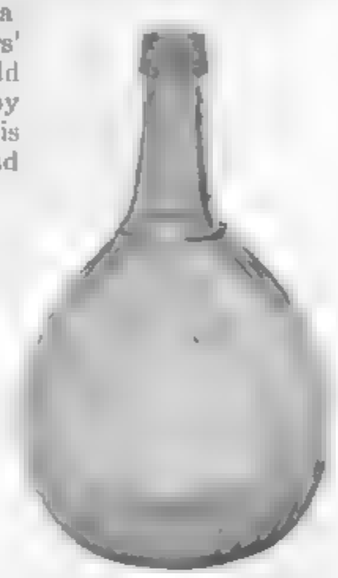
Looking over the whole story of old American glass, one sees it was necessity that brought about its manufacture. The colonists were here. Solid shutters and oiled paper, horn and imported glass were irksome to rely on, and they clamored for American-made windows, for bottles and jugs and table furnishings. Even the pitiful, failing Jamestown settlement tried its hand with a bead and glass works. The letters of early governors and such Colonial agents as Franklin boasted of glass going to be made or already tried.

Caspar Wistar, of Philadelphia, styled a Palatine in the New Jersey records, in the 1730's decided to make glass. With a basis of Holland-skilled workers, he began in Salem County, New Jersey, where sand and wood for fuel were plentiful and where the broad inland waters of the Delaware offered transportation. It takes money to start glassmaking and he had it, and his son after him, acquiring four thousand acres of land and setting at glassmaking in earnest. His greeny glass, blown and whirled without molds, make his fat-bowled cream jugs, his broad milk bowls, his hollow glass balls, fitted and made to keep the flies out of jug and glass, known and seized on sight by the American collector., Wistarburg made glass in colors and other forms; but it is these utilitarian, homely forms that I came to know years ago at Bristol and Burlington on the Delaware.

Indian Queen

These have always been collectors' tramping grounds, for, curiously, collectors travel by paths. There is a trail through Gettysburg, York, Lancaster County, the Schuylkill towns, digressions and byways to Wilmington, Christiana, Baltimore and Alexandria

In New England the collectors' routes are as marked as the old Bay Path. They are worn shabby by hard traveling. It's Mrs. This and Mrs. That, old Dan here and the packet boat there, and it is a religious rite for every collector to visit each annually and get along with letters in between



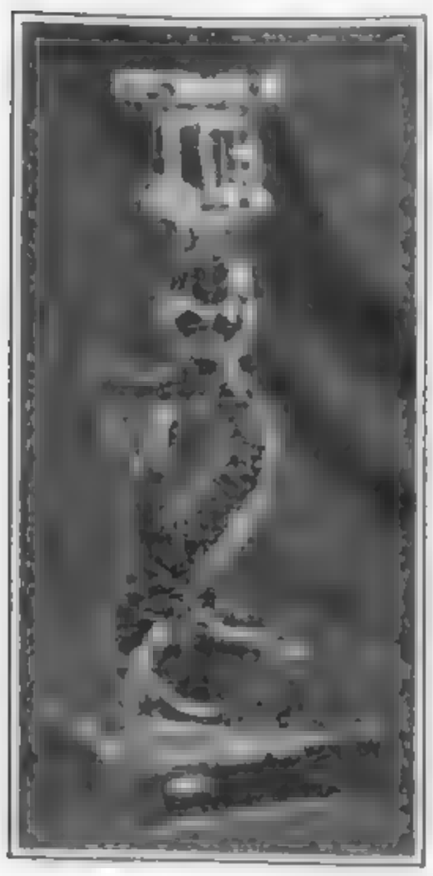
Jenny Lind With the Star

The collector worships harder another dweller in a glass house—a man of more enthusiasm of his own in both person and product.

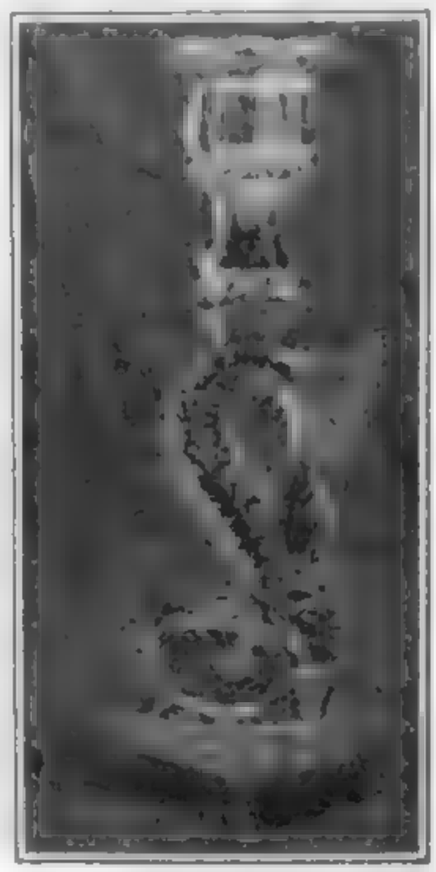
This man was William Stiegel, who was making iron successfully at a place called Elizabeth Furnace, in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. His quiet Mennonite neighbors, overcome by his dash and style, his way of doing things, called him baron and thought "von" lurked between Wilhelm and Stiegel. Common enough were contemporaneous titles of this sort. King Hooper lived north of Boston, King Carter lived on the James River, King Henderson owned seven miles on the Lancaster Pike. We have majors and generals of this kind in our own day. Baron Stiegel had a castle on a hill. The foundations are still there. His walls were hung with tapestry, albeit a bit improvised as we now see them hanging upstairs over a little Pennsylvania Dutch dry-goods shop. But more than coaches and outriders, private chapels and welcoming salvos of five cannon—he made between 1768 and 1774 the most beautiful American product then made or ever made, so glass-collecting enthusiasm will tell you—his famous Stiegel glass.

In 1769, in the seething days before the Revolution, the merchants of Boston, Philadelphia, and later New York and Salem, made a nonimporting agreement as to tea and glass. This was Stiegel's opportunity.

(Continued on Page 92)



Blue-Green and Opalescent Sandwich Candlesticks, 1860. At Left and Right—A Pair of Very Rare Dolphins in "Vaseline" Color, 1840



Frogs' Pants

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

Mr. Flagg Turned to the Room. "Boys," He Said, "These are the Misters Nobb, Members"

CONVERSATION in the men's lounge of the Appletree Golf Club was always fragmentary, generally technical, sometimes acrimonious, but never devoid of a maximum of human nature. Some ancient gentleman who spoke Latin habitually—which, if recollections of our school days come to us accurately, was something of a chore—once remarked, "In vino veritas." Golf had not been invented then, with the possible exception of the nineteenth hole, or he would have constructed his imperishable phrase differently. Since the first Scottish shepherd took to knocking wee pebbles into holes with his crook the word "golf" has rightly supplanted the classic wine. Also a class of beings has appeared who are shrewder judges of character than the cashier of any bank or the employment superintendent of a department store. These gifted beings are called caddies.

It was the luncheon hour of a Saturday at the Appletree, and, digesting their meals over pipes and cigarettes, a hantle—which is a fine Scotch word, and therefore rightly introduced—of members sat about the room. There was McWhinney, chairman of the handicap committee, a soured man. Across from him sat Old Man Arkwright, whose hole in one, made by grace of God and the fortuitous aid of a rail fence, had rendered him a pest these twenty years. Martin Tombes, czar of the greens committee, sat grimly awaiting attack. Now and again his dour glance rested upon Absalom Parker, who counted that week lost during which he reported no member for driving into him or failing to let him through. Weevil and Wills were at the table with McWhinney, and seven or eight other members described to each other extenuating circumstances, misfortunes, inefficient caddies, and how they played at Great Neck last week.

As stated, the conversation came in fragments. Tombes suddenly lifted his voice.

"Anybody'd think to hear you bellow," he said, "that the greens committee sneaked out nights and frosted the greens with worm casts."

At the next table Wills discoursed to a new member.

"I can take you out and stop that slice in ten minutes. Simplest thing in the world. Uh-huh. Turn your left hand over on the club and advance your left foot."

"What I want to know," interrupted Weevil, "is how you expect a man to play golf on these greens. Now my pitch to the green is my best shot. My game's built on it. But you can't pitch to a marble-topped table. I can put as much backspin on a shot as any man in the club, but what good's backspin when you can't make a dent in the green with a pick?"

"Water, that's what we need," said Old Man Arkwright. "Not half enough water. Every green ought to be watered from sundown to sunup."

"You're crazy," said McWhinney. "Day watering is the thing. Kills out clover."

"Yes, and the sun shines on the water and turns it into a burning glass and bang goes your grass. The last bulletin of the United States Greens Committee said ——"

"What I want to know is if something can't be done about women playing here Saturday and Sunday. Say, a couple of 'em got ahead of me this morning and knitted between shots and swapped recipes while they were looking for lost balls."

"I'm going to quit reading articles in golf magazines. Ruin my game. Fool ideas. Read one last night. Said you have to pinch your putter with your right thumb and forefinger. Pinch it! Couldn't get the notion out of my head for eighteen holes. Put dents in my shaft and over-putted every hole a dozen feet."

"I never do get a good caddie, no matter how early I come. There's members of this club always has good caddies."

From these few fragments it will be seen that golf is not a game which moves its devotees to lavish praise upon anything. It turns every man into an adverse critic, and is undoubtedly the source of the late alarming increase in both volume and quality of profanity. Once upon a time a golfer could drown his disgruntlement at the nineteenth hole. Now he has no recourse but the higher and more artistic realms of blistering invective.

Suddenly Old Man Arkwright leaped to his feet and rushed to the window, where he stood bristling like some outraged Skye terrier. He snorted so violently that his whiskers quivered before the blast, and he pointed a stern, uncompromising finger toward the first tee.

"What," he demanded belligerently—"what in blistering blue blazes is that?"

The habitués surged toward the great bow window which overlooks the initial tee, and there they beheld a sight which seemed for once to warrant Mr. Arkwright's censorious attitude of mind.

"Sweet Sarah!" exclaimed Mr. Wills. "Hey, is there a governor of this club here? Who let them in?"

"It's that pie," said Weevil. "I knew it would do something to me. Honest, do you fellows see what I see?"

The first magnet which gripped the eyes on that first tee was a gigantic chauffeur in a plum-colored livery. He was not an inch under six feet two, and from cap to putties he might have stepped from the page of a fanciful French fashion magazine. Bolt upright and impassive as to feature he stood, while over his broad shoulders he carried two caddie bags. These bags were notable, being what the milder might term distinctive in character. They were constructed of a plaid material which omitted few of the more violent colors, and their trimming was of glittering polished silver.

"Look!" gasped McWhinney, as a man speaks when all he holds near and dear has been held up to insult and derision.

The eyes of the members swung reluctantly from this extraordinary caddie to those for whom he carried. Each and every member blinked and kept brief silence for fear of betraying a defect in his vision. For every member saw two of it!

"Look here, parson," said Tombes to

the clerical member, "you don't drink and you didn't eat any of the chef's pie. Is there one or are there two?"

"Boys," said the parson, "unless my mind has become unhinged, there are two."

There were two, indeed—two persons obviously intended to be masculine. To describe one of them was to describe the other, and, as Tim Freer said later, vice versa. He, it or they were what might be termed dainty. If you estimated the height of either of them at two inches above five feet, you would have been giving him a generous benefit of the doubt. Otherwise they seemed fragile, delicate or—ethereal. And it looked like a man dressing before a mirror. Old Man Arkwright, who took occasion to examine them minutely at his earliest convenience, declared that they were identical to and including a faint freckle on the nose. They wore knickerbockers and coats which were nearer to lavender than they were to gray. Their golf hose were frankly lavender. The caps were made of the same fabric as the clothes. Neckties and handkerchiefs matched, and they wore kid gloves! There was the crowning ignominy. Kid gloves! Old Man Arkwright was furious.

"By heck," he said in his ancient, quavering voice, "this there's the dang-whangled limit! Who give some clothin' store a right to use this here golf club for an advertisin' pasture?" He glared at Martin Tombes.

"They're members," said Tombes wearily.

"Members of what—the Seven Sutherland Sisters?"

"Members of this club. They're golfers. Plain, ain't it? Got golf suits on, ain't they? Those things in the bags are golf clubs ——"

"Have they got a name apiece, or do they both answer to one?"

"Their behind name is Nobb. Uh-huh. N-o-b-b. Like that. The left-hand one there goes by the front name of Galahad and the right-hand one claims to be called Parsifal."

"Gosh!" said Old Man Arkwright.

"How d'ye know which is which?"

"I don't," said Tombes, "but that don't make any difference. They're interchangeable parts."

"And be they goin' to brutally assault them nice white golf balls with them rude clubs, or be they goin' to roll 'em along with vi'lets?" Old Man Arkwright demanded.

"I met 'em, like the by-laws demand the membership committee shall," said Perry Flagg, "and they helped each other tell me they were proficient golfers. Those were their very words, but they kind of divided 'em betwixt themselves. First one took a hand with a couple of words, and then the other come in, and so on. Like this: First Parsifal speaks up:

"'We are ——' says he.

"'—— proficient ——' says Galahad.

"' —— golfers,' says Parsifal."

"And you let 'em in?" demanded McWhinney.

"We did," said Flagg.

"Wait," said Tim Freer, who had been outside and returned, "until you lick up an eyeful of their equipage. It ain't a car. It's an equipage. It's standin' outside."

The lounge emptied itself while the members went to regard the new outrage to their dignity. The vehicle was undoubtedly an automobile, and equally undoubtedly it never had been fabricated in America. Generically it was a limousine, but its body had been designed by a person with playful fancy. Its paint work was a delicate mauve. Inside was a cut-glass vase containing flowers. There was upholstery—but, and, or furthermore, there was a footman! He sat on the seat beside the chauffeur's, bolt upright, arms folded, motionless.

"Bet he's a dummy," said Wills.

"Nope," said Arkwright, "I just seen him wink."

"You never!" said Weevil, and forthwith he strode across and prodded the footman in the ribs.

The footman did not turn his head, nor did his eyes waver from a steady stare at some imaginary point straight in front of him; but his lips moved.

"Be aisy," he said, "or Oi'll clamber off of here and bust ye one."

"He's alive," said Mr. Weevil.

II

FOR a couple of weeks the membership of the Appletree watched Galahad and Parsifal with more than the ordinary scrutiny bestowed upon a new member. During that period—and the young men played a conscientious eighteen holes every day—they spoke to no one and nobody spoke to them. They arrived at the same instant each day, bringing their clubs with them in the limousine. They made no use of the locker house and their sole reported conversation was with the caddie master. Each day they approached his window, and Parsifal or was it Galahad?—would say:

"We wish ——"

"—— two caddies," the other would finish.

Whereupon, chaperoned by their enormous chauffeur, they would go about the business of golfing in a serious and highly persistent manner. Nobody took pains to watch them play or to report upon their game. The kid gloves were to blame for that. It was unnecessary. The Appletree Club knew what kind of game they took out to air.

However, at the end of two weeks they broke their schedule. Instead of appearing in the afternoon of a Saturday, they presented themselves at nine o'clock in the morning. Before noon they reached the eighteenth hole and then presented themselves at the grill for luncheon. There was a stir as they entered, and every ear was cocked for possible conversation between the twins for twins the club had voted them to be.

"Ah, waitah ——" said Parsifal.

"—— we wish," said Galahad, after studying the menu, "something less robust ——"

"—— and—ah, more dainty ——"

"—— than the items appearing on this card," Galahad concluded.

"Why not try one of them steaks with O'Brien potaters?" suggested the friendly waiter.

Parsifal looked at Galahad and Galahad looked at Parsifal. The other diners were willing to make affidavit they shuddered.

"I think a cup custard ——"

"—— and some exceedingly thin toast would be more ——"

(Continued on Page 84

At the End of the First Nine the Nobbs Had Made a Medal Score of Thirty-Six, Which is Even Fours, and Waddy Had Done a Forty-Five. He Was Six Down

SPAIN UNDER THE DICTATOR

Primo de Rivera Leaving the Royal Palace, September 15th, After an Interview With the King—Accepted as Dictator of the Country

Ex-Premier Alhucemas Leaving the Royal Palace, September 14th, After an Interview With the King—His Resignation Was Accepted

By F. Britten Austin

THE traveler arriving in Spain in those mid-September days when every Spanish newspaper flared the word "*revolución*" across its headline was—if he was human—disappointed to see nothing in the landscape to feed his quickened and hungry sense of thrilling event.

On the vast granitic uplands—treeless and their greens burnt to yellow under the crystalline blue of the sky—over which the train rolls hour after hour the solitary primitive-looking herdsmen stood as they have stood for centuries, watching their patiently diligent goats spread wide in the search for sustenance. Along those deep-rutted roads lower down, which pass from infinity to infinity through a boundless corn land, now bare of even the stubble of the harvest, the bullock carts invented by the skin-clad Celt-Iberians rumbled and creaked painfully behind their ruminative slowly plodding teams.

Sunday Bull Fights

THE widely distanced villages seemed lost in their squalor, the only mental activity of their inhabitants that of dull interest in the presumably yet-novel phenomenon of the passing train. On the railway stations, indeed, were a sprinkling of unkempt khaki-clad soldiers and a couple of smart Guardias Civiles, military and alert as they paced side by side up and down the platform—but that, too, was as usual. On that first Sunday after the revolution every Plaza de Toros in Spain was filled with an immense high-banked circle of closely packed enthusiasts, yelling with delight at the perilous agile cloak play of the tin-peled gladiators pursued one after the other by the infuriated bull; uttering a deep-throated savage "Ah!" of shuddering exultation in the dreadful shock that flings a horse disemboweled upon the sand and an iron-plated picador, to the risk of his neck, against the barrier; laughing at the repeatedly frustrated efforts of the *banderilleros* to plant their pairs of gayly colored darts in the neck of the charging beast; hushed in that moment of tense suspense when, his fluttering red *muleta* still at last, his solitary flirt with death finished, the *espada* stands with outstretched sword for the final thrust. For those many thousands—and in the bull ring still, if anywhere, focuses itself the essential soul of Spain—their motto was that cynical shout of the old Roman mob, "*Panem et circenses*" and let who will govern!

The Spanish Dictator

Only upon his arrival in Madrid might the traveler have noticed a symptom of some significance. The better-class hotels, he would have remarked, were strangely empty; whereas similar hotels in the north of Spain were distinctly full, and those nearest to the east and west passages of the Pyrenees were even crowded. And then a whisper from a discreet head waiter might have enlightened him. The politicos and the well-to-do were feeling themselves more comfortable near the frontier. One could not yet be quite sure——

Elsewhere—in Madrid or anywhere else—there was absolutely no sign of the startlingly sudden political convulsion which in a few hours had annihilated the constitutional institutions of Spain and deprived the Spanish people of every vestige of their political rights. In the brightly lit streets which concenter upon the Puerta del Sol, ablaze all round with in-and-out-flashing sky signs, that people moved, chattering and laughing as was its wont, in throngs that the whip-cracking *cocheros* and the raucously hooting motor cars could only penetrate at a pace reduced to the minimum. The newspaper boys rushed as usual to and fro with their bundles still damp from the press. The open-fronted cafés were crowded in every seat. The theaters illumined to the extreme of possibility the gaudy posters framing their doorways. The languid-looking policemen idly watched the inflowing stream of spectators or stopped to chat amicably with one of the crouching beggars in his or her traditional seat.

Yet—though the most astute would have failed to guess it—the city, like the rest of the country, was—and is at the moment this article is written—under martial law. On pain of death, the congregating of crowds is forbidden. Your domicile may be searched without warrant. You yourself may be arrested on any pretext, or none at all, and kept in prison indefinitely. You may be summarily judged and shot out of hand by a court-martial if you are caught with arms in your possession or show any disposition to express by violence your disapproval of the new régime. Vague terrors hang over the heads of newspaper editors who should for a moment forget an extreme and tactful politeness. But none of these awful things happen or have happened. True, the journal you buy from the breathless newspaper boy bears the words "This number has been revised by the military censorship" prominently across the page. But in the length and breadth of Spain there has been nothing but a blissful and almost unconcerned peace; and in the first three weeks of the revolution the only people to lose their lives as a consequence of their relations with the government were two criminals executed for robbery and murder at Tarrasa, near Barcelona; and even this created an enormous sensation. It is not usual in Spain for people to be killed—legally. Formed bodies of troops are conspicuous by their absence. This may be a military revolution—it certainly is—but the fact is not advertised.

The Taxpayer's Strike

YET it is a revolution which—unless the unexpected should arrest it in midcareer—is the most drastic reconstruction of a European state that our generation has seen. It is more drastic in its intentions and in its first acts even than the Fascist revolution in Italy. If it succeeds, if the military group of which General Primo de Rivera is the autocrat manages to establish itself in permanent control—and that it envisages such permanent control is shown by the phrase in the dictator's original proclamation, when, promising in due course a new civil government drawn from men outside the old political parties, he remarks that that government will be "under our protection"—if, in control, it carries through its publicly expressed purposes, then Spain will be transformed from top to bottom. It will be a new Spain, a Spain reawakened to a more intense national life, purified of the toxins engendered by a long period of internal corruption, its finances placed on a sound basis, its bureaucracy pruned to the strictly essential and its administration galvanized into a prompt efficiency, its production immensely intensified, its military forces for the first time in centuries capable of measuring themselves if necessary with those of other European nations. Such a Spain will step automatically once more into the rank of first-class powers. That is the ideal. And, incidentally, it presupposes in the soldiers who have undertaken this colossal task a talent, a genius for administration which nothing in the recent military record of the Spanish Army would invite one to suspect.

But they certainly are not lacking in activity or boldness. Every day since the *coup d'état* which put the army in command—and this article is written three weeks after that date—a drumfire of new and startlingly high-explosive decrees, bewildering in their multitude and the variety of their incidence, has beaten upon the traditional institutions of Spain. It is, so far, a drumfire mainly of demolition. Not yet has come the advance for which it is presumably the preparation.

When, on the fifteenth of September, General Miguel Primo de Rivera left the royal palace in Madrid, accepted, not nominated, by the King—it must never be left out of mind that he nominated himself—as the omnipotent chief of whatever government he cared to create, he was faced by a situation at once complex and formidable.

In the first place, and perhaps most urgently important, the national finances presented a deficit of about 1,000,000,000 pesetas. This deficit had been somewhat reduced from its predecessor of the previous year, thanks to more vigorously enforced taxation; but not only was it excessive for a country in the economic position of Spain, but the annual budget for the national administration had unmistakably been revealed as too heavy for the resources of the country. The danger sign was up. Just before the *coup d'état*, representatives from all the chambers of commerce in Spain had met in secret conference at Santander and had unanimously pledged their members, comprising practically every commercial house, large and small, in the country, to refuse payment of the taxes, in view both of the crippling burden they implied and of the unfairly discriminatory nature of their incidence. There seems no doubt that this refusal would have been carried into effect. And as the commercial classes pay practically all the taxes of the country, while the agricultural interests are virtually exempt, a financial and political crisis of the first magnitude would immediately have arisen. Secret though was this conference at Santander, it is highly improbable that the King and his ministers, close at hand at San Sebastian, were not informed of its disquieting decision. It is certain also that General Primo de Rivera, at Barcelona, through his contact with the great Catalan industrial interests, must have been likewise aware of it. Obviously, his first task as governor of the country must be to conjure away this menace. A government that cannot collect taxes cannot commence to function.

Secondly, the political parties, cowed and confused though they were by the shock of the coup, still existed Congress was not due to reassemble until October first, and a great many of the political chiefs were away on holiday, some of them abroad; and, taken by surprise as they were, they had no immediate opportunity of presenting any resistance to this new government which ostracized all political parties impartially. But their organizations, ramifying far and deep into the national life, were solidly established, and would—unless speedily dealt with—infallibly soon begin to produce trouble for the dictator.

The Directory of Eight

THIRDLY, there was the attitude of the army. Only two military regions, Barcelona and Saragossa, had at the outset declared unequivocally for Primo de Rivera, although the garrison of Madrid was practically assured to him through the group of chiefs secretly pledged to support the movement. One region, with its Capitania-General at Valencia, was flatly hostile. The five others had explicitly specified that their allegiance was to the King and not to the dictator. This refers, of course, only to the higher ranks of the officers. The lower ranks were not consulted, and the attitude of the rank and file was a matter of the vaguest surmise. No one in Spain can predict what the troops would do if ordered into the streets for internecine warfare; most people believe they would immediately massacre their officers. In any case, there was—and still is at the moment of writing this article—the possibility of a counter-revolution made by no inconsiderable fraction of the army. It was a possibility explicitly recognized by King Alfonso when—as he said, in order to obviate it—he gave the royal sanction to General Primo de Rivera's assumption of power.

Primode Rivera's first action, when in the evening of September fifteenth he established himself in the offices of the deposed prime minister, Alhucemas, was to broaden the basis of his military support.

Reading a Proclamation Issued by the Military Dictator of Spain

Accordingly, he coöpted to himself a directory of eight generals of brigade—Generals Vallespinosa, Ruiz del Portal, Navarro Requena, Marqués de Magaz, Gomez Jordana, Muslera, Kith and Mayandia. Some of these names may haply later on become familiar to the world at large, but at the time they were quite unknown except to such few Spaniards as may have a hobby for memorizing the army list. There is no record of any one of them having made proof of exceptional military or administrative ability. They were not even the soldiers who, in conspiracy with De Rivera, made the revolution. They merely represent, each one of them, a different military region and a different arm of the service—infantry, cavalry, artillery, engineers, commissariat, and so forth. And their function, apart from the obvious one of preventing any professional jealousy between one branch of the army and another, is merely to register the decrees of the dictator.

On the next day, the sixteenth of September, those decrees came thick and fast. The first, after proclaiming the appointment of the new military directory, decreed the immediate suppression of all civil ministers, together with their emoluments and allowances. It further suppressed all the undersecretaryships excepting those of war, marine, foreign affairs and the interior, and provided that the senior permanent official in each ministry should, without increase of rank or salary, take over the command of the office. In addition thus dramatically to giving effect to his avowed purpose of eliminating the politician, General de Rivera offered to the Spanish public, by the same stroke, a proof of his determination to effect those economies in administration which the country and in particular that conference of chambers of commerce at Santander had very clearly been demanding.

He set a precedent unknown to any former governmental program of retrenchment, in Spain or anywhere else, by beginning at the top! It was announced that he himself and the generals composing the directory would receive their ordinary army pay and nothing more. The elimination of the political chiefs of the administration was therefore a direct and undiminished pecuniary gain to the country. The Spanish prime minister receives 30,000 pesetas a year, the other ministers 20,000 each, the undersecretaries 15,000 each, all of which sums are approximately doubled by various allowances. They are not by any means extravagantly large salaries, it may be admitted; but the stroke of the pen which wiped them off saved some 2,000,000 pesetas a year to the treasury. The Spanish public whole-heartedly approved.

Government by Fiat

SOME 2,500,000 pesetas were likewise saved by the simultaneous dissolution, *sine die*, of the Cortes. The Spanish deputies and senators receive each a yearly salary of 6000 pesetas, together with an infinite variety of perquisites such as free postage, exemption from various duties on articles of consumption, and so forth. But, though it certainly thus diminished the demands on the budget, the dissolution of the Spanish Parliament was only incidentally a financial measure; it was primarily, of course, a political move of the first importance.

It was of the very essence of General de Rivera's pronunciamiento that the Cortes should not reassemble on the first of October. It was perhaps to prevent that assembly, with the more than probable violent recriminations, which might involve the King himself, ready to break out on the question of the responsibilities for the Moroccan disaster, that the revolution had been made at all. It was quite certain that had the Cortes been allowed to assemble after that revolutionary proclamation, which contemptuously condemned all political parties alike to a common ostracism, those virtuously indignant parties would have temporarily sunk their differences in a united attack upon its author. De Rivera was not like Mussolini, with a strong political party already at his back. He had only the army, an army by no means solid in its support of him. No inconsiderable part of it might have rallied to the standard of constitutionalism if that standard were once raised. The indefinite suspension of Congress was therefore of the first necessity for De Rivera.

He announced that for a period which could not be less than three months he proposed to govern by simple administrative fiat, and that when new elections were finally held, after a necessary purification of political life, it would be to hand the government over to new men, unconnected with any of the old political caucuses. It is rather difficult at present to see how this last is going to be done; but for the moment the problem is not on the horizon. The Spanish

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Leaving Work at One of the Ministries in Madrid at 2 P.M.

THE LANTERN ON THE PLOW

XII

By George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

SUDDENLY the glacial stiffness melted from Eunice Sherborne's body. She left off staring at the body of her husband and her forehead fell forward against the back of the chair in which she sat, with a rap that aroused the judge, who had fallen to drowsing in the prolonged silence. An instant later and he was more achingly awake than ever before in his life.

"The snow!" moaned Eunice with a wailing cry that brought winter into the room. "Oh, Warner, my dear! The snow! Its flakes are like great white tears heaped in a bank against the window. Only they do not melt; none of them melts. I shall die and you will have to bury me in white tears!"

The judge leaped to his feet. He was terrified; not as a man is afraid of danger, but as one who hears the voice of resurrection calling across the years. Instinctively he turned his eyes toward the figure on the bed, for none needed to tell him that it was not the Eunice Sherborne whom he knew who was uttering that single lonely cry of love for her mate. What he was hearing was echo—exact, measure for measure with a sound long dead, but empty. Empty! He started to flee, but the very force which had frightened him drew him back. He felt for his chair with a groping hand, sat down, folded his arms and settled his chin on his chest.

Quite five minutes passed before Eunice lifted absent eyes to his intent gaze and murmured, "It was not she but the child who died"

Oh, tragic hour! Warner laying away the child in a vault, cut deep in the white wall of the snow. Warner waiting many days and then going out to fight the still-frozen earth with pick and crowbar. Warner, single-handed and without benefit of clergy, burying his first-born under a spreading, bare-limbed apple tree and closing the wound in the ground with a slab of rock torn from the foundations of the bridge across Rattling Run. Warner, watching and waiting for his wife to come back to earth from those regions of surcease where her frantic mind had dragged her, and when, at last, she could ask him for her baby, telling her all.

Alas! Courage and dignity forsake her. See her claw her way to the foot of the bed to get nearer to him, seize the rail and pound on it with tightly closed fists. Hear her scream "Sell the place! Sell the place!" See Warner, giving her the look of a whipped dog, knowing that a momentous issue is at stake, though he cannot formulate it even to himself. While he tended her, she had called him "My dear" just once. The issue is related in some manner to his trifling, tremendous fact. To hear those words again—that tone in an unknown tongue—he would gladly pawn his immortal soul. His brow clouds; he opens his mouth, but the words that issue are quite other than he had intended:

"Why, Vic, what would be the sense of that? We got no call to sell the land."

"No call! No call!" laughed Eunice wildly, aloud, swept from all consciousness of the presence of the judge and striking the back of the chair with her fist. "No call to sell the land! Ha! Unconsecrated! Unhallowed ground!"

Her head dropped and the judge arose uncertainly, as if to go to her. He was profoundly moved, for her words conjured no uncertain vision. It was as though the throb of her body held a mirror to the past so that he could feel and see her throw herself back on the pillows and read the full meaning of her cry. No call to sell the land after what had happened in that storm-bound house? No call, with the child of her first travail buried in a casual grave, hidden away, hidden from the very knowledge of the world?

What the judge could neither read nor hear was the shout which had come from Warner Sherborne in answer to her cry—Warner Sherborne emerged for a single instant from the habitual fog of his own mind. Some thought of the days of terror through which he and his wife had passed—above and beyond that, some cyclopean memory of wind, snow, ice, the iron ground and a cold, rigid baby held close to his sweating breast—had dashed in to strike lightning from the flint within him. For once he became articulate, even though only with borrowed words.

"Unconsecrated!" he shouted hoarsely. "Unhallowed!"

On those words he had turned, striden furiously toward the door; and then stopped, quite suddenly, and with hanging head walked out softly.

She did not hear him, for one part of her had died, and already there had begun that apathy which was no apathy, that passion which was a frozen contradiction, that attitude of mind which was like an elusive definition of a monumental division. And yet a boy was born to her a year later; a lapse of six years more and there came a girl. She roused herself to demand that the boy be named Drake; equally insistent, she decreed that the girl be called Io. Why? Was it that for some obscure reason she looked upon these children as belonging to herself alone? Or was it that no agony of mind or body could erase the indelible impression of the symbolic name which had shone and died in her own youth?

Sir Francis Drake, unchained free wanderer over the surface of the earth, trampler on all men's lands, emblem of conquest and defiance, all-round man in the face of law and God; Io, the crescent moon, two-horned, laughing, serene above all turmoil in the illimitable heavens, mischievous, waiting to play hide and seek with the evening star! In bestowing those incongruous names upon her children had Eunice been merely ridiculous, or did she demonstrate that there are no depths of poverty or disillusion where a mother may not find a gift for those whom she loves?

Women sleep less than men; even though they spend more time in bed, they sleep less. Many were the hours that Eunice had lain awake, unconscious of all her surroundings save her children. With no right to hope, she still hoped in them. When she looked upon their tattered misery, when she touched their little bodies, her breast ached with a stabbing pain; but on the bed, in the dark, it was different. She was drugged. In that hazy region of the mind just this side of sleeping she could watch herself striding, happily victorious, through Elysian fields, a tiny hand in each of hers. Oh, quivering dream of the drowsy heart!

She Told Them Over and Over Again of the Original Drake; and the World Became Familiar and, for the First Time, Round

During the practical light of day there were two hours, one in the morning and the other just before the fall of evening, which belonged at first to Drake alone; and later, to Drake and Io together. When those hours struck, Eunice dropped whatever else she was doing to draw her children aside and plant in their minds the first seeds of a garden plot. Strange flowers for such starved soil; imagery, personal pride, aspiration! She told them over and over again of the original Drake; and the world became familiar and, for the first time, round. She whispered all the myths of Io; and gods became playmates, the starry heavens a playground. The boy absorbed fearlessness almost from the days of her breast; Io, who patterned herself upon his ways with a sort of breathless emulation, lacked the very mechanism through which fear is felt.

Twice in the year, at planting and harvest time, Eunice had neglected her household duties to work in the fields. One day she leaned on the handle of her hoe, bowed her head on her hands and tried to remember just when she had begun to do this. She could not. She had not noticed when Drake joined her there, except to feel the mute gratitude of a straining beast for a helping shoulder at the mired wheel. But when Io toddled out of her own accord and Sherborne accepted as a matter of course her elflike aid ah, that was different! That was too much! Io, newborn crescent moon, thistledown against the sky, on the way to wrinkles too? No! Never!

A torrent of words, too long restrained, ripped and tore its way from her laboring breast; first to the children, hoarsely, "Go away! Run to the barn and gather eggs! Run faster!" And then to Sherborne, "Warner, you ——."

But no. The acrimony which springs up between two people, each honest, each following an appointed way, each tragically unseen of the other—the acrimony which sears the passionate throat that gives it utterance and lays a branding iron on the fiber of the receiving soul—has no place in this record. Its textual narration could not add stature to Warner Sherborne or lessen by a jot the heaped

measure of his wife's courage and endurance. Better to vision them thus—immobile man and ardent woman, fatally discordant, in bondage beneath the inflexible yoke of Rattling Run Fields. Flown beyond all recapture momentary love, the phœnix of the heart's white fire. Behold Warner, henceforth entombed in loneliness; and Eunice, ashes, still aglow.

She had cast her eyes about her wildly and then dropped them to the meager soil.

"Farmers cannot quite starve to death. What a pity!"

XIII

IN THAT midafternoon Eunice took the two children and plodded three miles to the railroad station. From her bodice she drew a small package wrapped in paper, held it tightly, and asked for a time-table. She stared at it and passed her free hand across her brow. Something was wrong; there were no prices. No prices? What? Was she so far sunk into the numbed regions of the suffering mind that she could confuse a time-table with a menu card? Oh, cowardly brain! How puerile and how terrifying!

She turned to the ticket agent and asked with frightened eyes, "How far can we three go for twelve dollars?"

He stared at her in amazement; then he recognized her. She was that woman from Rattling Run Fields, a little madder than usual. His eyes slowly narrowed, and as though in compensation his jaws worked more rapidly on his chewing gum. Several seconds passed before he spoke:

"You better go along home."

So that is how she looked—a man could speak to her like that! Her head drooped; she put the packet of money away, took the children's hands and wearily they had plodded all the way back.

In later years Eunice was to look upon that futile pilgrimage as the floor of the sunken pit of misery into which her willful fate had cast her. From that day things, exterior things, had begun to happen. Because Warner stubbornly ignored the school law, the hand of authority reached out for him, a hand that could not be brushed aside. Warner haled to court! Good! Good! Let him learn! No, she would not go; she would not help him. Let him pay, him and his land! Let the rock of generations crumble and the heavens fall, so that Drake and Io might go to school! When he gained a reprieve she was angry. How had he done it? Was justice, indeed, blind?

For hours after he and the children returned from the county seat she did not speak; then she asked dully, "Why did they let you off?"

Warner frowned, a vague smoldering in his deeply set eyes

"Because," he had said finally, "I plow by lantern light."

At those words she had shrunk into herself, shriveled before a terrifying thought. Was Rattling Run Fields greater than the law? On the heels of that terror, which lingered through many days, had come Judge Alder. One moment the world had been a vast gray emptiness, an overcoming void; the next it was a mere setting for a man—a man well groomed, placid in his self-respect, sitting at ease upon a log as though it were a seat of honor. The voice of authority hailed Warner, and Warner obeyed its summons. An interim, and then had come Warner's gesture and hoarse commanding cry. The children went to him and she had followed, on what impulse she did not know. But when she heard the judge speak, when she heard his faintly ironic words, "Drake is your name, sonny, isn't it? And yours is Io?" she knew why she fled. She fled for very fear that he might look at her as the station master had looked—and add pity to the injury of his irony.

Followed event climbing breathlessly upon the shoulders of event. The judge's curiosity—discovery of a block of cement rock—inquiry—a contract with Tryer Mattis, of all men! Tryer, who all along had known of the hidden wealth of the farm, ever since the day he had called to her through the kitchen window. Warner, taking to his bed irrevocably at the news that he need no longer labor, calmly continuing his raid on Omnipotence, setting his own hour for entering upon eternal rest. The judge, herself, the children, coming slowly to life in the warmth of a transcendent peace, each unfolding to the perennial miracle of the sprouting leaf. Rattling Run Fields, prostrate at last, waiting to nurture those upon whom it had fed.

These occurrences, heaped upon each other with a breathless rapidity after so many years of dragging monotony, formed a mounting sequence which implied a climax. In their light it would seem that she, no less than the judge and her husband, should have seen clearly as the gods see, with the measuring eye of an aloof justice.

But it is blindness above all other qualities which stamps humanity on men and women, and the habit of years may not be sloughed in a moment, nor in a tragic hour. To Eunice, the emaciated figure on the bed set in the spacious kitchen, abiding steadfastly by a deliberate summons to friendly death, was invested with none of the glory that swells the sources of affection. The shock of her discovery of the immutable within that plain gaunt frame still reverberated too loudly in memory for her to measure the full portent of a lifetime of tenacity in silence.

Nevertheless, she was neither so deaf nor so blind as not to know that in the consummation of Warner's victory, astonishing in the scope of its fulfillment, she was not shut out from a share in his triumph. The balm of peace that had fallen upon him was not his alone; it was vast enough to embrace her also, though not big enough to make her forget that between love and a colossal permanence he had chosen permanence. No; never big enough to obliterate that treacherous denial of herself for allegiance to the soil. Never! When she remembered his last words, she almost laughed aloud:

"Son, the land's yourn. You ain't got no call to sell it."

Each syllable had fallen like the blow of a hammer, striking the chains of the past from her body and spirit. No time to waste on hatred now; no breath for recrimination, no thought save for the feeling of unbounded release in the face of that final unpardonable reiteration of the rocklike tenet that had stood between her and love. Free! Unyoked! No wonder she could move swiftly to catch up Io from the judge's knee and meet Drake as he turned, startled, from the sudden rush and emptiness of death.

Quick! Into the darkened parlor. Grope along the walls. Find the grimy frame, the stained parchment which proclaimed Eunice Teller a bachelor of arts. Lay it face up upon the table. Clutch it! Believe in it! Cling to it or drown! A shuddering sob. A caving of the knees. A single choking cry. Outthrown arms, fallen head, splintering glass.

How had she come to reënter the kitchen? Where were the children? Indeed, where was she? Warner on the bed, she by the window, and between them a judge. Were they merely three people, and one of them dead? Or were they three forces, three elements, three symbols of the eternal pageant of man's pilgrimage? No; nothing so grand as that. She was a culprit without a feeling of guilt. She had been pleading her case desperately. Judge Alder

(Continued on Page 121)

"Well, Vic, Aren't We Going to Shake Hands?" Eunice Regarded Him Steadily, But Kept Her Arms Folded Across Her Bosom

SKOOKUM CHUCK

THE ADVENTURE OF THE TRANSCENDENTAL HAND-LOGGER

By Stewart Edward White

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

FOR six weeks after the adventure of the cataclysmic cat the healer of souls apparently abandoned all activity as such. No more consultations were held, no discussions; nothing that could even remotely be considered as treatment was proffered. He became merely the navigator of the Kittiwake.

During that six weeks she worked her way slowly northward, but after an extremely zigzag and roundabout fashion. They sailed up inlets a hundred miles long, no wider than the Hudson, with mountains seven to nine thousand feet high rising sheer from the water's edge, clad with dark forests, capped with perpetual snows, glittering with the robin's-egg blue of glaciers. From their cliffs waterfalls that had been rivers leaped a thousand feet directly into the sea, and in the mists and moils at their feet sleek and shining seals raised their heads to gaze curiously at the intruders. Up to the very shores the water was hundreds of fathoms deep. No anchor line could have reached the bottom. Once X. Anaxagoras ran the nose of the Kittiwake right up beneath one of these waterfalls. By the aid of a hose connected to a funnel and held at the end of the pike pole he was able to fill his water tanks.

On another occasion they moored deep in the heart of great mountains which had drawn so close to the long narrow pond that they shut it in an utter stillness that no faintest air disturbed. Almost straight up their cliffs arose from black water—two, three, four thousand feet at a thrust; and over the edge of these precipices the gray and white summits lifted yet another five thousand, so that the sky became very remote and small.

This secret place the mountains shared with neither sea nor sky. It was theirs by close-guarded supremacy. Even space that was not of the heights had been denied admittance, for though the oval pond was in fact over four miles long, it seemed but a hand mirror to the hills.

Indeed, nothing seemed to have been allowed in this place that had not its permission from the mountains. On the tiny ledges or in the crevices of its tremendous cliffs certain selected and miraculous cedars and firs grew, apparently nourished by no soil, grasping no support, but nevertheless holding themselves in confidence. At the top of the precipice a forest of their brethren had crowded to the edge. From this great distance they looked like crowded little people venturing as close as they dared and peering over with the caught breath of wonder; while behind them the great summits, indulgent and benign, looked on with permitting tolerance. Under damp cool ledges were ferns and dripping mosses. All else was the extreme simplicity of granite and dark green and snow and the polished blackness of the water.

Of life and voices there were few, and those simple. Two eagles circled slowly in the blue heavens. One song sparrow sang in a tiny patch of brush, as though by cheerfulness he had won his right to remain. His was the only voice, except those of the falling waters. For over the cliffs plunged with the slow deliberation of great height many waterfalls. They varied in volume from the broad bands of rivers to threads laid narrow and silvern crookedly against the dark precipices. Betsy and Marshall, from the single vantage point of the after deck, counted thirty-four of them. Over the lip they hurried tumultuously, eager for the plunge, then seemed to check to the slower rhythm of the fall, darting downward long, quickly withdrawn spears like inverted spears of some cold flame. From them floated white veils, and at their feet phantoms of mist turned slowly like temple dancers. Their voices filled the place, and when one listened below the lofty stillness, one heard always the sound of falling waters.

The Kittiwake had anchored over near the song sparrow, as though for worldly company in a solemn place. X. Anaxagoras explained that at this one spot only in all the inlet would soundings be obtained at all. There was at that point a tiny outthrusting under-water ledge. He had hooked the anchor over the edge of this, and had carried a stern line ashore to prevent its sliding off. This accomplished, there seemed nothing appropriate to do but look.

It Was Quite a Climb, Nearly Five Hundred Feet Straight Up the Mountain, Which Dropped Abruptly Into the Sea

"I cannot imagine living here," said Betsy, "unless one could be actually of this fellowship. I feel as though we had come in here on privilege, provided we behave ourselves; and we really ought to take off our shoes, or do something like that. When we have looked softly and with reverence, we must go away again; and we must not begin noisy things until we are well beyond the portals."

Marshall said nothing in reply to this, not because he disagreed, but because of the usual masculine inhibition against the expression of such things. Nevertheless he felt them fully, and he paused to consider the idea that it was satisfactory to have them expressed by somebody from whom such an expression seemed natural. Their voicing set something free in him which otherwise had been confined. And he passed on to the further thought that such a statement by another man would have made him embarrassedly uneasy. Women—at least like this one—did have their occasional uses.

But Marshall was by now far from a rigid adherence to his old attitude. The last consultation or treatment or whatever you might call it had done one thing very definitely: It had relieved him of all worry and responsibility about himself. He had been totally dead and indifferent toward life; but he had not been able to avoid a certain dread of the future. In other words, if he was to continue in this state of mind or soul, life stretched before him as a dark and dreary affair. He had thought he should do something about it. Now it seemed no longer to matter.

At least that would take care of itself when the time came. The immediate present was all that concerned him, and that he occupied with an almost child-like series of experiments with the six doors. He ate and slept and looked and gave no thought; and tried to avoid stepping on Noah, who was always under his foot. Paradoxically, by adding to his indifferences another—as to his future estate in indifference—the healer of souls seemed to have effected something. It was almost homeopathic.

II

FROM this place the Kittiwake ran a half day to a cove that was humanly intimate. Low islands guarded it closely, and forested lesser mountains surrounded it on three sides. At its lower end, but too far away to bother, showed a little white house embedded in greenery. That evening a thin silver mist arose from the surface of the waters, over the top of which they could look from the upper works of the yacht. The air was tepid. The insubstantial magic of a moon on mountain tops gave promise of later enchantments when she should have risen higher. All together, there seemed to be every prospect of one of those calm, peaceful, undisturbed cozy evenings of rare conversation and long silences which latterly Marshall had come so thoroughly to enjoy.

He had just settled himself on the after deck to await the two others, who were still below about their affairs, when he became aware of the slow dip of oars. In a few moments he made out a small boat approaching from the direction of the house at the foot of the cove. At the sight of its occupant he groaned. Another evening spoiled!

The man was rowing after the fisherman habit—standing up and facing forward—so that Marshall had a good look at him. He appeared to be about forty years of age, a typical logger of the rougher type; powerfully framed, with a rough-hewn harsh face, and big gnarled, strong but slow and clumsy hands. His features were marred by a scar that ran athwart his cheek and nose. He had on the small battered felt hat, heavy ribbed undershirt and stained overalls of the logger. Marshall told himself that he appreciated the qualities and friendliness of such men to the full, but unfortunately he found a similarity and limitation to their conversation. Hear one, hear all, and he had heard several.

This man clambered slowly aboard and made fast his painter. Then Marshall noticed two things—that he had a very steady and kindly blue eye, and that he carried a small bouquet of garden blooms.

"Good evening," said this stranger, carefully depositing the flowers on a locker and seating himself against the rail. "I brought Miss Betsy some posies."

"She's below," replied Marshall; "I'll call her."

"Don't bother. She'll come up to see old Tim when she's ready. I heard you come in, but I was up in the woods getting in a stick."

"You are logging here, eh?" stated Marshall.

"Hand-logging," corrected the man.

"Looks like a nice place you have over there," Marshall said vaguely. "Been here long?"

"Twelve years. Yes, it's a nice place—or will be. I've got a good orchard, and some terraces with flowers, and over on that south slope is a place for vines. It isn't cleared yet; but all in good time. You can't hurry Nature. When I came here I planned out eight years in advance, and I keep my planning eight years ahead. So I know what will come about, and that keeps me contented."

Marshall's premonition of boredom broke somewhat. This was not the speech of the usual logger. Nor, indeed, was the voice or enunciation. The former was deep and vibrant; the latter deliberate with what by a little stretch of the imagination might be designated as power.

"I suppose you have a wife—children?" queried the young man.

"No; I never married, somehow."

"A partner, then?"

"No; I live alone."

"How far are your nearest neighbors?"

"About twelve miles."

"I should think you'd get lonesome."

"Lonesome?" repeated the deep and leisurely voice. "Why? Ain't the world all around me for me to look at and figure on? A man has no license to be lonesome, unless he's asleep."

"Asleep!" Marshall echoed. "That would seem to me to be the one time he would not be lonesome."

"Not awake, then. Lots of people are asleep. I've got a honeysuckle that grows right over my front door. It's full of bloom and sweet smell, and there's bees in it, and bright-colored flies and butterflies and humming birds. But there's lots of people in here with fancy yachts who walk right under it and never know it's there at all. They're asleep. They've never waked up. They've missed a lot of good company right there. Why shouldn't they be lonesome? And that's only one thing. There's lots of others. The world's full of them; and they're all around us. As near as I can figure out, and as far as I am concerned, this looks like the best world they've made yet."

He produced a short pipe and filled it. Marshall's leads to the conversation had lost their perfunctory character. This was a kind of talk, a point of view new to his experience and outside all his expectation.

"Is there much money in hand-logging?" he asked with a genuine interest.

"Money enough. I get what I want, when I want it."

"How many logs can you get out in a day?"

"Depends on my luck and how they lay. Sometimes two or three; sometimes it takes me a week to get some old devil into the water." He leaned forward. "But it's interesting. I figure it out. Here's a tree up the mountain; it weighs tons. What's my strength compared to that? I might as well try to lift one of those islands out there. But I figure it out. I've got to work with Nature, don't you see? And if I fix things so Nature will work with me, she'll slide my log into the chuck for me. It's sort of fun to see if I can figure it out."

"But you can't make much that way, in the long run," objected Marshall. "There's mighty little future in it that I can see."

"Future for what? I work when I want to. I get my grub. I am my own boss. I make a few hundred dollars when I want them."

"But you don't get ahead; you don't make any money. You'll never get rich this way."

"Money? What do I want to get rich for?"

"Well," said Marshall vaguely, "if you had more money you could go somewhere."

"Ain't I somewhere now?" demanded Tim quaintly.

But Marshall was not satisfied. Had he paused to think of it, he would have been equally surprised at his interest and at what he would ordinarily have designated his impertinent pursuit of this man's motives and ideals. As it was, it seemed to him natural that he should ask these intimate things, as if this man possessed something elusive that he would like to understand.

"Do you read much?" he asked bluntly.

"A considerable. There's a library in Vancouver; they send you books."

"Stories?"

"I don't hold much with them. They're too much alike. Different man, different girl, different place—that's all."

"What, then?"

"Well, this last year I read about a hundred books on theosophy. I ain't an educated man, no ways; but there seems to me a lot that's sensible in it. But these ready-made religions don't somehow hit me, though. They're always talking about dying, dying, dying; and how to do it. We want something to teach us how to live. Looks like dying comes natural enough. That part isn't important."

"Then you're not afraid to die?" asked Marshall curiously.

(Continued on Page 136)

Such a Statement by Another Man Would Have Made Him Embarrassedly Uneasy. Women—at Least Like This One—Did Have Their Occasional Use

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PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 8, 1923

The Rich We Have With Us

IF THE poor are always with us, so are the rich. They are not so numerous, but their names are more often in the papers. Poverty doubtless deserves more sympathy than riches, but one problem is almost as hard to solve as the other. Always there are generous-hearted persons who try to relieve poverty, but likewise there are those who would solve the problem of wealth by relieving the rich of their possessions. As a cure it has the merit of great simplicity.

Once a year, in any case, the reading public is treated to an account from Washington which tells of the success of the plucking process. According to recent statistics published by the Bureau of Internal Revenue, only a tenth as many persons paid taxes on incomes of a million dollars and over for 1921 as for 1916, there having been a steady decrease in the number in each of the intervening years.

These reports of income, for both individuals and corporations, indicate a marked fluctuation according to good and bad years. Except in the very largest personal incomes, there was an increase in both amount and number in 1918 and 1919, and a great falling off in 1920 and 1921, the years of deflation. No true picture of long-time tendencies can be obtained until we have reports for the more normal years of 1922 and 1923.

But with every allowance for the yearly variation of business fortunes, evidence is piling up that the rich are learning to avoid legally the payment of the heaviest surtaxes upon their full incomes. Certainly they have had a liberal education in ways and means of escape. States and cities have poured out tax-exempt securities in a continuing flood. Dealers in these bonds have circularized the more prosperous investors with inviting computations of the saving to be effected by such purchases. Lawyers, accountants and even engineers have themselves been able to earn large incomes by placing their technical knowledge and skill at the service of citizens already in possession of enlarged incomes but wishing to reduce taxes upon the same.

Newspapers and magazines have been filled with extended and detailed descriptions of how income taxes may be reduced by the purchase of tax-exempt bonds. Banks have offered their services gratis to clients who wished to comply with the law, but who have not cared to be out of pocket more than other rich men, with better advice in regard to its provisions. Aside from the purchase of tax-exempt securities, the public at large is but slightly informed as to methods employed by the rich, but it hears vaguely of trust funds, the splitting up of properties, separate corporations, gifts, sales of cat-and-dog securities, and other devices without end. Stories are told of incomes so astutely arranged as to avoid the payment of any income tax at all.

It matters little whether one's sympathies be noisily socialistic or of the most conventional capitalistic hue, there must be agreement as to the patent injustice of a law which does not operate equally, which permits so many to escape and penalizes so many others. In its operation the income tax is an instrument of unfairness and oppression, which must be borne with in its present grotesque form until the common sense of the American people can be brought into play.

There can be no effective answer to the argument that rich men should pay liberally toward the support of government. They have much to gain from government, and it is right that they should pay generously, especially as they are the most able to pay. But to distort such a sane and defensible position into an attempted policy of soaking, of actually crippling the rich, is like shifting from a healthful use of strong muscles to their constant abuse.

An overreaching policy always defeats itself. In the case of the income tax the excessive and actually punitive rates have stimulated search for legal loopholes, just as a sudden increase in the price of oil from seventy-five cents to ten dollars a barrel would encourage the search for new fields.

A monopoly charges prices large enough to make a fair profit, unless its directors are crazy. But if they are sensible they do not exact too great a toll for fear the consumers will find substitutes. One does not expect the anthracite producers to operate at a loss, but if extortion on their part can be proved the effect would be to stimulate the use of oil, water power and soft coal. Anyone can cite cases by the score in which opportunity should be worked for what it is worth, but overworked only at a risk of total loss. The parable of the goose and the golden eggs is never questioned, but apparently was not among the authorities consulted by those who put the high superschedules into the income-tax law.

These rates were adopted during the war, presumably to help pay for its cost as well as to level down the larger incomes. But except in England there had been no experience in collecting such excessive portions of incomes. England's case was, however, entirely different from ours. To begin with, there was and is no such volume of exempt property. Besides, England had a burden of military defense which we were free from, and even our final participation in the war was not likely to prove, nor did it prove, any such life-and-death matter as in the case of Great Britain.

Then, too, the contrast between wealth and poverty was far greater in the older country, with a more pressing need for poor funds, doles, and the like. Many of the larger income-tax payers in England were the mere hereditary heirs of landed property, themselves contributing very little if any to the production of wealth from which taxes must come. Here, on the contrary, large incomes are mostly those of the administrators, executives, enterprisers and operators of industry, men who are building the business structure.

The working classes in England have little outlet, relatively few chances of promotion, nowhere in particular to go to get a fresh start unless they emigrate, and nowhere to look for help except to their government. Here the whole western half of the continent beckons to those who desire a new start; there are millions upon millions of acres still to be taken up, whole cities growing like weeds, and great new industries, like that built around the automobile, furnishing opportunity to the ambitious individual.

There may have been some point in penalizing a nonfunctioning landowning duke living on ancestral acres granted to remote ancestors by a conquering feudal chief, especially as he lived in an overdeveloped, overindustrialized country whose rulers were and are at their wits' end to provide employment for the people. But so much of this country still remains to be developed, such literal empires still await the fructifying adventure of men who have the qualities to build, develop and lead communities from whose growth they rightly profit, that the calm student of history will hardly fail to wonder why it was necessary to swoop down in such relentless fashion upon the whole race of American enterprisers.

It is even stranger that we should have adopted such extreme rates with none of England's long experience in administering the law. The older country exacts high rates, to be sure, but only after a long period of perfecting the system. There are few means for legal avoidance. We adopted the most excessive surtaxes theoretically possible to impose, and yet did nothing to close the enormous loophole of tax-exempt securities.

Men have a right to their opinions, and if they honestly believe that more harm than good is done by permitting the retention of annual incomes of hundreds of thousands or millions of dollars, they are entitled to a fair hearing. But usually the politician who favors the highest and most confiscatory tax on large incomes also believes in government ownership of railroads and other utilities and industries. Yet extreme surtaxes and government ownership do not mix at all; they are the most discordant of bedfellows.

Government and government-aided credit schemes for helping various classes mean more tax-exempt securities, which in turn mean more escape on the part of the rich from high surtaxes. From this it follows that the wage earner and the salaried man must meet a heavier burden of direct and indirect taxation.

The open advocate of a soak-the-rich policy is neither consistent nor honest unless he is just as strongly opposed to government-ownership schemes. For the one great advantage which attaches to government ownership is its freedom from taxation, and that freedom, it must be repeated, is just what makes it possible for the rich to avoid paying the heavy surtaxes. If our legislators will stop the flood of tax-exempt securities instead of doing everything in their power to increase its volume, then they will be far more successful in making the high rates of income taxation stick.

As for legislators and voters who see no particular advantage in soaking the rich but are merely in search of as equitable and remunerative a tax system as possible, their attempt will be to fix surtaxes at a point where the inducement to avoidance is small. It is entirely probable that moderate rates coupled with less dodging might produce as large a total income as extreme rates with a maximum of avoidance. In any case, the law would then operate with less injustice and inequality than under present circumstances.

At first glance there is a sort of cleverness in the idea of making persons with very large incomes pay a huge portion of the expense of government. The idea of a harsh, soak-them type of income tax is that no guilty person escapes. It is true that many of the rich would pay very heavily under a sales tax, but there is not the same feeling of swooping down upon all they possess, the same gleeful sense of smashing them wholesale.

But that is just the real trouble with the excesses of the income tax, as it is with so many other happy, offhand economic ideas, which are found later on to have overlooked unfortunate by-products and after effects. Wholesale smashing somehow fails of the desired result.

Modern society is a complex, delicate machine. The groups which make it up do not function perfectly at all times. But the simple expedient of banging them over the head, of merely knocking them out, rarely seems to work. The problem is not so elementary as that.

One critic says the trouble is with the working classes, the wage earners; they won't work and they ask too high wages. Another says the rich are to blame, another points the finger of scorn at the bankers or the wholesalers or the retailers.

If enough legislators can be swung into line a crude weapon is fashioned to swat the erring class.

Meanwhile the machine runs worse than before. What can be wrong? Nothing, except that modern social and economic organization needs real skill in adjustment, not bungling or rough-house methods.

Who are the American People?

Some Facts and Views on the Alien in the United States

By James J. Davis

Secretary of Labor

NOT long ago an eminent member of one of those racial groups so active in our national life was quoted as saying, in effect, that America was not a nation, but a conglomeration of racial groups each of which should preserve its own characteristics rather than merge them into a general national character. Not many Americans, it would seem, could be induced to agree with this view. There is a deep conviction in the minds of most of us that what America needs is homogeneity. Firm in our belief in the rule of the majority, most of us look with some apprehension on a theory which would result in the development of a heterogeneous collection of clashing minorities, each insignificant in proportion to the whole population. We are committed to the proposition that the foreigner who comes to the United States to remain permanently should ultimately become an American, strong in those principles of economic, social and political life which have endured since the nation was founded.

It is with this policy in mind that we have provided the means for the alien in America to win his way to the full enjoyment of every right and privilege of citizenship, and to embrace the duties and responsibilities which citizenship entails.

A Vital Problem

THIS is not a matter merely of theory. It is a practical problem, vital in its import to every American of today and the future, for upon its right solution depends the very existence of our institutions. We must have a cohesive, homogeneous people, united at least in their devotion to the principles of free government and of liberty under law, if our republic is to endure and prosper. Let us look at an analysis of the population of the United States today. The 1920 census disclosed a total white population of 94,820,915, which it classified as follows:

Native parents—both parents born here	[illegible]
Foreign parentage—both parents born abroad	17,564,539
Mixed parentage—one parent born abroad	6,901,665
Foreign born	13,712,754

In other words, 36,398,958 of our population were linked either in the present generation or the last generation with a foreign land. The figures are even more striking when they are confined to our urban, or city, population, which the census classified thus:

Native parentage	24,556,729
Foreign parentage	11,364,886
Mixed parentage	4,401,486
Foreign born	10,536,983

According to these figures we have today in our cities more people who are either foreign born or of foreign parentage than we have of native parentage. That is, 26,043,355 of the population of our cities are either foreign born or the sons and daughters of foreign-born parents.

These are official census figures. They indicate that we have in the United States today nearly 14,000,000 foreign born. Of this number about one-half have become naturalized American citizens. With the remainder and with those who are yearly coming to our shores lies our problem.

Recent investigators have disclosed a high rate of what they call social inadequacy among the foreign born in America—a rate much higher than that of our whole population. In plain words, this means that there are more foreign born in our jails, penitentiaries, insane asylums, homes for the feeble-minded, the deaf, the dumb and the blind, in proportion to the foreign-born population than there are of native-born stock.

The figures of investigators who have gone into this matter are truly astounding. They indicate that the taxpayers of America in the various states are paying 7.63 per cent of their total tax bills to maintain institutions to care for the socially inadequate of foreign stock. A recent survey found that 44.09 per cent of all the inmates of such institutions were foreign born or of foreign-born or mixed parentage. The people of the state of New York are now seeking to initiate a movement to have the state collect from the Federal Government the sum of $17,400,000, which they claim is due it for the institutional care of insane aliens who were permitted to enter the country despite the immigration regulations, or who developed insanity after their admission, over a period of years. Authorities hold that similar conditions obtain as to criminals, imbeciles, feeble-minded, crippled, epileptic and other classes which must have custodial care at the expense of the community.

This is a case where the Federal Government makes the laws and the state governments pay the bills.

Imperfect Inspection

THERE are many causes for social inadequacy among our alien population and their children. In the first place, all efforts at inspection are more or less fallible. The public-health service, which provides the medical attendants at our immigration stations, says that properly to examine mentally all the arrivals—at Ellis Island, for example—it would be necessary largely to increase their force and their funds. At present a complete mental test cannot be imposed on every arrival. As a result a mental examination

(Continued on Page 164)

THESE LITERARY EVENINGS ARE DOING MY CHILBLAINS A HEAP OF GOOD!
LAY IN A TON OR TWO OF MODERN SEX LITERATURE —
GO TO CHURCH — THE "ADVANCED" SERMON WILL KEEP YOU SIZZLING!
WRITE TO YOUR CONGRESSMAN FOR A FEW CORDS OF REPORTS OF GOVERNMENT COAL INVESTIGATIONS —
WALL PAPER DESIGN FOR LIVING ROOM — A FREEZE — BUT MAKES YOU HOT EVERY TIME YOU LOOK AT IT —

COAL SUBSTITUTES

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Expert Testimony

A Rimed Editorial

"MANSLAUGHTER" read the charges; and the testimony showed
That deceased had interrupted the trajectory of a load
Of buckshot, which, emitted with considerable force
From defendant's 10-gauge shotgun, had cut short his earthly course.

And now the crucial moment of the trial was at hand,
For Doctor Glub, the expert, was upon the witness stand.
The county prosecutor gave his lofty brow a rub,
Took off his glasses, put them on and queried, "Doctor Glub,

"Assuming that a cannon ball is fired from a gun
By a red-haired man with freckles at a speed of six point one
And a friction coefficient of two-sevenths, more or less,
What would then be your opinion?" Said the expert, "No and yes."

Now arose defendant's lawyer and inquired with a glare,
"Do you mean to tell this jury"—here he waved his fists in air—
"That the formula of Stepitoff for atmospheric flight
Isn't half the base times altitude at sixty Fahrenheit?"

Unperturbed by one iota of a fraction of a whit
Doctor Glub responded calmly, "That may be or not be it."
"Then you don't?" inquired the lawyer. "No, I do," the expert said,
While the sadly puzzled jury shook its dazed collective head.

"Doctor Tinkle, take the stand, please." Doctor Tinkle took the stand.
"Doctor Tinkle, tell the jury—if a charge of buckshot land
Just abaft the periosteum east-southeastward of the toe,
Do you think?" Said Doctor Tinkle, "Well, my answer's yes—and no."

Sprang the county prosecutor to his feet and with a frown
Was beginning, "Doctor Tinkle ——" when the bench remarked "Siddown!
Now, the court has listened carefully to what has just been said,
And the court desires to say somewhat upon that very head.

"This court's been trying cases for the space of thirty years,
During which the expert testimony stuffed into its ears
Would, if neatly piled in bundles six or seven feet in height,
Make a dog-gone handsome bonfire—which the court would gladly light!

"Now, the court's evolved a theory which appeals to it a lot;
Let us take this pair of experts out and fill them full of shot.
Then perhaps they will be able to determine all this piff
Whether but and why and maybe are not when and could and if!"

"Am I as Plump as That, Henry?"
"Oh, Don't be a Fool, Dearest!"
"Well, That's Encouraging"

"Attaboy!" exclaimed the jury, and vociferously cheered.
But on looking for the experts it was found they'd disappeared.
And the foreman of the jury gave its verdict loud and clear:
That the jury thanked his honor for his elegant idear!

—Baron Ireland.

Th' Blessin's o' Bein' Poor

"THERE'S a sort o' somethin', a snugness, a feelin' o' bein' execution-proof, or a certain peace o' mind in bein' poor an' unnoticed that makes a stroke o' sudden adversity as welcome as a pardon," says Elmer Moots. Elmer's touched th' high spots at a lively rate in th' last few years. He inherited a corner lot an' sold it fer a fancy price fer a fillin' station. Then he jumped right int' th' shoe-repair game. Then he gradually organized his business so he could run around. Then he married a woman he wouldn' have looked at when he wuz poor. Then came gold teeth, country clubs, yellow roadsters, flannel trousers, a long cigarette holder, a major operation an' golf. He was so prominent 't took him three hours t' pass a given point. Then a particular friend o' hisn let him in on th' ground floor on an oil proposition before th' stock wuz offered t' th' general public. Then after he'd lost ever'thing he had, includin' two wives an' a dandy scarfpin, he returned here, an' his name is on th' waitin' list fer a job in th' O. K. Livery Stable.

"If I'd knowed how good I'd feel without a cent I'd bit on th' oil game sooner'n I did," he says. An' continuin', "I've let my publicity man go an' I kin now talk when I want to an' say what I please. I'm through with banquets forever, an' I'll never agin be called on fer a few remarks. I don't have t' worry about what t' put on in th' mornin', an' I kin remember what I did last night. I'm through signin' petitions an' headin' lists. I don't have t' remember where I parked my wife an' I hain't coaxed t' open charge accounts. I don't have t' have any civic pride nor play poker t' be agreeable. I don't have t' know what tools t' use at dinner, an' I kin pick a wing up with my fingers. I hain't got a crowd o' dead ones runnin' after me an' agreein' with ever'thing I say, an' I kin slip out o' town without any significance bein' attached t' it. I hain't got no private secretary t' tell me what I ought t' be in on or identified with. I don't have t' talk dry an' be wet, or talk optimistically when I don't feel that way. I don't have t' take a lively interest in any movements, or sit in th' rain at cornerstone layin's. I don't have t' play golf jest t' chew t'backer when I want to, an' I'm through with grand opery; an' best o' all, 'f I don't want to pay a bill, I know I don't have to. If I kin jest sell a couple o' dress suits, an eight-dollar brassy an' a set o' smoked pearl studs, an' git my ole place back in th' O. K. Livery Stable, I'll be th' happiest guy in this ole burg."

We guess ther' is more fun in thinkin' about what we'd do if we wuz rich than ther' is in limpin' along in th' procession.

—ABE MARTIN.

When Lovely Woman Stoops to Murder

I HAVE but a little time to write these words, and I must hasten if the world is to know my strange story, and the dreadful catastrophe which ere many minutes must bring that story forever to a close.

I am—soon I must say I was—the husband of the beautiful Vesta Vermifuge. Surely the world has not forgotten that lovely name; hardly more than a year has elapsed since her trial for poisoning her first husband. Let me recall some of the incidents. The druggist testified that he had sold her a quart of potassium permanganate, to be used, she said, to poison rats. He had smiled at the time and remarked jokingly to a customer, "They always call their husbands rats." Three girlhood friends testified that she had vowed she would poison her husband some day. The maid had seen her pouring a powder into her husband's coffee; the maid's interruption had startled her; she had stated that she was breaking her husband of the coffee habit; she had pointed to an advertisement in a newspaper: "Break Your Husband of the Coffee Habit—Put Ratto in His Coffee." Her husband, according to several witnesses, had cried, "Vesta's coffee has poisoned me!" as he writhed in agony. Finally, at the trial, where she appeared in a trim walking suit of deep mourning, she told the jury that she had indeed poisoned her husband, but she was sorry now. The jury returned a verdict of not guilty.

My proposal of marriage reached her an hour after the papers printed the first news of her arrest. She was grateful to me for my attention. My proposal was the first of the eleven hundred she received in the course of the trial. Promptness, after all, is the secret of success. I had previously proposed to Goldie Frosch, the Pickax Murderess; to Bebe Buckle, the Human Panther; and to Curlie Ingledew, who had succeeded in running her husband through a meat chopper. In every case I was too late, though I received a printed rejection slip from Curlie Ingledew, and Goldie Frosch sent me a signed photograph.

(Continued on Page 81)

The Congressman's Departure From Home

And His Arrival in Washington

"The best beans I ever tasted!"

Why do people say this so often about Campbell's Beans? It is because of the fine quality of the selected beans, the different way they are prepared and cooked, their famous tomato sauce which is made from the most tempting red-ripe fruit. Have Campbell's every time. Then you know that your beans will be delicious!

12 cents a can

Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

Slow-cooked Digestible

EASY

By NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

XI

IF ONE has had a nasty mental experience there is nothing like taking a bath for it—a good scrub or a swim in the ocean. It will wash the cobwebs out of one's mind in the most surprising way, and help restore one's self-respect.

When I left Adrian and Easy on the beach that night I felt soiled through and through; first, by the contact with Adrian and his poisonous viewpoint; and second, by the fact that David Cooper, after seeing the exchange of money between Adrian and myself, would lose all faith in me

Then there was that rapidly growing suspicion of my brother. Bobby must be involved in Adrian's affairs, and Adrian was supposed to be a bootlegger. Just what the connection was between these two, or how it had come about, I could not even guess. I resented the thought, but it persisted. And when I woke up in the morning it was the first thing I remembered. The second thing I remembered was that old adage about cleanliness.

The day was unusually warm for the time of year, and locusts were already singing high in the elms. From my bedroom window I could see the bay, sparkling blue and silver in the early sunlight, and I decided to get a swim before breakfast. So throwing a bathrobe over my suit I stole down through the quiet house and out into the clean summer morning

Making one of those usual early riser's resolutions to do this every day from then on all summer, I dived into the tingling water, and shortly emerged near the mouth of the cave, reinvigorated and happy, only to be shocked back into remembrance of my troubles by an experience beside which Robinson Crusoe's well-advertised discovery of Friday was a commonplace.

The tide had been up into the cave during the night, and was now gone out again, leaving the sand as smooth as a billiard table. And on this clean slate lay the imprint of a man's footsteps They were unmistakably Bobby's, for surely nobody else had shoes with soles of such a pattern. But the design they left was not the only unusual thing about these tracks. They came out of the cave, but they had never gone in!

The Design They Left Was Not the Only Unusual Thing About These Tracks. They Came Out of the Cave, But They Had Never Gone In!

I stood staring at them incredulously, expecting a reverse track to materialize under my eyes. I even leaned over and touched the imprints to make certain I wasn't dreaming, and walked around them, cagily, like a cat suspicious of her prey.

Judging from the tide, those tracks could not have been made more than an hour ago—just at daylight! Bobby had come out of the cave, but how had he got in, and when? He had been with me all the previous evening, after my return, sitting quietly and reading the sporting pages of the Boston paper until eleven o'clock, when he had gone to bed. If he had left the house afterward I had not heard him go, and the chances were greatly in favor of my knowing.

I next examined the cave itself. It was soon apparent that Bobby must have come through the wall. Therefore, the wall had an opening in it somewhere. At this point there flashed into my mind Adrian's mysterious disappearance two nights ago. Of course there was a secret entrance leading somewhere—somewhere.

I began a feverish search of the already familiar spot, pounding and poking at the granite walls, but in vain. The cave was to all appearances an impasse, and if there was a mode of entrance into the depths of the cliff it was effectively hidden. Wild with curiosity and half-formulated suspicions, and chilled from my wet garments, I at length turned back toward our house. One thing was now absolutely clear: The secret cavern which grandfather had been so often accused of using was no myth, but a fact. Bobby had somehow discovered it and was using it illicitly. That much was proved by the fact that he had not told me about it. Then there was Adrian. He, too, knew of the place. If Adrian knew, Bobby must have told him. And yet might it not possibly have been the other way around?

In either case, what on earth was I to do about it? That question did not trouble me for long however. No sooner had I reached the house than a string of events began to develop by which my course was decided for me.

From my bedroom I heard Bobby come in, and he was stamping about the kitchen when I descended, ready to prepare the breakfast. The first thing I looked at was his shoes. They were the sports shoes, all right, and they were wet. He greeted me impatiently.

"Where in the name of Ham have you been?" he demanded. "I've looked all over the place for you for the past hour! Breakfast not ready yet?"

"I went down for a swim," said I quietly. "And I'll have your coffee in a minute. What's all the row about?"

At mention of the beach he shot a swift uneasy look at me.

"Swimming, eh?" said he. "Well, while you were gone there was a long-distance call for you. Lucky thing I was here to take it."

"Who was it from?"

"Plymouth," said he, not looking at me. "Aunt Ellen came up on her vacation from the settlement house yesterday, and it seems she's been taken desperately sick and has sent for you."

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" I exclaimed.

Then my mind gave a sudden pause. When, since he had been out of the house as long as I, if not longer, did Bobby receive this message? And what could ail Aunt Ellen, that notoriously healthy amazon? I knew she usually went to Plymouth on her vacation, but as a rule she came to Little Cape first. No, it did not sound right, somehow, coming on top of Bobby's obvious desire to get rid of me.

"You'd better catch the nine o'clock bus to the junction," he was planning for me glibly, "and get the train from there. I'd drive you in, only I've got a feller coming on important business."

This last speech settled matters. It was a frame-up, and I would not go. There had been no such call, I was positive. I busied myself with the meal, talking to cover my preoccupation.

"All right: I'll take the bus!" I agreed suavely "Poor Aunt Ellen! Did they say what the matter was?"

"Nope!" said he. "Just she's sick"

"Who called?"

"Dunno!" said he. "Some female."

"Well," said I, "I suppose I had better take a bag. I'll have to be gone overnight, at least. Then I'll call you up and let you know how things are—this evening, very likely."

"Do that," said Bobby. "I'll be here."

He finished his meal and went out into the yard, and I at once made up a few sandwiches and filled a vacuum bottle with cold water. There was no chance for more elaborate preparations, and I had barely time to sneak these meager rations upstairs before Bobby was back in the house again.

"Say, sis!" he called. "You better hurry! The bus will be along soon. I'll say good-by now, because I've got to run the Greek up to the station for a minute!"

"Well, good-by, then!" I called from the stairhead, valise in hand, where he could see me. "I'll be gone by the time you get back!"

"So long!" said he gayly.

And in another moment his car was dashing down the street.

I added a flashlight to the equipment in my satchel and, putting on my hat, came downstairs. I was on my way—but not to the destination Bobby had picked out for me. I peered from the front window, wondering how I was to work out the scheme I had in mind, and there, loafing at the shop door, was Morris Bowditch.

To leave the house without being seen by him was out of the question. And for the auto bus to depart without my getting on it was impossible now, since Morris was certain to be watching, and Bobby might easily question him. I would have to try a simple bit of trickery.

I emerged from the front door, bag in hand, just as the auto bus came around the corner and stopped in front of the store. Then I hailed it, ran across, and with one foot on the running board, spoke to Morris.

"Oh, Morris, will you do me a favor?" said I. "Go in right now and call up my aunts, will you, and tell Aunt Myrtle I can't come to lunch? I've got to go to Plymouth in a hurry!"

Morris at once detached himself from the doorsill.

"Sure I will, girlie!" said he. "Glad to oblige."

He went inside and I took my seat. The bus ground its gears and moved cumbrously away. No sooner had it rounded the turn of the road by which I would pass the beach colony and come abreast with our woodlot than I signaled the conductor to stop.

"I'm so sorry, I've got to get off!" said I. "I forgot my purse. No, don't wait. I'll catch the next one!" And I descended.

The big car moved away at once, and the instant it was out of sight I plunged into our woods and began making my way back home, skirting the old henhouse and sheds with all the caution of an experienced burglar.

(Continued on Page 34)

FAR beyond any previous high mark, the new Hupmobile extends and amplifies those superiorities of performance which seem to belong peculiarly to Hupmobile.

More than ever, now, you delight in its fast get-away, its quick pick-up, its smooth, purring steadiness—and its great comfort for both the driver and the passengers.

Power is increased; maximum power development is sustained over a greater range; vibration is brought down to the vanishing point.

Never have we built a car so near perfection in performance; never before, one that has had such a universally enthusiastic welcome.

The New
Hupmobile

(Continued from Page 32)

At last I reached the barns and managed to get into the biggest of them—the one where Bobby kept the car. Having done this much I caught my breath anew, looking about in the stuffy dimness to be sure it was vacant, and then, satisfied that I was alone, climbed into the hayloft.

There was a tiny cobwebbed window at the front up there, and I wormed my way to it, making myself a couch of the stale hay, just beneath this aperture, from which I could command an excellent view not only of the yard but of the front door of my home and of the Bowditch shop across the road. Having made sure of this I settled down to watch and wait.

It was a queer sensation, sitting there, spying. I hadn't done such a thing since I was a small child, and being up there under the cobwebs, with the skeletons of ancient harnesses and long-silent sleighbells hanging in ghostly fashion from the rafters above my head, I had a feeling of utter unreality, as if I were indeed a little girl playing at some imaginative game. But now if I was playing hide and seek it might easily be to some grim ending.

After what seemed about a thousand years of waiting, but which, by my wrist watch, was actually only a little more than half an hour, I saw Bobby's car stop in front of the Bowditch place. Of course I could not hear what they said, nor, from their gestures, guess very much. But I gathered that Bobby asked Morris the very question I had anticipated. Morris was again leaning in the doorway as if fearful it would collapse without his support, but he found energy enough to toss his head in the direction taken by the bus, and Bobby, seemingly satisfied, nodded and started the car again, heading for the entrance directly beneath me.

I withdrew into the shadows and sat motionless with fast-beating heart while he put up the car on the floor below. I remembered with sudden vividness that Lila Hoadley had once told me how easy it was to suggest things to the unprepared, unguarded mind of another, and so I concentrated on not suggesting to Bobby that I was concealed in the hayloft.

Yet every sound he made moving around below sent a chill down my spine. Suppose he took it into his head to come up? What if he kept something or other hidden in the loft and came after it? I buried my face in my hands and refused to think of anything but plum pudding. Evidently it worked, for Bobby went away, closing the barn door after him.

At once I returned to my post and saw him go into the house by the side entrance. And as he did so I realized with a feeling of relief that my position commanded all the doors.

The job I had wished on myself soon became wearisome. The morning wore slowly on, and cars containing summer people from the beach made a lively, continuous stopping at the Bowditch store, and among these, rather to my surprise, flitted Easy on his motorcycle.

Since he was not given to hanging idly around town it struck me as odd. Twice he came to the theater door and dismounted, stopping to smoke a cigarette and chat. Then he mounted his machine again and darted away, only to return after a short absence. And at length the reason for this began to dawn upon me. Easy, too, was watching our house.

The conviction that he was doing this was confirmed later in the day when I caught sight of him standing motionless behind the greenhouse, concealed between the chimney and the storm door. What was he watching for? Just what did he anticipate? If circumstances had not gone so against me I might be helping him intelligently now. But help him I would in any event.

After a while he left his hiding place, but I kept my watch unceasingly. However, it seemed a useless enough task, for absolutely nobody came near our house. As the morning passed and the customary noon lull fell on the town the house remained a perfect blank. What on earth could Bobby be doing in there? He never even came to door or window all the forenoon.

I ate my rations at the proper hour, and when I did so I went a little out of luck, for in unscrewing the top of my vacuum bottle it flew out of my hand, spilling every drop of water. This was annoying, of course, but I ate my dry food as best I could, although, of course, worse luck, I had made my sandwiches with ham.

Well, I kept my post, and pretty soon the blankness of the house was relieved by Bobby's opening the front door and seating himself on the steps for a smoke. He stayed there, nervously pulling on his fag, for several moments, and then went in again. Another pause ensued while I strove to find a less cramped position, and struggled with my steadily increasing thirst. Then Bobby came out again, standing this time, and glancing down the street as if expecting someone. But there was no moving object in sight except Eli Jones and old Doctor Gray, who presently ambled by; and Bobby, after nodding to them, retired, only to repeat his performance a few minutes later.

There was more behind his activity than the desire for a breath of air, for he continued this practice at increasingly short intervals. Every little while he would come to the door, look up and down, light a cigarette, speak to whoever was in sight, and then disappear into the house with a studied air of indifference.

Something was up, that was plain. But what? The house had been empty when I left it that morning, and I knew positively that no one except my brother had even approached the place since my departure. Why was he idling about in this fashion unless he was expecting some important arrival? Would it perhaps be Adrian? It was all very puzzling and tiresome and distressing, and meanwhile I was almost perishing of thirst!

Unfortunately there was no water attachment in our old hay barn, and as the afternoon crawled along, the dryness in my throat, accentuated by the hay in which I was camped, drove me nearly wild. I simply had to have a drink and have it soon, and I had not the remotest idea of how I was to get it. Then, around five o'clock, Bobby himself solved the problem for me. He had come out to the front door in a less harassed manner, as I instantly noted. He sat down on the stoop and stretched his legs comfortably, as if for a long rest. Then he thrust his hand into the pocket that invariably held his cigarettes and withdrew the packet. He shook it, gave it one look of disgust and, crumpling the carton, threw it from him with a gesture of annoyance. Then he stood up and slapped his other pockets—in vain. Bobby was out of coffin nails, and I knew what that meant. He would go for more, and there was only one shop in town that carried his brand—Tony the Greek's, way down the main street.

Excitedly I watched him hesitate, turn as if to enter the house, and then close the door with a bang and make off in the direction of the village. At his first step beyond the gate I was up and climbing down the ladder. He was already out of sight as I peeked through the crack of the lower door. So, mercifully, was the Bowditch crowd across the way. Now was my chance for a great, glorious drink of blessed water! With a swift movement I was out of the barn and at the kitchen door fumbling with my key, and in another moment I was inside.

The room was dim, for according to custom I had pulled down the blinds of the windows that faced west, that morning, in order to discourage the flies. And so it took me a full moment to realize that the room was not as I had left it.

In the middle of my kitchen floor stood an immense pile of wooden boxes—a hundred in all. It didn't take me two seconds to find out what they were; indeed, they were plainly marked for all who saw to read: One hundred cases of Scotch whisky of a well-known brand, with a bunch of thistles neatly stenciled under the name. But I was not bent on admiring the nicety with which the stuff was packed. What concerned me instantly and wholly was the nicety with which it had been brought into the house.

The contraband had not come from the outside. That was impossible. Then how had it got there? From the inside, of course. Either it had been stored somewhere in the house, and my unannounced arrival home had prevented Bobby's getting rid of it, or it had recently been brought in by some secret means. The cave—of course it must be from the cave. But how? The cave was almost an eighth of a mile from the house, and such a supposition meant a secret passageway.

Jolted temporarily out of all memory of my thirst, I thought of the idol, Nokomi. Once more I seemed to be standing in the hall, my hand outstretched for the bills my brother offered me, and once again I met those terrible moving eyes, those strange yellow, sinister eyes—Adrian's eyes! Oh, there could be no doubt of it now—they were Adrian's eyes, looking into the room through the idol's face. Had I not really known they were his from the very first? Had they not seemed familiar to me on the night that I met him at Angelo's? And again on the evening of our terrible show-down? And why? Because years ago I had seen those very eyes staring at me, a frightened child.

Things began to piece together rapidly. Who was the boy, the relative of the Bowditches, who Easy said had been lost in our house for two whole days and whose story no one believed afterward—except Easy! Good heaven, there could be only one answer! Somehow, at some time, Adrian had stumbled upon the secret of the house, and kept it for future reference. And now he had told it to Bobby. My poor weak kid of a brother!

Forgetting that he might return at any second, I ran into the living hall. There sat Nokomi, calm, immovable, sinister as ever. Furiously I attacked him. He must move—he must, he must! But he didn't, and after a second of futile pounding I ran back to the kitchen and stood irresolute.

The sound of water dripping in the sink recalled the ache of my throat, and going to it I drank greedily and deeply. And with the easing of my thirst, and the concrete physical action of ministering to it, I became more calm. One thing was certain, and that was that Bobby must not catch me here. He must not even suspect my knowledge until I had time to plan some action based upon it. I must go away

(Continued on Page 182)

"Dave!" Said I Excitedly. "Suppose It Were to Go Off?" "It's a Well-Trained Gun," Said He, "and Only Goes Off on Special Request"

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OLD OVERLAND CIRCUS DAYS

By Kim Hubbard

THIS is the story of the wagon circus, which began in America, in an important way for the period, in 1815, and continued until the '70's, at which time associates of the late P. T. Barnum prevailed upon him to permit the use of his name in the exploitation of a show with which he had really no direct connection—barring the 3 per cent of the gross receipts which he exacted for the use of the magic trade-mark, Barnum's Greatest, and so on.

John Robinson

Of those who entertained the masses under white tents before and after the advent of covered wagons, the days of the forty-niners, and other epoch-making periods of American history, few remain to tell the story of the days when circus life was anything but a primrose path of dalliance. It was a time of pioneers and heroes; a time, for instance, when there was no rebellion in camp when it became known to performers that a period of one month would be consumed in making a journey halfway across the country to the place of opening; a time when the cry of "Hey, Rube!" was first heard in the land, during the period immediately preceding and after the war between the states; when there were no Pullmans to transport stars of the big top; when all were content to take pot luck with the hospitality of farmers, as they went their way; and when the routes of the circuses were outlined by advance agents—literally pathfinders—who placed fence rails and clumps of bushes along the line, to guide the caravans that followed with the troupes of performers and dens of animals.

It has been many years since the spangled entertainers, along with gaudily attired but less important—from an entertainment viewpoint—members of a touring circus stopped on their way within a few miles of a one-night stand, left their bunks in the passenger wagons and gayly bedecked themselves for the big parade, the glittering Oriental spectacle, which invariably incited interest in the performances to which admission was charged. Yet this sort of thing was very common and is remembered by retired showmen and performers, and even by some of those still actively engaged under the big top. Of the original winter quarters of circuses that were famed throughout the country, only a few have maintained their status along the lines which first put them on the map.

Traveling Under Their Own Power

FOR instance, Connersville, Indiana, situated midway between Indianapolis and Cincinnati, has in recent years—or, rather, since the advent of the railroad circus—given way to Peru, Indiana, which has been the winter home of many circuses. In the early '50's circus people began drifting to Connersville and many of them settled there, married and reared families. None of the old Connersville crowd have remained in the game through the years, but of the old guard there still lives to talk over old times with the chance visitor the venerable Frank Hyatt, eighty-two years old, who can be found seated on his front porch in a quiet street, almost any day, ready to talk of his circus career.

Hyatt was one of the executives of the old Van Amberg circus, but has been identified in various capacities with all the important white-top shows of his time. It is, however, of the wagon circus that he chiefly loves to talk.

Connersville was the center of the wagon-show world up to the year 1869–70, dividing honors in this respect with Cambridge City, Indiana, for a year or two.

Frank Hyatt was always the first on the lot each day of exhibition. He invariably rode a white horse, and in later years his flowing white beard was conspicuous. He retired from the Barnum show about three years ago.

"In traveling over an agricultural country we had many pathfinders," says Mr. Hyatt. "Uncle Hyatt Frost would either go ahead or have a man ahead six or eight weeks in advance, to arrange for the feeding of the animals. O. J. Ferguson usually made these trips in advance, and they provided for the feeding of about one hundred and seventy-five head of horses in addition to the wild beasts. Then there was another pathfinder, or advance agent, who would go two weeks ahead of the show, reporting specifically on every turn in the road. Finally followed the twenty-four-hour man, who would leave the circus grounds at ten o'clock at night and go ahead on the route we were to follow. He would either take a rail or pile up grass, to indicate which way we were to go, and would mark the dangerous places with red lanterns, which the driver of the last wagon would gather up. We would have breakfast at one o'clock in the morning, after the tents were prepared for the journey. The baggage wagons always went ahead, and then came the animal wagons. In traveling through the Western country—Kansas, for instance—we used the compass for laying out our route. The roads were laid out and other directions set forth and it was no trouble at all for an expert to follow these directions.

"My first actual circus experience was in taking care of a giraffe in 1863. I had just come out of the Army, having been attached to the Duryea Zouaves. The giraffe was then regarded as an exceedingly rare animal. Indeed, this was the second imported to this country. The animal was taken off a ship and placed in a high cage especially built for it. Six horses were attached to the wagon upon which the cage was placed, and I had a man to drive the wagon. The giraffe was consigned to the Van Amberg show in Cleveland, Ohio. We had as opposition in Cleveland the Sands & Nathan shows, and one of the featured attractions of their outfit was the first hippopotamus ever brought to this country. He wasn't larger than an ordinary hog. The country was flooded with posters calling attention to the 'animal that sweats blood.'

"I suppose a journey of twenty-nine days over a rugged country, covering mountains and through waters, ought to furnish material for a story within itself; but, looking back over that first trip with the giraffe, which I personally conducted from New York to Cleveland, I can't recall anything out of the ordinary. The trip didn't seem to me at all monotonous. It was a bit lonesome, having only the driver of the wagon conveying the giraffe to converse with; but we took turns about driving. I would drive for a few hours and then get back to keep company with the giraffe, or walk along the side of the wagon.

"Isaac A. Van Amberg, founder of the circus which bore his name, was really the first conqueror of a lion and was known as the lion king at the zoölogical gardens in New York. He came from Holland and settled in Newburgh, New York, in 1854. Before going to America, Van Amberg appeared in London in melodramas written for him. The thrilling features were furnished by the caged animals with which he came into personal contact during stage performances.

"It was during the winter of 1863, while I was connected with Barnum's Museum at Broadway and Ann Street, New York, that I first met up with Van Amberg. The Van Amberg menagerie had spent a winter at James E. Kelly's farm near Brewster, New York. Associated with Van Amberg in the ownership of the show at the time were James E. Kelly, Hyatt Frost, John Like, of Copake, New York, and O. J. Ferguson, of New York City.

"The Van Amberg show left Connersville during the fall of 1866 for New York. It required over a month to make the journey. We traveled by way of the National Pike from Connersville to Wheeling, West Virginia, and then took the glade road across the mountains through Bedford and Somerset. It was through the influence of Henry Clay that the National Pike, originally surveyed to go by way of Pittsburgh, was switched to the Wheeling route. I believe it was in recognition of this service that a monument was built to Henry Clay, near Wheeling. The National Pike started from Cumberland and ran through Indianapolis and Terre Haute. When Barnum and Van Amberg dissolved partnership, Hyatt Frost and O. J. Ferguson took what was left of the Van Amberg show after the Barnum Museum fire in New York, and went to Brewster, New York, taking with them the wagons built by Fielding Brothers, of New York, for the Green Show. The wagons of the old show were sent to Connersville and a new show started out from there that was called the Red Show. The Green Show took the Eastern territory, and the Red Show the Western territory. Hyatt Frost was general manager of both shows. That was how the theory got started that circuses always split up after leaving the cities, and it is a popular belief to this day."

Frank Hyatt

A Costly Breakfast

"WHILE with the Van Amberg circus in 1868, starting from Carthage, Illinois, we crossed the river at Keokuk while the Indian massacre was a topic of discussion. Our advertising brigade, on the way to Topeka, Kansas, had been driven back by United States troops, but there were other conditions besides the uprising of the Indians, which were giving cause for grave concern even to the casual traveler. I was manager of the Van Amberg circus at the time and was warned to get across the Pottawatomie River. Foolishly I drove back to Keokuk to get a one-o'clock breakfast before starting. The boss hostler was with me, and the river was so low we didn't think there could be any danger. After we had come back from our early breakfast we could see that the warnings given us had been well advised, for the river was beginning to fill up. I directed that one bareback man who could swim should proceed, with others carrying torches to guide us across the river. The leaders of the caravan led the way for our animals, swimming their way across the Pottawatomie River. With every cage of animals came a rider on horseback to steady and keep them afloat, and we finally got across after several of our men had lost their lives in the struggle against the elements.

"The Green Show, after sojourning through the Eastern country, turned from Old Town, Maine, near Bangor, and started west, traveling through New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana, and wintering in Connersville, Indiana. That year the Van Amberg show dissolved partnership, Henry Barnum and James E. Kelly taking the Red Show, with John Like, Hyatt Frost and O. J. Ferguson taking the Green Show.

"The circus lot was no place for a coward. If the yellow streak developed in any one of the attachés he didn't stay very long. Even to this day a circus employe must have pluck and courage to get along, and when the cry 'Hey, Rube!' is heard everybody connected with a circus knows what it calls for.

"In the days of the wagon circus we slept in the open and under canvas. Nobody went to hotels except featured performers, but we had the best food in the land that money could buy, and all that we could eat, at that. There was no stinting. We could pass the plate around for the second time. Beef, chickens and vegetables were part of our daily menu. In the Western country, in Kansas and Nebraska, where game was plentiful, we were never at a loss for headliners on the menu so long as we had good shooters with the show. Our sharpshooters would supply us with prairie chickens and venison. We didn't travel on Sunday. That was a day of recreation, but fishing and hunting were not considered out of line.

"I remember on one occasion we broke our journey from one town to the other in a hamlet on the side of a stream in Kansas. There was plenty of good water. We stopped at noon, shortly after which time a lot of wagons drove up.

(Continued on Page 54)

"This will be the Gate of Empire, this the Seat of Commerce"

Thus did Robert Cavelier de la Salle, in a prophecy, foresee a New France in the Mississippi Valley.

His exclamation was called forth by the discovery that the divide between the great valleys of the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi was only a mile wide and a few feet high.

This spot for a century was a famous portage for the fur trade along the two great water systems. Later when the United States gained possession of this territory, traders began to put up their cabins on the banks of the river.

Then came railroads tapping the rich areas of the Middle West.

The thinly settled country of great distances naturally turned to live stock production.

In the early days and until the Civil War, the outlet was in the form of barreled salt beef and pork, or heavily salted and smoked meats. Fresh meat could be had by consumers only by the shipment of live animals. This serious limit on the output of live stock made necessary a more efficient and economical method.

* * *

Under the pressure of this necessity, Gustavus F. Swift, founder of Swift & Company, conceived the idea fifty years ago that fresh meat, kept cool by ice, could be transported long distances.

In the fifty years since then, Mr. Swift and his sons and the organization that they have built up (now comprising about 50,000 men and women, highly trained in handling perishables) have carried forward the idea to its logical conclusion in the present distributing organization of Swift & Company.

The company has twenty-three packing plants which furnish nearby cash markets for the live stock the farmer raises. Thousands of refrigerator cars radiate from these plants to hundreds of branch houses and car routes which make available to retailers fresh and delicately cured meats.

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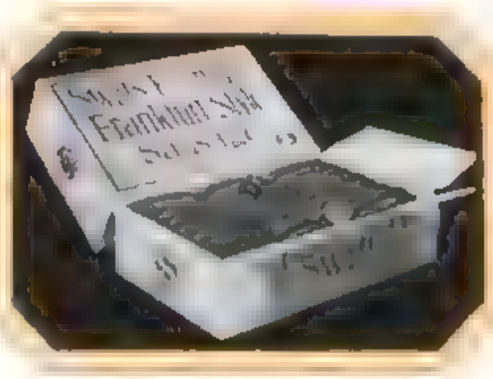

Acknowledgment

Swift & Company is indebted to Mr Rudolf A. Clemen for permission to use historical data from his book, "The American Live Stock and Meat Industry"

NATIONALIZING CONFIDENCE

The Story of the Austrian Revival

By Isaac F. Marcosson

IN THE summer of 1921 President Hainisch of Austria told me the pathetic story of the wreck of his country, in the reception room of the old Foreign Office at Vienna. Alongside us was the table upon which was written the ultimatum to Serbia that brought on the World War. That war had been over for three years, but the alleged peace only intensified the hate and chaos engendered by the actual conflict. Austria lay prostrate; her currency was almost valueless, her people cowered in the grip of despair and dependence. Only a gigantic charity kept them alive. Confidence seemed a lost art.

Last June I sat again in that same stately chamber at the Foreign Office, but its atmosphere had changed. What had been the sanctuary of lost hope was now the center of new life. Opposite me sat a smooth-faced and soft-voiced Catholic priest with the purple *rabat* of a monsignor at his collar, who unfolded a stirring narrative of national regeneration. He was Chancellor Seipel, and he had interspersed the saving of souls with the saving of a nation.

Austrian currency was stabilized; credit and trade flourished; industry was revived; faith animated the populace. The little republic had not only been reborn but was the first evidence of healing in the midst of the vast sore which still threatens the economic and political integrity of Central Europe. That priceless asset, confidence, had become nationalized through a series of events which may well point the precedent for a battered Germany.

Many years ago Bismarck said that if Austria did not exist she would have to be invented. Her usefulness then was as a pawn in the Teutonic game of European dominion. Today Austria has another and more constructive use, because she is an example of what properly fostered self-help can achieve. The first nation to enter the war of wars, she is also the first among the defeated to recoup. Incidentally, it seems peculiarly fitting that the country which originated the gland treatment for the rejuvenation of life should apply it to herself.

The spectacle of the revived Austria—or rather the events that led up to her new lease on productive existence—conveys more than one useful lesson to both individuals and nations. One reason why the remnant of the once powerful empire of the Hapsburgs got so near to the brink of actual ruin was because she was coddled with too much sentimentality and treated with too little practicality. During those precarious years following the Armistice, when Vienna—and her population is one-third of all Austria—was apparently a dying city, an endless amount of sob stuff was talked and written about her. It made the people feel too sorry for themselves.

Conditions Before 1922

THIS sickly serial—for such it was—was the fit accompaniment of the avalanche of relief that poured in. No one can consistently quarrel with the humanitarian impulse that fed those hapless children who were the innocent victims of a brutal war; but the genius of almsgiving lies in knowing when to stop and when to capitalize what has been given into something permanently constructive, be it economic development or the rebirth of self-respect. It is precisely like lending a man money, for ordinarily it infects him with the virus of helplessness.

This is what happened, to a very large extent, in Austria. Chronic relief, together with the bitter backbiting and jealousies of the neighboring Succession States, begot the despair which stifled confidence. In 1921 the sentiment of nearly every Austrian was: "There is no hope. We must perish or be assimilated by Germany."

The moment the League of Nations—and Austria registers its one clear-cut achievement—said to the Austrians, in substance, "We will help you if you will help yourselves" the first gleam broke over the black night. The Austrians suddenly discovered that they not only had a country worth saving but also that concealed in themselves was the redeeming quality which is in every human being, regardless of his race, creed or caste. It is the ability to help oneself. The moment this discovery was made confidence was born. Keep this word "confidence" in your mind, because it is the motif, so to speak, of the whole drama of Austrian regeneration.

The combination of superbenevolence, on one hand, and drastic restrictions on imports and exports imposed by the newborn Succession States, on the other, was sufficient to sterilize the Austrian will to do. There was still another provocation equally inimical to initiative and recovery. A brief résumé of it forms an essential part of the approach to the revival and to an understanding of what has happened. It makes the performance all the more remarkable.

Chancellor Seipel

As every schoolboy knows, Vienna before 1914 was the capital of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, which contained about 50,000,000 people. The empire was in reality a group of nine different states, each practically foreign to the other and with conflicting nationalistic ideals. There were Germans, Hungarians, Rumanians, Bohemians, Croats, Serbians, Slovenes, Italians, Ruthenians and Poles. Each had some aspiration for racial integrity of its own.

The first explosion that heralded the Great War was the bursting of the bomb hurled at the Archduke Francis Ferdinand and his wife at Sarajevo in Bosnia by a nationalistic fanatic who thought his people were being oppressed. Like that historic American Revolutionary shot, it was heard around the world. It sounded the doom note of the empire.

The reason why the old Dual Monarchy held together was because it was economically self-sufficient. Bohemia contributed coal, sugar, wheat and corn; Moravia was the textile center, Hungary a huge granary; Galicia oozed with oil; Lower Silesia teemed with minerals, while the Southern Tyrol furnished its quota of fruit and timber. There were no arbitrary frontiers and trade flowed freely back and forth. That eternal law of demand and supply ironed out the incessant racial differences because there was a meal ticket for everybody.

Over all this domain of plenty and production beamed Vienna, destined by Nature to stand at the crossroads of a mighty commerce. The natural gateway to the Orient and the chief distributing point for the Balkans, she was really the economic capital of Southeastern Europe. All the railroads of Central Europe follow the old Roman roads from the north down to the Adriatic, and they converged at the beautiful city on the blue Danube.

Moreover, Vienna was a political capital of major importance as well. From that old Foreign Office where I talked with President Hainisch and Chancellor Seipel ran the devious wires that bound the vast domain to the imperial throne. Just as Bismarck tied up the Teutonic empire from Wilhelmstrasse in Berlin, so did those successors of the crafty Metternich weave the same kind of national texture from Vienna.

It meant the creation of a tremendous bureaucracy with all the usual costly appendages. None contributed more to what might be called the overhead of empire than the huge army of public servants, or *beamten*, as they are called in German. They represented a sort of copper-riveted union of overpaid and underworking officials. They were parked ten deep around every available job, and it was this excess of officeholders, whether in political posts or on the railways, that presented an acute problem when the old order crumbled. They continued to be an expensive burden until the housecleaning set in with the revival, which scattered them to earn a real living for the first time in their lives.

The Austro-Hungarian Monarchy not only lost the war but all its old territorial possessions. Austria itself was stripped down to the dimensions of an average American state, and with approximately 6,000,000 people, of whom, as I have already pointed out, one-third lived in the capital. This was bad enough, but far worse was the economic plight in which the country found herself. Practically all the major production, whether on soil or in factory, that made the old empire self-sufficient was now separated from her by arbitrary frontiers and in the control of semihostile new commonwealths which were so puffed up with self-determination that they thought they had the whole world by the tail. Even Hungary, which was Austria's bedfellow for so many years, joined the frowning ring that hemmed the little republic in.

Vienna still retained her geographical position on the Danube; but commerce became stifled, because each of the newly made countries devoutly believed that it was the inspired center of economic life for the area once served by the capital of the monarchy. Prague, Belgrad, Bukharest, Triest, in fact all the old vassals, so to speak, of Vienna, now flouted their one-time mistress. Then as now, a little less aggressive self-determination and a little more coöperation would have gone a long way towards easing the whole Central European burden.

The Turning of the Tide

AUSTRIA became a sort of headless, limbless trunk of a being and was asked to function. It could not be done.

What happened during the four years following the end of the Great War is familiar history. Vienna nearly perished. The krone, that is the crown, depreciated to one-fifteen-thousandth of its gold value. Most of the Austrian-owned shipping passed into British hands. A few makeshift loans only prolonged what seemed to be the agony of a doomed people. The country could not continue indefinitely to be a charge on charity and cupidity, and even these artificial aids were drying up. Confidence was gone.

This brings us to 1922, which marked the turning of the tide in the fate of Austria. During the preceding year the League of Nations had been asked to study the problem of some kind of restoration, and as a result Great Britain, France, Italy and Japan agreed to release the liens on all their claims against Austria, whether for relief credits, which were considerable, reparations obligations or the cost of armies of occupation. These liens were on the customs, salt, forests, water power and the tobacco monopoly.

The consent of thirteen other governments was necessary, however; and after prolonged negotiations, during which hope flared in Austria for a moment, the idea was practically abandoned. Austria found that to get seventeen governments to agree on anything was almost as hard as the problem of rehabilitation itself.

By February Austria was up against it good and strong. In order to stave off absolute collapse—for the crown by this time was selling at 80,000 to the dollar—Great Britain, France, Italy and Czecho-Slovakia advanced modest loans out of public funds to tide her over the crisis. These loans were independent ventures on the part of the various governments and were therefore subject to no central control or condition. For the moment actual collapse was averted, but these loans were merely a stop-gap.

It once more proved the futility of aimless loans where they are not backed up by some obligation on the part of the borrower to retrench and to produce under the eye of some coördinated agency. The truth of the matter was that Austria still maintained that top-heavy army of public employes who were draining the remnant of her resources dry. The proceeds of the loan were quickly dissipated and the old chaos only became more pronounced. National finances ceased to be frenzied. They were futile.

In August the Allied Supreme Council met in London. It was on this occasion that there first appeared on the international scene the dramatic figure who almost single-handed put over the plan for the Austrian revival, but not until he had endured many rebuffs and discouragements.

To the London conference came Monsignor Seipel, who had lately been made Chancellor of Austria in succession to Johann Schober, who was president of police during my visit to Vienna the previous year. Schober's strong hand had averted carnage following the break-up of the empire

(Continued on Page 41)

FISHER BODIES

BODY BY FISHER

To the discriminating car owner there can be no substitute for the greater beauty and the superior craftsmanship which are assured by the presence on a car of the emblem—Body by Fisher.

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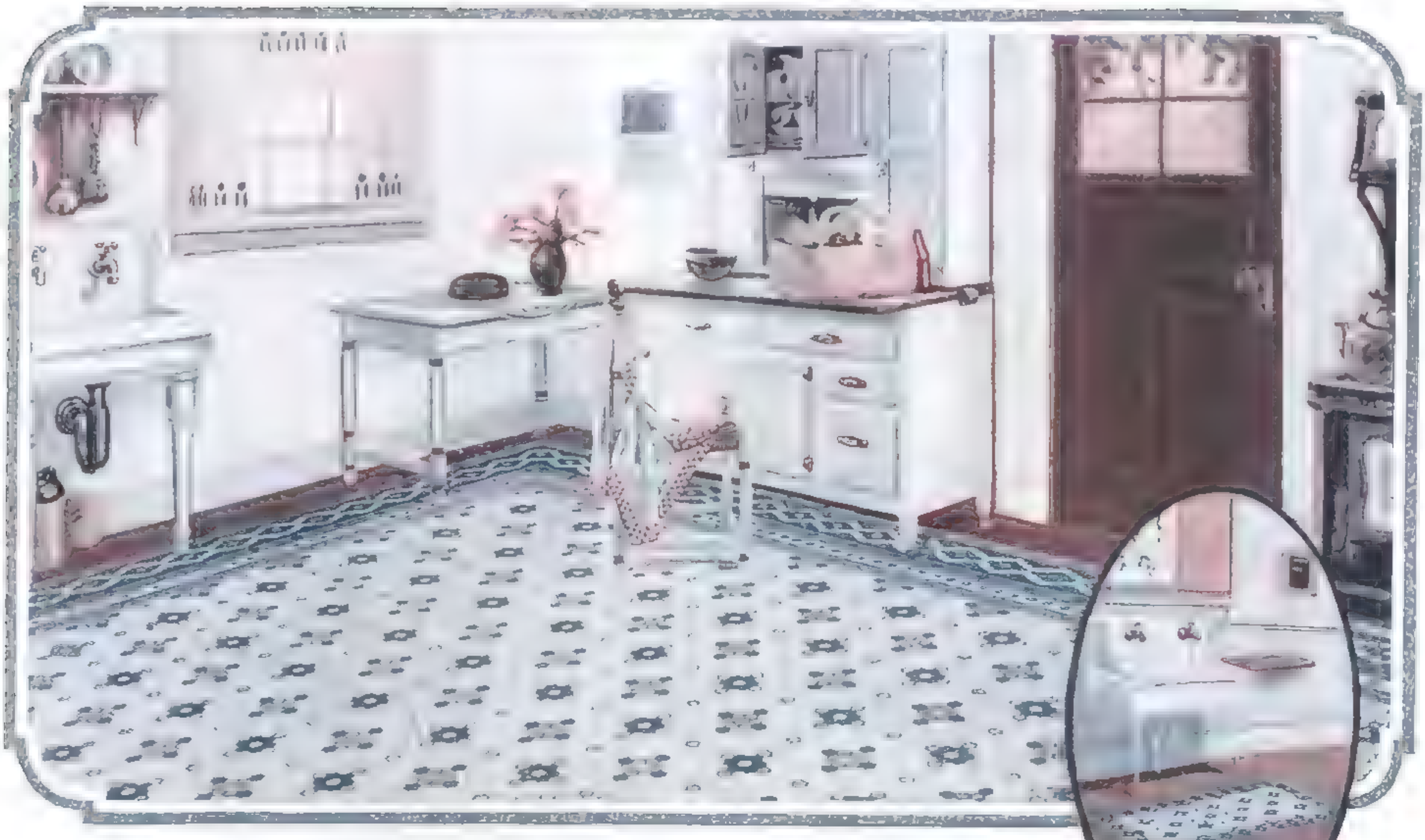

The pattern illustrated is Gold-Seal Congoleum Rug No. 408. The 6 x 9 ft. size costs only $9.00.

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Here's a lovely *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rug pattern which resembles the finest mosaic tile, in robin's egg blue and French gray colorings. It is made in the popular room sizes and also in four handy small sizes for those heavy-wear spots in front of the range, sink, kitchen cabinet, etc.

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The many practical qualities of *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rugs combined with their rich colorings and long life make them the most economical floor-covering it is possible to buy.

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And with all their remarkable qualities, *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rugs cost much less than you would think.

Popular Sizes—Popular Prices

6 x 9 ft.	$9.00	1½ x 3 ft.	$ .60
[illegible]	[illegible]	3 x 3 ft.	1.40
9 x 10½ ft.	15 [illegible]	3 x 4½ ft.	1.95
9 x 12 ft.	18 [illegible]	3 x 6 ft.	2.50

Pattern No. 408 illustrated and No. 386 are made in all sizes. All the other patterns are made in the five large sizes only.

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted.

Gold Seal CONGOLEUM Rugs

CONGOLEUM COMPANY
INCORPORATED
Philadelphia New York Boston Chicago San Francisco
Kansas City Minneapolis Atlanta Dallas Pittsburgh
Montreal London Paris Rio de Janeiro

(Continued from Page 38)

in 1918. He was an excellent chief of police, but no statesman, a fact which was emphasized when he tried to be chancellor. It was just like transferring Sir Basil Thomson from Scotland Yard to No. 10 Downing Street. For success in public life a man must fit his particular job, and Schober did not. So he went back to the police department, where he still rules, and Monsignor Seipel took the shaky helm of state.

Although you will meet the chancellor face to face later on in this article, it may be well to place him here, for henceforth he is the dominant figure in the drama of Austria's recovery. Born of poor and almost obscure parents, he was ordained a priest, and after serving in a small parish on the Danube became professor of theology at one of the Austrian universities. Austria is a strongly Catholic country and its clergy have always been conspicuous in politics. Seipel early identified himself with the Conservative Party. Endowed with vision, force and strong personality, to which was added the gift of an eloquent tongue, he soon became a power. In the last imperial cabinet this churchman, destined for such high temporal estate, was minister of social welfare. After the World War he joined with Schober in maintaining order in Vienna and supported the new republican government. It was as leader of the Christian socialists that he became chancellor in 1922.

Such was the man who had come to London to plead the cause of his stricken country. It was characteristic of him that he should go in person and not send an envoy. He appealed for government guaranties to assist in raising a loan of fifteen million pounds. In return for this lifesaver he pledged the establishment of a bank of issue at Vienna which would have the sole right to issue currency, and also promised budget reform and economy. He maintained that if Austria did not get a loan she would have to keep on printing new money, and financial reconstruction would not only be impossible but the inevitable failure to purchase necessary foodstuffs and coal would lead to riot and revolution.

Confidence Reborn

THE monsignor's plea fell on deaf ears. The decision of the Supreme Council was that the Austrian situation should be referred to the League of Nations, "the League being informed at the same time that having regard to the heavy burdens already borne by the taxpayers of the Allied powers, there is no prospect of further financial assistance to Austria from the Allied powers unless the League were able to propose a program of reconstruction containing definite guaranties that further subscription would produce substantial improvement and not be thrown away like those made in the past."

Seipel now determined to put his proposition up to the League. Meanwhile he visited Rome, Prague and Berlin. The general impression in Europe was that he was offering Austria to the highest bidder. In reality he was sounding out the three governments on which a great deal of any possible reconstruction might depend. In other words, he was making sure of his ground before he made the supreme effort that would spell rebirth or oblivion for Austria.

In September the chancellor presented Austria's case at Geneva. To the Council of the League of Nations he said in substance:

"Austria's plight is a vital concern to all Europe. If Austria breaks up, peace will be impossible, because the forces of economic and political destruction will be released. I put this vital matter before you because my country is suffering and I do not want to see her perish from the earth. But the problem is yours as well. Is it not worth your while to help, so as to bring about some beginning at cooperation in this Europe of discord and cross purposes?"

The League agreed with the chancellor, and there was set in motion the machinery that in less than six months put Austria on her feet. It was created under the auspices of what came to be known as the Austrian Committee and proceeded along lines that would be adopted in salvaging a defunct corporation.

The first three considerations were to secure budget equilibrium, currency reform and retrenchment in all state undertakings. On the day that the League undertook to sponsor Austria the Austrian state enterprises were losing 170,000,000 crowns a year, which is about $35,000,000 The railways alone registered a loss of 124,000,000 crowns, because, though wages to a degree followed the cost of living rise, the railway tariffs were only one-fifth of what they should have been on that basis. It was discovered that Vienna, the capital of a country of 6,000,000, had more state employes than when she was the capital of an empire of about 50,000,000.

Before any large fiscal steps were taken Great Britain, France, Italy and Czecho-Slovakia guaranteed a short-term loan, and at the same time signed a protocol guaranteeing Austria's political independence, and declared for the open door in trade.

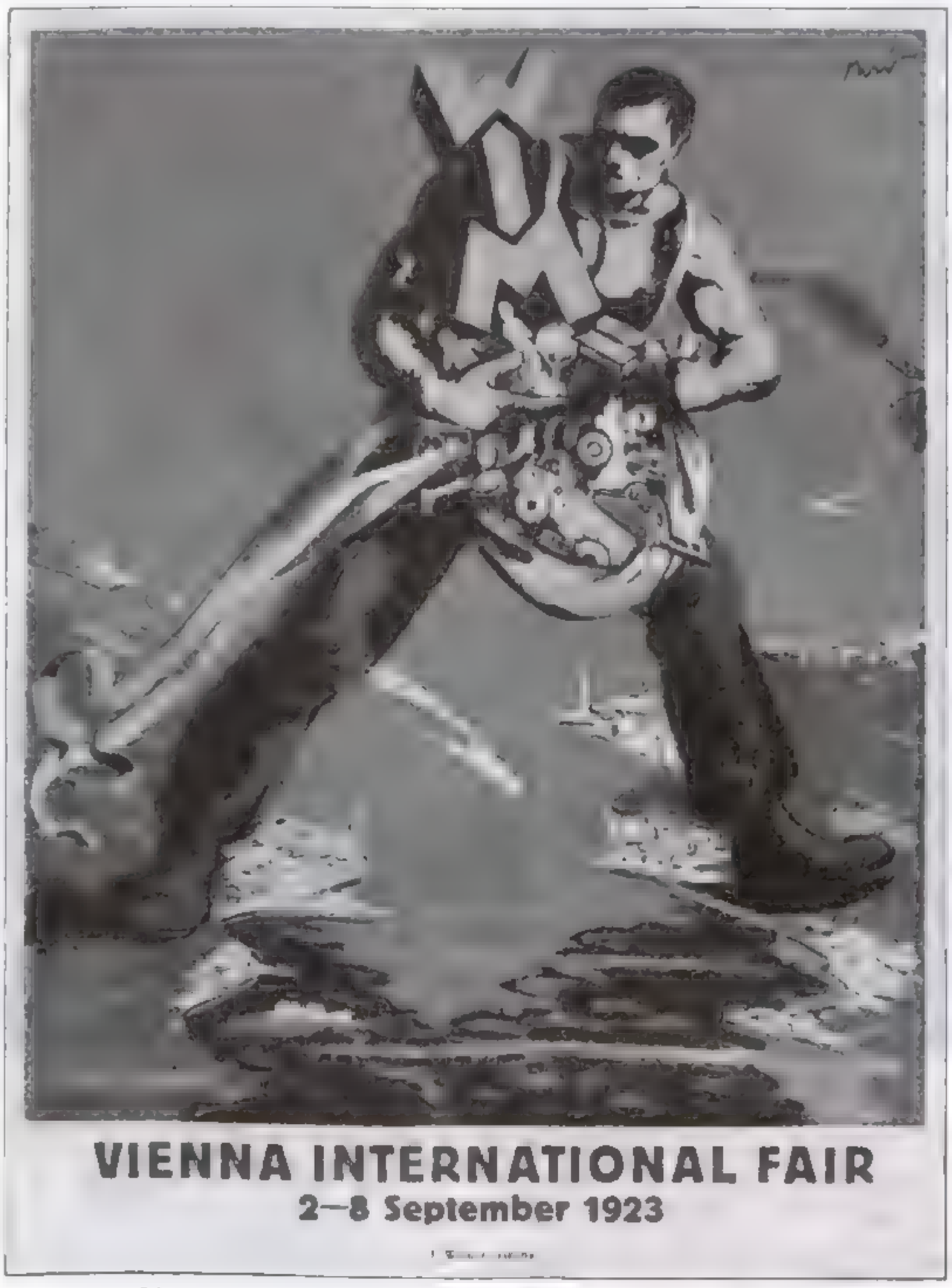
Austria on her part agreed to stop inflation, establish a bank of issue, reduce and simplify the national ministries, cut down the state personnel by at least 100,000, and to enact legislation providing for increased revenues from indirect taxation, customs and other duties, as well as a turnover tax.

In agreeing to become sponsor for Austrian rehabilitation the League insisted that it be represented at Vienna by a commissioner-general charged with the execution of the reorganization plan—here you have the parallel with the corporation—who was not to be an Austrian, and who was to report monthly to the parent body at Geneva. Since a long-term loan was another phase of the help proffered, a committee on control was named, which would visa, as it were, all expenditures of the proceeds of the loan. In other words, the League put a check on every step and left nothing to that well-known Austrian weakness for taking the line of least resistance, and letting it go at that.

Now for the really striking feature of the whole business: It was early in October that the Austrian protocols were signed at Geneva. Between the date of Monsignor Seipel's departure and the consummation of the plan, Austria was like an author on the first night of his first play. The future hung in the balance. The difference was that Austria had experienced a series of first nights and they had all ended in failure. Again and again the cup of help seemed almost at the lips of the country, only to be dashed away. The Austrian is by temperament an optimist, and ordinarily a good time is more important to him than a business deal. Before the war Vienna was Europe's supercity of pleasure and the gayest capital in the world.

Those four years of hunger and anxiety, shot through with political upheaval, had drained all the optimism out of the Viennese system. In October, 1922, hope was as lean as those one-time rotund stomachs. Confidence was on a par with the depreciated currency.

Twenty-four hours after the news had flashed forth that constructive reorganization was not only at hand but signed and sealed, apathy gave way to initiative. The atmosphere of Vienna, and through Vienna the whole of Austria, changed from gloom to something like gladness. Confidence was born.



A Poster Advertising the Vienna Fair. It Visualizes Vienna's Strategic Position in Commerce. The Letters "W I M" Stand for Wiener International Messe. "Messe" Means Fair

Stabilization

ALMOST overnight the crown was stabilized at 70,000 to the dollar, and it has remained there ever since, despite the German fiscal cataclysm to the north and the steady undermining of the Hungarian money to the east. Incredible as it may seem in view of its kinship with zero, the Austrian crown is today the soundest piece of money on the European continent.

The stabilization was not altogether due to the fact that the printing presses had been suddenly stopped. Up to the hour that the Geneva protocols were signed the Austrian, like the German at the time I write this article, merely regarded his money as a piece of worthless paper to be disposed of as quickly as possible. It was a medium of exchange but not a measure of value. The moment he felt his country had a chance and, furthermore, that the former enemy powers were willing to lend his government money on a human basis, his faith in the crown was reborn. Instead of almost literally throwing it away he began to save it. Funds that had been sent abroad for safe-keeping were brought back to do a constructive work at home. Even before the concrete aid promised by the League of Nations plan actually materialized the Austrians had begun to finance their winter needs practically without outside help. It demonstrated anew the galvanizing power of a restored confidence.

What was true of money became automatically true of commerce and production. In 1921 the average shopkeeper in Vienna carried on merely to earn a bare livelihood for his family. In fact, it was all he could earn by the most drastic sacrifice. He regarded his shop in the same way that most of the people looked on the currency. It was a makeshift agency to make both ends meet. Now, under the stimulus of revived hope, the business man, big and little, realized that there was some compensation for his endeavor.

It was as if some magician had waved a wand over the country and conjured up a whole new order. Take inflation: For four years the Austrians had been led to believe that they could only exist by means of an endless stream of notes that poured from the printing presses. On November eighteenth, and little more than a month after Geneva had placed the seal of her sponsorship on Austria, inflation subsided, and it has not reared its head since.

The international long-term loan for $125,000,000 which was floated later on, and which is secured by the Austrian

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WINGS OF THE MORNING

By F. E. BAILY

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

ON THE sweeping terrace of Wynwood, looking out upon the umbrageousness of the park, the Honorable Virginia Lauriston, curled subtly in a wicker armchair, passed and repassed her needle through a scrap of fine hand-woven linen. Hard by, Rupert Frack, of the Foreign Office, in a similar armchair, his tall, lank form —once so unkempt; but love is the greatest of reformers — clothed in gray lounge suiting, straight from the caressing shears of Savile Row, glared stonily at her adorable profile, her slender hands, the most perfect shoulders in society, two chiseled ankles and tiny feet.

At last she considered him with eyes neither gray nor green, and said, "Rupert, you needn't sit there looking at me as if we were married and I were sewing tiny garments, with an inscrutable smile on my face. We're nothing of the sort, and I'm only embroidering a hanky."

"My dear Virginia," retorted Rupert Frack with the most irritating patience, "if anyone has a right to be justly annoyed, it is I, not you. I hardly know on what grounds you see fit to criticize me. I have just endured the deepest insult a woman has it in her power to offer, with, I trust, exemplary good manners."

The Smile Widened and Mary Glanced Down Coyly. "It's the Hall Porter, Miss," She Confessed

"I've done nothing of the sort. I merely refused to marry you."

"That," explained Rupert Frack, "is the insult to which I referred."

Vingie leaned back in her chair, crossed one rounded knee over the other and gazed in front of her with an expression of serene amusement. Small breezes of early summer kissed her satin cheek and disturbed her beautifully waved fair hair, bearing from the rose garden faint intoxicating scents. Her heart sang little songs of triumph, inarticulate things that if interpreted would have described how tall, strong gentlemen murdered other tall, strong gentlemen for love of her, subsequently dragging her away by the hair to a sequence of unparalleled honeymoons. She turned again to Rupert.

"Anything more ghastly selfish than men I never met," she complained. "You may not remember, Rupert, that yesterday I was twenty-one. In spite of that you'd like to tie me down, a mere girl, for life, never—officially at any rate—to look at any other man but you. There are thousands of men in the world I've never met. Some day I s'pose I shall have to marry, but the time is far off. Till then I want to go on sowing the most beautiful crop of wild oats you ever saw."

Rupert Frack rose and shook his shoulders with a hardly perceptible gesture, as if he shed a weight or an unbearable responsibility.

"I don't feel as if I could stay in the house any longer," he announced bitterly. "I dare say in time I shall be able to meet you with comparative calm, Virginia, but at the moment my most sacred feelings have been outraged. I shall go down to the Home Farm and ask Mrs. Giles if she can give me a bed over the week-end. I return to town on Monday in any case. Perhaps you will be kind enough to explain my absence to Uncle Charles."

He stalked moodily from the terrace. Vingie watched him go with a faint shrug.

"The child deprived of his toy. How babyish all men are when it comes to the point where they can't get what they want!" she murmured. "I dare say I shall have difficulties even with dear Charles when I tell him. But there! Why meet trouble halfway?"

She rose, stretched out her arms to the incalculable promise of sun and blue sky, and sauntered slowly indoors toward the dim coolness of the library.

Sir Charles Gillespie, her guardian, rose to greet her from the depths of his armchair, placed the book he was reading carefully on a table and smiled with exactly the right mixture of homage and affection. Nearly sixty years of joyous bachelorhood, a regiment of pretty women, two years in the Guards and a post in every embassy in Europe had contributed to that smile.

He smoothed his thick gray hair in a characteristic gesture, and said in his charming way, "Crabbed age and youth cannot live together, but I will at least make every effort. You look singularly resolute, my dear Virginia. It is a very warm day for resolution."

She laid a hand affectionately on his shoulder, pushed him gently back into the chair, sat on the arm of it and gazed down at him.

"Charles," she began, "I've just refused to marry Rupert."

If Sir Charles was surprised he did not show it.

"Marriage," he observed, "is woman's fortress and man's prison. One day you will come to it, and you would do well to choose a rising man; some brainy, indomitable feller who can put it across every other woman's husband. Frankly, you'll never do better than Rupert Frack. Some day he'll have the premiership and a peerage. The Foreign Office thinks the world of him."

"As I've told you before, he doesn't know a thing about women; he can't make love. I might as well marry a wild animal as marry him, and I don't want to marry anyone," objected Vingie.

"When you do there may not be anyone to marry," retorted Sir Charles. "Competition in the marriage market becomes more a matter of ferocity every day."

Vingie ran caressing fingers through his hair.

"Charles, I haven't sown half my wild oats yet. Do you realize I was twenty-one yesterday?"

"I thought my humble string of pearls, all that my financial position will allow at the moment, but I wish it had been ten times as long ——"

"Hush, darling! They were perfectly lovely. What I mean is, I'm grown up. I want to try my own wings just a teeny bit. It isn't that you're not an angel to me, but every grown-up person has to taste blood once in a lifetime. Léonie Falsecastle's going to stay in East Africa for a bit, and she'd let me her flat, off Portland Place. She leaves a very decent cook, and I can take Mary to look after me. You won't mind, will you, Charles?"

"'Today the almonds bloom in Kandahar,'" quoted Sir Charles. "Only youth breaks its heart over partings, Virginia; but I shall be sorry if you persist very long in this idea. I have a horror of what is called the bachelor girl. Women were meant to be taken care of by men. Independence, as it is called, demoralizes them dreadfully. Their faces take on an aggressive expression and they gnash their teeth when they speak. However, the experience will be good for you, and you have been so accustomed to consideration that it may not endure very long."

"You're so sensible, Charles; I'm afraid you've lived a very bad life," murmured Vingie. "Opposition would have hardened me, but now I don't want to go a little bit."

"Well," observed Sir Charles, "all I beg of you is not to invite me to dinner. The greatest curse in life at my age is inferior cookery and a haphazard idea of housekeeping. However advanced women may suppose themselves to be nowadays, they still consider a bottle of wine and a bottle of sauce in much the same spirit."

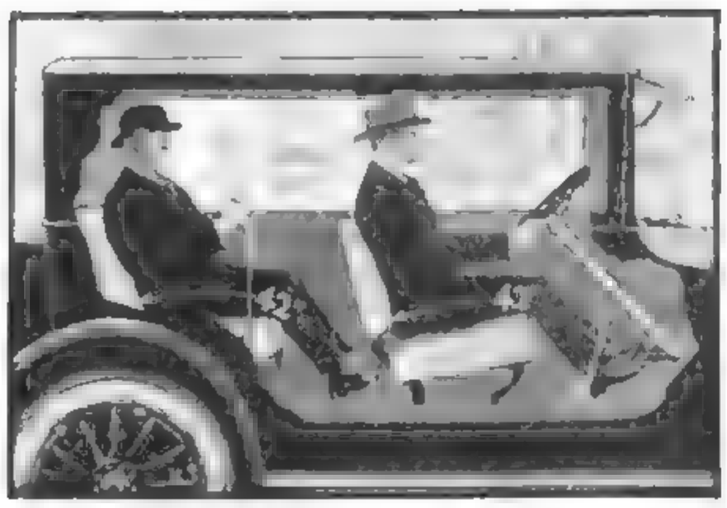
Vingie slid from the arm of the chair, hesitated, and stood for a moment in thought.

"I hope I didn't hurt Rupert's feelings," she said at last. "Of course, he's a dear thing really. But, Charles, he asked me to tell you he can't stay under the same roof with me. He's going over to the Home Farm till Monday morning."

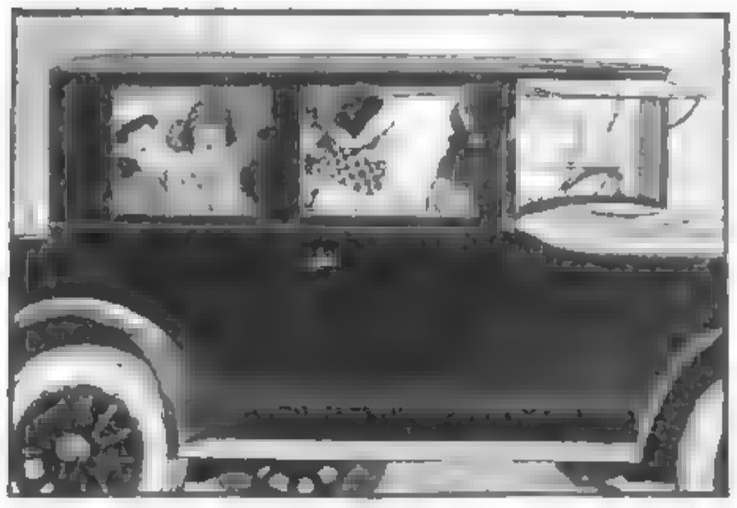
Sir Charles caressed his carefully trimmed mustache and hastened to reassure her.

"You needn't feel the least alarm, my dear Virginia. A man's first instinct on meeting with a reverse at the hand of a woman is to make himself as uncomfortable as possible. It's a sort of sentimental homeopathy; one form of

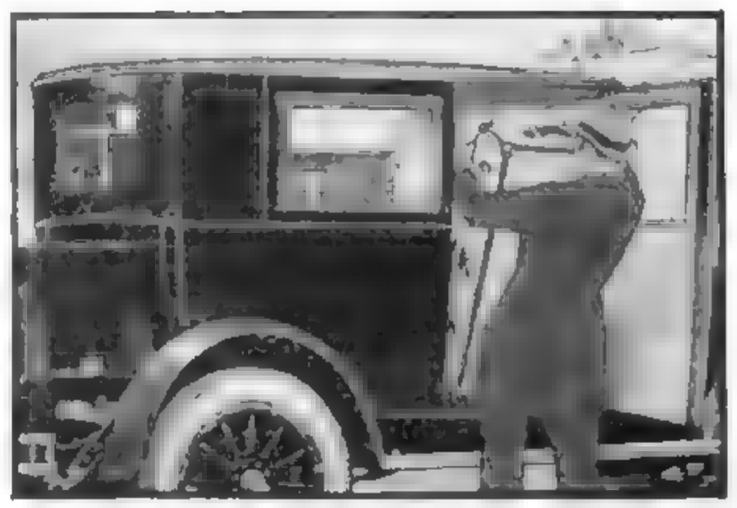
(Continued on Page 44)



For tall folks. Look at the leg room in front and back seats—42 inches from back of seat to foot position. Ride in ease on the longest trips. A splendid feature of this new Jewett Brougham.



Roomy for 5 adults. Inside dimensions are liberal. Two adults sit comfortably in front seats. Rear seat 46½ inches wide. Three grown people sit comfortably and enjoy enormous interior space inside.



Great for sportsmen. Fold up individual right-hand front seat, or remove it entirely if desired. Then there's room enough to put two or three sample trunks in the rear, seat cushions being removable.

The Adaptable New Jewett Brougham, $1325

Latest Combination of Family-and-Business Car—Powered and Built for Strenuous Service Anywhere

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It's a Jewett through and through—in sturdiness and dependability. Heavy 6-inch-deep frame; Paige-Timken axles front and rear; all-steel universal joints; ball-bearing steering spindles; insure the reliability you want in a family car and in a knock-about business car.

Seats 5 in delightful comfort. Lots of leg room for the tallest, in front and rear. Two individual front seats fold forward, giving easy entrance and exit; remove them entirely when need requires. (See illustration.) Rear seat is 46½ inches wide. It has removable back and seat cushions. Hence there's amazing space for luggage, or merchandise, of bulk and weight, without injuring the interior of a car. You don't have to "baby" this new Jewett Brougham!

Baked enamel exterior finish stands the roughest wear-and-tear; gives lasting good looks. Each steel body panel is dipped and baked three times, with a rub between each coat; then fastened to the hardwood body frame. Wood, because wood absorbs vibration, eliminates "drumming," reduces noise to nil. A wash is all that is needed after a hard trip, to bring out anew the rich, shiny, black gloss ALL OVER THE CAR. In combining a baked enamel finish and a wood frame, Paige designers have again done the "impossible." Such a body is not obtainable ON ANY OTHER CAR!

Like all enclosed Jewett models this new double-purpose Brougham has "open car performance." Drive it from 2 to 60 miles an hour in high; pass most any car on any hill; accelerate from 5 to 25 miles an hour in 7 seconds, in high. (Try that with ANY other car!)

Over 60,000 Jewett owners know Jewett's amazing sturdiness and power. This new Jewett Brougham will take you anywhere a car can go—and back again—with any kind of a load. Such a Jewett for only $1325 at Detroit is a manufacturing triumph!

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Touring $1065
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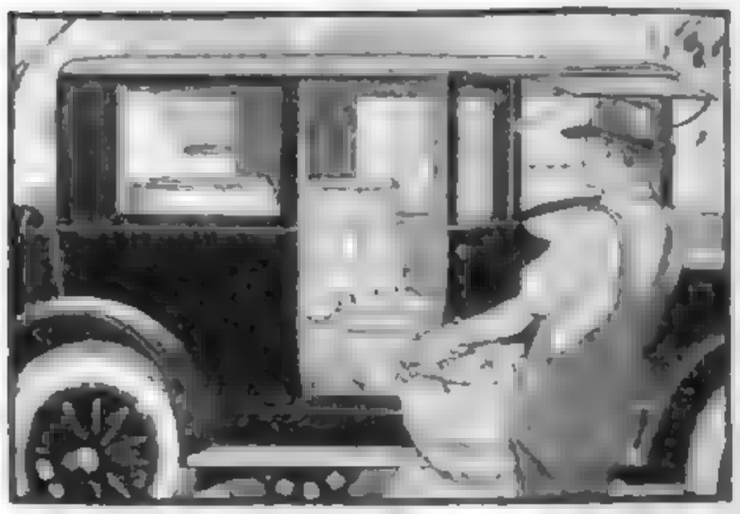
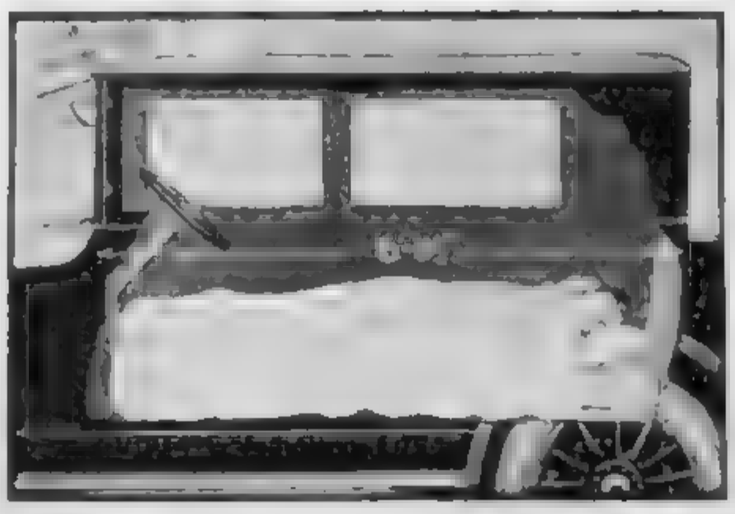


For the farmer. Jewett Brougham is the latest combination family and business car. Wide doors and removable seats and cushions give ample carrying space on your trips to town.



For the tourist. Special mattresses can be arranged to give ample sleeping space for two. Much more comfortable than tenting; no dread of rainy nights. Be independent of uncertain hotel accommodations.

For mothers with small children. Rear seat is safe for little ones. No way for them to get out or tumble out. They "stay put" and out of the way when Mother goes shopping.

(Continued from Page 42)

misery counteracts the other. I should be grieved if he were to drown his sorrows in drink, but the difference between his bedroom here and his bedroom there is unimportant. He will even enjoy his privations in some extraordinary way."

"Men," complained Vingie, "have an appalling knack of proposing at the wrong moment."

"No doubt you are right," responded Sir Charles. "As it happens, I cannot speak from personal experience. I have always exercised restraint in these matters."

II

VINGIE, stroking on a glove, gazed round the best bedroom of Léonie Falsecastle's flat with much the same expression as stout Cortés displayed when he stared at the Pacific, silent upon a peak in Darien.

"You don't look happy, Mary," she observed. "Hasn't our independence any charm for you? Have you realized we can do exactly as we like regardless of consequences?"

The pretty maid ran her hand mechanically into the foot of a silk stocking and sighed.

"I always had a great deal of liberty at Wynwood, miss," she answered sorrowfully. "More charming people than the servants' hall there I never wish to meet, particularly the second chauffeur, and here there's nobody at all except that there image of a cook "

"Friends will rally round you," promised Vingie. "This isn't the only flat in the block, and the hall porter's frightfully good-looking. Bear up! I shall be back early after lunch, unless something exciting happens."

She sank to the ground floor in a gilded cage, bringing back into the lift boy's soul all he had ever beheld of Theda Bara, Mae Murray, Bebe Daniels and other Helens of that modern Troy situated in California The hall porter swept a taxi to the curb rather than summoned it. Vingie stood a moment lost in thought.

"The Savoy!" she commanded at last.

"I'm alone!" she crooned dreamily as they breasted the surge of the traffic. "Nobody knows where I am, what I'm going to eat, when I shall go home. I can do exactly as I please. How wonderful the world looks sometimes!"

It is the business of all good maitres d'hôtel to know everyone; they stand before kings, princes and governors, and deal out justice tempered with mercy. The face of the Honorable Virginia Lauriston is not strange to fame. She smiled kindly at the ambassadorial presence who greeted her and shook her head

"I'm waiting for somebody. Probably he's got a table," she explained, and turned aside to a superlative chair.

For Vingie, who had never done anything of the kind before, it seemed the very breath of adventure to sit in the vestibule of a great restaurant, the guest of no one, unexpected of any, and watch the come and go of all and sundry. She presented an aloof, alluring figure, with the straight line of the modern girl, very self-sufficing, and played at being alone in the world penniless, hungry, seeking some man whom she could trust sufficiently to ask in the language of eyes for her lunch. It seemed so real that a little thrill of faintness passed through her; there emanated a distinct wave of brutality from the average well-fed male.

"He'll have to be very young: they're kind and sympathetic when they're young—before too many of us have sponged on them," reflected Vingie. As if in answer to her prayers, at that very moment there passed towards her through the door a quite young man, pale and dark, upon whose slight shoulders Care, the Black Horseman, rode without remorse.

She watched the young man pause, remove his hat and pass a handkerchief across his damp brow. His sensitive nostrils dilated and his troubled blue eyes sought in vain a friendly face amid this throng of strangers. His clothes, his manner and the cut of his hair suggested the unspiritual wealth of the suburbs rather than the insolvent charm of the West End. His glance met Vingie's, and he made a perceptible movement towards her even as a child turns to its mother; then, with a flush of embarrassment, he moved irresolutely in the opposite direction.

With all the hauteur of an abandoned woman Vingie rose and stalked frigidly across his path. As she did so a bunch of artificial violets at her breast detached itself and fell almost at his feet. Remotely elegant, Vingie pursued her path. A hand plucked at her sleeve; she turned haughtily to perceive the blue-eyed stranger.

"Pardon me—your flowers," explained the young man, licking his dry lips.

He stood offering them, intolerably plaintive, and if he had had a tail he would have wagged it. His entire being announced dumbly she was not that sort of girl, and even if she had been he was not that kind of man.

Vingie, with a pretty smile, took the violets from his hand and said, "Thank you so much. Have you a pin?"

The young man passed moist, imploring hands over his body in search of pins he knew to be nonexistent. Finally he announced in despairing tones that he had no pin, but would obtain one if it cost him his life, or words to that effect. She let him go on a wild piece of knight-errantry, watched him appeal to uniformed men who sent little boys dashing hither and thither. Finally he returned with assorted spoil. Vingie secured the violets in leisurely fashion while the young man watched as in a dream.

He Admired the Adorableness of Her Hands as She Coaxed on Gloves

"I've given you a great deal of trouble," she said in a gentle voice. "I'm ever so grateful, particularly as you look dreadfully worried. You see, I rather value these violets, as it happens."

"They come out at three pounds the dozen bunches wholesale, but I dare say you paid ten shillings for them," he replied absently, and then blushed scarlet.

"What on earth ——" began Vingie.

Omnipotence descended on them, wrapped in a smile.

"This way, madam," exclaimed Omnipotence, and swooped forward into the restaurant. He revealed his carefully wrought miracle, a table decently secluded, not too near the bank and not too far away. Vingie seated herself, the young man collapsed into the chair on her right. A waiter commenced the ritual of luncheon.

"Of course, it's all a mistake, and you aren't to pay for my lunch," said Vingie with a happy sigh; "though now we are here, you may as well tell me what's on your mind. But, my dear man, for heaven's sake pretend to look after me, and order some food and put a brave face on things, or they'll think I'm a nurse in plain clothes and you're my patient."

The young man, turning to the waiter, rapped out a sequence of commands in the most hard-hearted fashion. Then he became his mild, distracted self.

"My name is Anthony Brooks," he began; "and, as you suggest, I am in sad trouble. But you would hardly understand, for I don't suppose business ever comes into your life. I hope it never will, Miss—er ——"

"I'm Virginia Lauriston. Go on!" commanded Vingie.

He smiled as one humoring a woman or a lunatic

"I am at the parting of the ways," he declared "Either I continue and risk everything, or I get out and remain with a pittance. If only I knew a little about women I could make up my mind more easily."

Vingie looked at him pitifully.

"You don't mean you're going to get married?" she asked

Anthony Brooks blushed, put down his soup spoon and looked her squarely in the face.

"Before the war my father was comparatively a wealthy man," he explained. "We lived in some luxury at Surbiton, and I never imagined I should need to work. However, he has just died and I find myself with a few thousand pounds and a dressmaking business in Bond Street, which father owned. He was a widower, and at one time I believe there may have been something between him and the manageress of those days. However, she left when the business began to lose money. It's been losing money ever since. What I must settle is whether to try to make it pay, or sell it for what it will fetch. My capital isn't large enough to divide. If I stick to the business all the money will have to go into it."

Vingie shook her adorable head gravely.

"I want grilled sole, please," she said. . . . "There's not the faintest use your trying to run this dressmaking show alone. My dear man, you were born a victim for women. Any woman could do what she pleased with you. Look where you've landed this morning, for instance—at lunch with me, a complete stranger, just because I meant you to."

"Women," retorted Anthony Brooks with the bigoted assurance of the entirely ignorant, "are just like anybody else. Treat them fairly and they will respond fairly; attempt to browbeat them and they will burst into tears and break their hearts."

"My dear," said Vingie very sincerely, "take your few thousands and buy an annuity or war loan, or hire a piano organ and grind it in the streets; but give up this idea of a dressmaking business. You'll be bullied by your staff and find yourself dressing a lot of customers free of charge, simply because they've told you some hard-luck story."

"I raised the wages of the staff only this morning," confessed Anthony Brooks defiantly. "They have as

(Continued on Page 46)

CLOSED CAR COMFORT

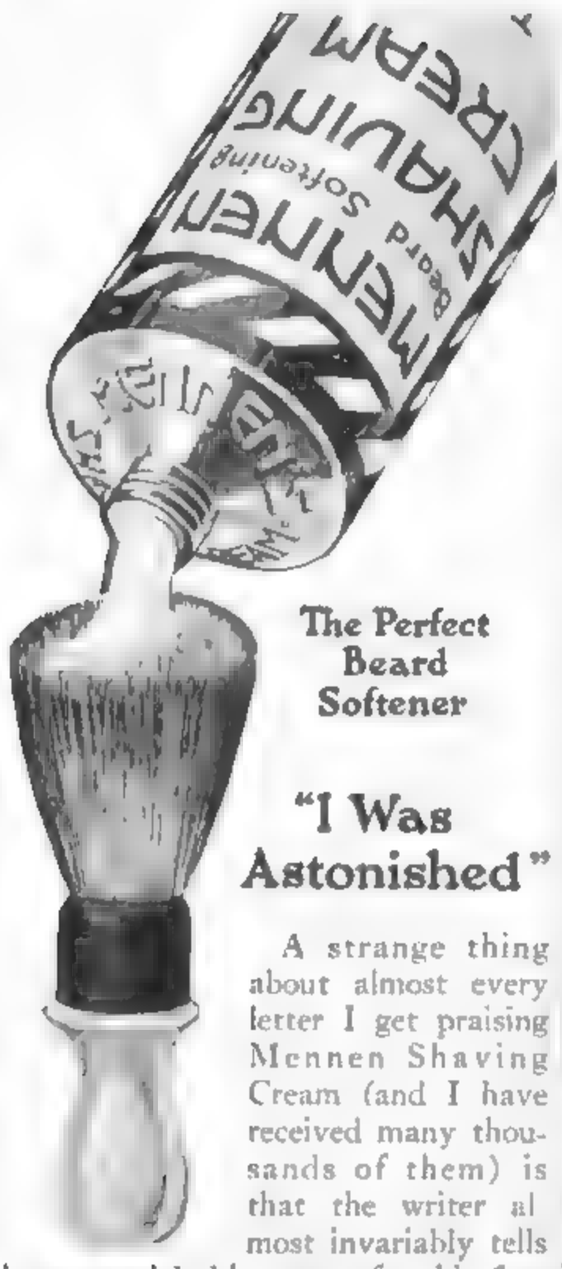
Equipped with a heater of exceptional capacity, and with doors and windows snugly weather-stripped, the Business Sedan is invitingly warm on the coldest days.

You discover, too, that the seat-backs are perfectly tilted for maximum ease; that the seats themselves are generously deep and upholstered in blue Spanish leather of the finest quality.

These impressions of interior comfort are further emphasized when the car gets under way, and you experience the admirable balance and buoyancy of the new spring suspension.

The price of the Business Sedan is $1250 f. o. b. Detroit

DODGE BROTHERS



The Perfect Beard Softener

"I Was Astonished"

A strange thing about almost every letter I get praising Mennen Shaving Cream (and I have received many thousands of them) is that the writer almost invariably tells how *astonished* he was, after his first trial, to find that Mennen's was exactly as good as I have been claiming it to be for ten years.

I wonder if this curious skepticism is the reason why you have not yet tried Mennen's. I will absolutely guarantee, on a money back basis, that your first trial will convince you on these points:

The smallest amount of cream you ever tried to shave with will absorb more water and form into the firmest, creamiest, most copious lather that ever covered your face.

Your beard will be more convincingly softened than it ever was before. Your razor will seem sharper than you have believed a razor could be and it will remove your beard without a twinge—smoothly, closely and comfortably.

After a rinse with cold water and a flick of our "Talcum for Men," your skin will feel soft, delightfully stimulated and without a suggestion of tightness or itching.

If that seems quite a lot to guarantee, listen to these extra virtues:

You do not have to rub in the lather with fingers.

You can use any kind of water—cold, hard, sulphur, iron or alkaline—and get perfect results.

Boro-glycerine, the wonderful emollient in Mennen's, is the most soothing skin conditioner that ever touched your face.

Buy a tube—either the economical 50 cent size or the convenient 35 cent tube for traveling. Use it for a week. If unconvinced send tube to me and I will refund purchase price.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

(Continued from Page 44.

much right to the money as I have. After all, they produce it—that is, they would produce it if the place wasn't being run at a loss."

"I would like *pêche Melba*, please," murmured Vingie in a far-away voice. Her gray-green eyes saw visions of splendor; she molded costly fabrics on the supple forms of beautiful girls; the fame of her name ricocheted from boudoir to baronial hall; she created costumes for musical comedies and remedied the dry respectability of clothes worn in court circles. She intrigued with charmeuse and dreamed in cloth of gold.

"On the other hand," she went on, "if you were to take me into partnership I could raise a little capital and save you from this fatal softness of yours where women are concerned. A good many useful people would come to us for their clothes out of sheer curiosity. I could get a little work out of the blond enchantresses whose wages you've just raised. The maitre d'hôtel can tell you all about me; and if you care to ring up the Foreign Minister, he's an old friend of mine. Besides, I know a man on the Daily Tale who'd give us some very useful publicity. It's always rather a stunt if a society girl tries to do a job of work."

Anthony Brooks looked doubtfully across the small table. He had heard of sirens without ever meeting one, and although her clothes, her appurtenances and a certain expectation of being obeyed commended Vingie to him, he had not the remotest idea who had paid for her belongings, and her name meant nothing in Surbiton.

"What is your real reason for suggesting a partnership?" he asked with dreadful cunning.

Vingie exhaled a little cloud of scented smoke.

"Adventure, the fight for a business that's going downhill and an opportunity to run a show of my own," she answered. "You'll never get so good an offer from anybody else. I'll put up a thousand pounds capital and not take a penny out till the place is paying. Harden your heart, Mr. Brooks, and take the plunge."

"Who are your solicitors, please?" inquired Mr. Brooks, still darkly.

"Scrymgeour, Scrymgeour & Fortescue, 1002 St. James's Street," she answered, giving the name of Sir Charles' men of business without a second's hesitation.

"Mine are Abrahams & Abrahams, 4914 Chancery Lane."

Vingie drew money from her wrist bag.

"Let's go and pick up one of your lawyers in a taxi and take him round to Scrymgeour and fix it," she suggested.

"I insist on paying for lunch," began Mr. Brooks, turning rather red; but she raised a protesting hand.

"This is a Dutch treat, partner. When the business is paying you can take me out and celebrate. Till then we'll settle our own expenses."

It is certain that the chiseled, aristocratic profile of Mr. Scrymgeour expressed all if not more than he felt when the ward of his distinguished client Sir Charles Gillespie came with alien solicitors and an entire stranger to enter into a deed of partnership. The very furniture in the room—and nothing had been touched since 1721—cried fie upon this outrage.

Nevertheless the influence of a pretty girl is such that no open quarrel ensued, although the whole affair ruined Mr. Scrymgeour's golf for several weeks. They delved in balance sheets and audits, hereunto and thereunto they set their seals, and the deed was done.

Vingie, entering Number 10 Criteria Mansions toward the hour of dinner, clung in exhaustion to Mary and then sank onto a divan—a black satin divan bestrewn with cushions.

"Mary!" she gasped. "I'm quite dead, but I've taken a quarter share in a frock shop. For heaven's sake tear my things off and get me the hottest bath and half fill it with bath salts. I want to wallow and gloat."

"Really, miss!" responded Mary politely, answering the first part of the remark.

She coaxed off shoes and stockings, removed a frock and loosened masses of wavy hair. A small private smile played about her mouth.

"Tell me what you're grinning at!" demanded Vingie.

The smile widened and Mary glanced down coyly.

"It's the hall porter, miss," she confessed. "As you said, he is rather good-looking, and such a gentlemanly young fellow."

III

IN THE early morning seclusion of 14 Breath Street, Bond Street, Anthony Brooks showed Vingie his little world.

"This is the salon," he explained proudly.

She saw a medium-sized room done in green and gold, vile with velvet, its mirrors molded and twisted and gilded. She nodded speechlessly.

A tall blond girl slumped across the carpet in a sidelong crawl, one shoulder higher than the other, knees pressed together. The expression on her face suggested contemptuous refusal to put a penny in someone's missionary box. She exhibited one of the house's evening gowns. Wherever trimming could go on it, trimming was.

"Miss Dodsworthy, our star manikin," beamed Anthony Brooks.

Vingie nodded again. She dared not speak.

"This," he continued, indicating a highly modern young person of twenty-two in black charmeuse that showed every line of her boyish figure, bobbed haired, silk ankled, manicured and made up to the eyes, "is Miss Buxton, our manageress."

Vingie smiled genially on Miss Buxton, with hell in her heart, and put out a slender hand.

"And this," concluded Anthony Brooks, in the manner of a chairman introducing the comic turn, "is Miss Glymp, who is learning the business."

Vingie beheld a sallow-faced girl of sixteen with black hair and the sharpest eyes in the world. She wore her hair in a plait, dressed in black alpaca and appeared to be on the alert for a slap or a scolding at any moment.

"Now then, Miss Glymp!" admonished Miss Buxton.

The eyes of Vingie flickered for one second in the eyes of Miss Glymp, to breed complete understanding. A hand stretched out to grasp Miss Glymp's little paw.

"Good morning," said Vingie, and the undercurrent implied: "Don't worry, Cinderella. Watch me handle the two ugly sisters!"

Anthony Brooks led Vingie away to his private office. The manageress and the manikin gazed after.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Miss Buxton.

"T's! T's!" agreed Miss Dodsworthy, resuming a natural pose.

"A fine madam to bring into a respectable business, I don't think!" elaborated Miss Buxton.

"Loathsome!" said Miss Dodsworthy languidly.

A faint giggle startled their ears. It came from Miss Glymp. It was the first time she had ever dared to giggle.

"Now then, sauce!" snarled Miss Buxton. "Have you tidied your showroom? No? Then go and tidy it this instant!"

"You know, Anthony," said Vingie, leaning back in the visitor's chair, "this place is absolutely fatal."

"I don't understand," he faltered, a little shocked at the use of his Christian name.

"That room—those women! The room looks like a coffin maker's dream of heaven, and the two women simply make one's skin feel like sandpaper all over. The kid's all right. She's got some brains."

"What do you suggest?" inquired Anthony a little stiffly.

"Get the decorators in and get the women out, I should think. No decent person would put up with either. By the way, is that strange garment on Miss Dodsworthy's rather limp back a fair specimen of the goods we stock, Anthony? If so, I think a rebuilding sale is indicated, with murderous reductions in all departments."

Anthony Brooks made a last ineffective stand against his beautiful tyrant.

"For many years my father, a respected man in the soft-goods trade, ran this business on these lines. I propose to continue. True, we aren't showing a profit, but owing to postwar depression, high taxation, and so on, times are bad. However, a trade boom is imminent ——"

Vingie held up a reproving finger.

"Newspaper stuff," she answered cruelly. "I don't propose to sit here till my chin sags, making an occasional ten pounds and thanking God the brokers aren't in, Anthony. If we aren't booming in less than a year I cut my losses and depart. I know all the people we want to get, the people with money or influence or both, and I'll get them. They don't live in Surbiton, but Surbiton will follow them, and so will Manchester and Yorkshire. Also, we'll find a new staff. Leave the women to me, my dear, and you keep the books and boss up the commissionaire who stands outside. Do you agree?"

"I insist," he said weakly, "on these ladies being given another chance."

Vingie sighed.

"Ring the bell, please," she commanded.

When Miss Glymp arrived, her dark eyes snapping, Vingie put a hand affectionately on her arm and requested the presence of Miss Dodsworthy.

The star manikin curved through the doorway in her filleted fashion, put a hand up to her blond head as though to reassure herself of its existence, and said, "You wished for me, Mr. Brooks?"

"No," explained Vingie, "I rather wanted to see you, Miss Dodsworthy. The point is, were you born tired or do you consider it ladylike?"

"I don't think I quite understand," observed Miss Dodsworthy loftily.

"Perhaps you aren't well?" suggested Vingie.

"I am in per-fect health, I thank you."

"I doubt if you could stand hacking ten miles to a meet, hunting all day in the rain and hacking eighteen miles home, Miss Dodsworthy."

"I am not acquainted with horse riding, nor wish to be. I have my figure to consider," retorted Miss Dodsworthy, looking at Vingie's lines with a disparaging stare.

"Well, the fact is I'm a partner in this business now. If you care to go through a stiff course of physical culture and elocution we might be able to use you. Otherwise ——"

"I do not think I should care ——"

"Fired, Anthony," said Vingie briefly. "Good morning, Miss Dodsworthy. Send in Miss Buxton, please."

"No wonder women hate one another. Anything more heartless I never imagined," declared Anthony.

"Can't afford passengers, my friend. . . . Oh, Miss Buxton, if you'll wash that stuff off your face, and be taught how to make up properly, and not show so much of your legs, and stop bullying that kid in there, you can stay on. Otherwise I'm afraid you'll have to go."

"Thank you, Mr. Brooks," said Miss Buxton, ignoring Vingie, "I should like to leave instantly."

"I suggest a month's pay each, Anthony," was Vingie's only comment. "Now we'll ring up a good decorator and get a typist along. We must put out these sale notices and start looking for a couple of decent manikins, and get onto the wholesale houses. I'll manage the place for the time being, with that kid as my second string. Hurry, there's a dear!"

At night she found awaiting her a note from Sir Charles. He wrote:

My dear Vingie, Scrymgeour has acquainted me with your business transactions. He seems filled with alarm. Personally, I take up the attitude of Gamaliel, who observed in another connection "If this counsel or this work be of men it will come to naught. But if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it."

Nevertheless I ought to warn you that in my experience a man who will enter into financial arrangements with a woman to whom he is not related by marriage or kinship is invariably an insufferable blighter.

Your affectionate
CHARLES GILLESPIE.

"Poor darling," murmured Vingie sympathetically. "How I hate leaving him! But it has to be. Some day I'll take Anthony down to Wynwood and show how harmless he is."

She was too busy to do more than sigh. Anthony Brooks, far from being one of Nature's born gamblers, hung heavy on her hands, grudging the expenditure of capital. Vingie drove him as with whips to a decorative scheme of gray and powder-blue, hired two sylphs who displayed frocks like fallen angels, and replenished the stock in the spirit of a girl trained from infancy to depend on clothes. Nevertheless prosperity lagged.

She sat one sunlit morning, the loveliest thing in London, opposite him, staring across the private office of 14 Breath Street, Bond Street, the curve of her chin propped on her two hands.

"Anthony," she said at last, "get me a taxi. I'm going to do what is called enlisting the services of the press."

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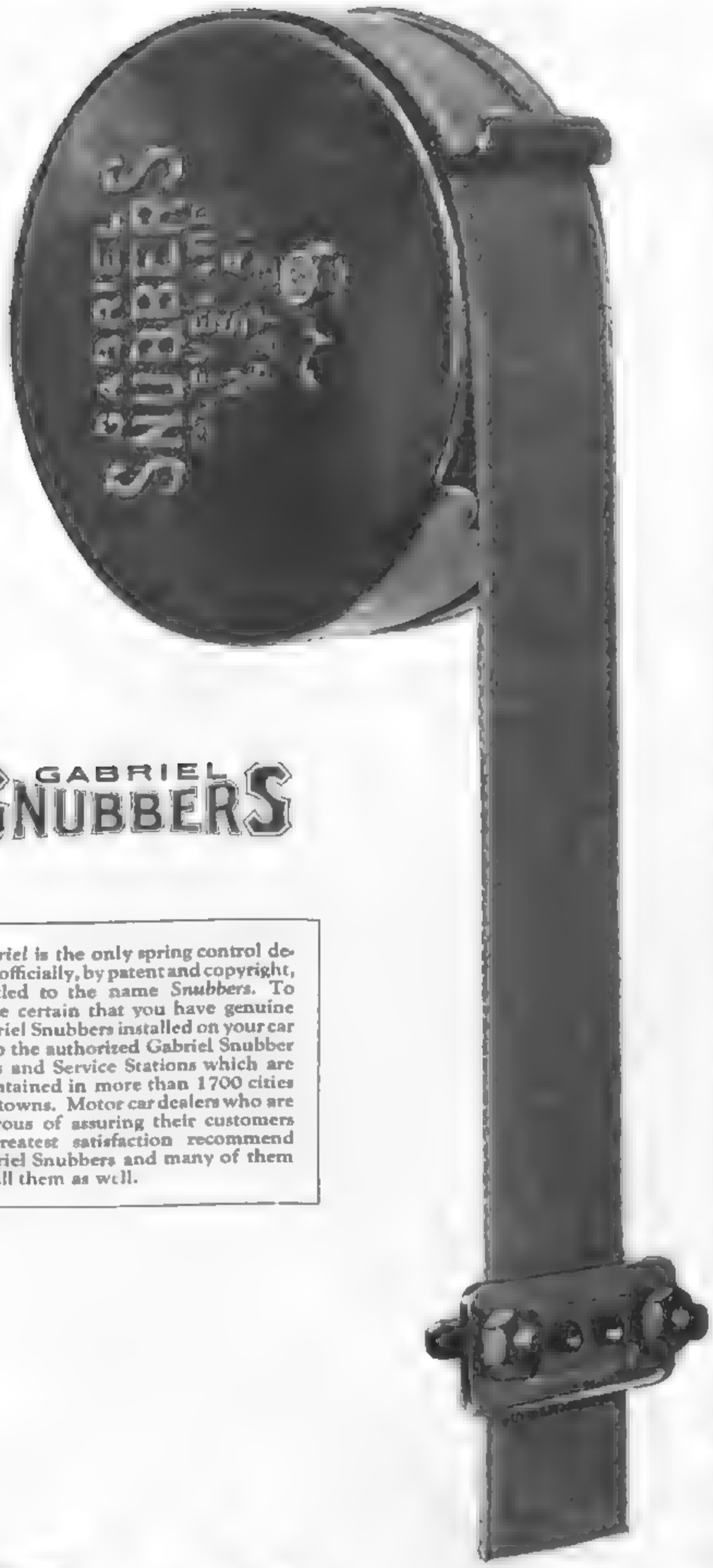

GABRIEL SNUBBERS

Gabriel is the only spring control device officially, by patent and copyright, entitled to the name *Snubbers*. To make certain that you have genuine Gabriel Snubbers installed on your car go to the authorized Gabriel Snubber Sales and Service Stations which are maintained in more than 1700 cities and towns. Motor car dealers who are desirous of assuring their customers of greatest satisfaction recommend Gabriel Snubbers and many of them install them as well.

You Can Safely Accept the Endorsement of 61 Car Manufacturers

Imagine even one great motor car manufacturer so far endorsing and honoring a comfort-device as *to drill holes in the frame of every car he builds* so that the buyer can quickly have it attached.

Multiply one great manufacturer by 31 and you have the facts in regard to the unique and extraordinary tribute which American automobile producers have paid the Gabriel Snubber.

Thirty of them have made Gabriels part of their standard equipment—31 others have paved the way so that the public can simply and economically take advantage of Gabriel.

And what are these advantages which have so impressed motor car manufacturers with real pride in their product that they consider that Gabriel Snubbers add something which even the most careful motor car engineering cannot give?

It is because they know that Gabriel Snubbers make the car ride easier. That the passengers are not conscious of ordinary irregularities in the road. That driving is in every way more comfortable.

They know that Gabriel relieves the car of excessive road shock; that this means longer life to the car, greater mileage on tires and very much less servicing.

The manufacturer knows that these things all contribute in a marked way to owner satisfaction and that owner satisfaction is essential to the continued prosperity of the dealer and the car maker.

That is why so many factories provide the means for easily attaching Gabriel Snubbers. That is why so many dealers recommend them.

There are Gabriel Snubber Sales and Service Depots in more than 1700 cities, where Gabriel Snubbers can be installed efficiently and without long delay on any size car.

Gabriel Manufacturing Company, Cleveland, Ohio
Gabriel Manufacturing Company of Canada, Toronto, Ontario
Sales & Service Everywhere

Gabriel Snubbers

Greater Riding Comfort

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IT GRIPS HARD AND FAST

From an actual unretouched photograph

"We can say this for Goodyear All-Weather Tread Solid Truck Tires: In snow and mud their traction is excellent. Further, they give a satisfactory service generally."—
Fisher Body Corporation, Detroit, Michigan.

You get gripping tractive power for your heavy-duty hauling on winter roads and streets when you shoe your truck with Goodyear All-Weather Tread Solid Truck Tires. The high, thick, sharp-edged blocks of that powerful tread take a skidless hold and drive forward with irresistible force. And along with this hold-fast, go-ahead traction you get remarkable cushioning and long, economical wear.

Goodyear Means Good Wear

GOODYEAR

The right tire for your hauling is made by Goodyear—Cords, Cushions and Solids with the All Weather Tread, and smooth surfaced Solids, also. Sold and serviced everywhere by Goodyear Truck Tire Service Station Dealers

(Continued from Page 46

"We can't afford any more advertising," began Anthony, but she waved him aside.

"It won't cost anything, you poor fish. You never realize what good copy I am, or how many people I know. Look at my face, my figure, my name, my clothes! News editors have more sense than you, Anthony; especially my darling Mr. Berriman."

At 11:30 A.M. she found that pleasant man in the vast premises of the Daily Tale, his clean-shaven, clever face alert for the possibility of news. Telephones hedged him round, and damp proofs fluttered all about him.

"My dear Miss Lauriston, how do you do? No doubt you bring me the historic scoop at last!" he beamed, with one eye on the clock.

Vingie shook her head and smiled. She made a fair ornament in that soulless, efficient room.

"Only a little personal one at the moment. I've started a frock shop—Society Beauty Takes to Commerce. But any facilities regarding divorce, blackmail or scandal that come along are yours for the asking, and I'll really buy a wee little bit of advertising space if you insist. Don't you think you could send a nice sympathetic reporter to interview me? Do make it a man, though. Women are so hard on their own kind."

Mr. Berriman began to think aloud in the terms of his craft.

"Beauty in Business—Aristocrat Acquires Atelier—Gifted Girl's Gesture in Gowns," he murmured. "I think we might risk half a column, Miss Lauriston. There's always a certain sentimental interest about putting a butterfly to work."

"Of course, I take my work intensely seriously, Mr. Berriman."

"Undoubtedly. They always do. If you could spare half an hour at three P.M.? Thank you so much!" murmured Mr. Berriman, and bowed her out.

Nevertheless, the rise of the business, the first steps of Anthony Brooks towards becoming Lord Mayor of London, the solvency of Vingie, and many other miracles date from that historic afternoon. At the bidding of his chief, Mr. Gilbert Anstruther, late of Oxford University, took a taxicab westward and wrote the famous interview that began:

In the Forest of Arden, which clods do call Breath Street W. I found Titania wielding magic shears. Fairies of surpassing beauty [illegible] forms these gossamer [illegible] whose composition is of dragon flies' wings. I was [illegible] a scene of a jewel daughter of the idle rich that I might veil my charms [illegible] the woven lyrics which the Hon. Virginia Lauriston, another of our aristocracy to descend into the bustling marts of commerce, is merchandising with such grace and brio in a promising new venture.

Here followed a Latin quotation, but the subeditor swore and cut it out.

It brought Vingie the Goold-Tamberlaine wedding to dress. Every profiteer's wife rushed to Breath Street, where, surely, an honorable would know exactly the right thing for her to wear. Vingie appeared at important first nights and the very select dance clubs, in a sequence of toilets that wrung tears of envy to ruin many a carefully wrought complexion. As a crowning triumph she designed the gowns for the cabaret scene in one of Mr. Dorian's remarkable superrevues.

On a day when the sun shone passionately into her little personal room in Breath Street, where she sat at her Louis Quinze escritoire, her eyes sparkling with the delirium of business, the little side curls that hid her ears darling enough to break any man's heart, Lord Fordingbridge, his majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, drew up his pair-horse phaeton outside these Arcadian premises. The noble lord descended caressed the shining quarter of the near wheeler, nodded to the commissionaire, and ambled into the reception room, his gray tall hat slightly atilt, a flaming carnation in the buttonhole of his gray frock coat. He removed the hat, and a genial smile lightened his rubicund countenance as Miss Glymp came to receive him. He patted her absently on the head.

"I should be greatly obliged if Miss Lauriston could spare me a moment," he rumbled. "Will you run along like a good little gal and tell her Lord Fordingbridge would like to see her, please?"

Miss Glymp, who had never hitherto had her head patted, been called a little gal, or run along anywhere, disappeared in some disorder. Lord Fordingbridge, who stood six feet two in his socks, prowled absently into the salon and beheld the two sylphs posturing in joy gowns for a lady client. He screwed an eyeglass firmly into position and began frankly to enjoy himself, until Miss Glymp led him to Vingie.

Lord Fordingbridge lifted her slender fingers to his lips, looked doubtfully at the furniture, and subsided, with misgivings, onto a window seat.

"My dear, my dear, this is all very preposterous, and yet it has its charm," he began. "You look positively blooming, if I may say so. Charles is widowed and despondent, but he tries to bear up. He asked me to tell you Lycidas is an absolute gift for the Canterbury Cup. I can get you on at twenties, but mum's the word."

"I gamble in better things these days, George dear. I'm quite indecently well off. Is there anything I can do for you?"

Lord Fordingbridge sighed.

"This place reminds me so much of a certain young woman's surroundings in the Paris of my youth," he said irrelevantly. "Still, I couldn't very well call at your flat. I should have liked to send Rupert—youth to youth, my dear Virginia—but alas, an estrangement seems to have come between you two. Rupert's a great stickler for etiquette. He declined to thrust himself on you. Y'see, I'm rather at my wit's end, and I think you could help me if you would."

Vingie pressed a bell.

"Russian tea and cigarettes, and I'm engaged for the next hour," she commanded Miss Glymp.

Lord Fordingbridge sipped his amber drink, savored his cigarette and gazed at her through half-shut eyes. She avoided his gaze.

"Rupert and I—oh, well, I expect I hurt his feelings. You see, I couldn't marry him—life's too exciting for marriage—and now I'm so busy I never see a man of any sort except Anthony, my partner. Anthony's an awful dear in many ways, but——"

"I know, I know. Never without his regimental tie since Armistice Day," sympathized his lordship, and paused. "I suppose," he went on slowly, "I should be considered an impertinent old man if I asked whether Miss Mauricette Maxwell comes here for her dresses?"

Vingie surveyed him thoughtfully.

"Not at the moment, but she will. She wears one of my gowns in Dorian's revue; and after she saw it what there was of it I haven't much doubt. What makes you ask?"

"It's a long story," declared his lordship dreamily. "I regret to say it points to the depravity of man and the duplicity of woman. All flesh is grass, my dear, but some grass is greener than other; and in this case the man ought to know better. Still, which of us who live in glass houses dares cast the first stone? He's a high official if he's the man I think he is."

"Yes, dear; but what's all the mystery?"

"Ah!" exclaimed Lord Fordingbridge with the air of one laying down the ace of trumps. "Y'see, Mauricette Maxwell isn't Mauricette Maxwell at all. That is, she is as far as she goes—you follow me, don't you?—but the content of the bottle doesn't always correspond to the label on the outside. She's not British or American, as she sounds. I don't really know what she is. Her mother was French, and her father—*je ne sais quoi*. Let's presume he was a Pole, or a Magyar, or a Russian. Anyway, Mauricette's linked up with somebody's secret service, and she's caught our poor friend X in her toils. That is, I think it's X. It might be Y or Z. If anybody writes a check for her account with you I wish you'd let me see it before you pay it into your bank. I'd like to hush things up if possible. Terrible thing if it got in the papers. After all, none of us'd like the skeleton in his cupboard washed in public, would we?"

He rose to his feet with grave dignity and bent over Vingie's hand. He passed out to his phaeton, a fine survival of the old school, gathered up the reins and clattered splendidly away.

Vingie remained at her desk, deep in thought.

"I don't like this idea of mixing up business with Foreign Office work," she pondered. "On the other hand, it may give me some kind of hold over Rupert. I consider Rupert has behaved very badly just because I wouldn't marry him. Who on earth would marry Rupert, or any other man, at the first time of asking, unless she were Miss Glymp or someone like that? He's never written to me, or been to see me, or asked me to dine with him. I think a little cruelty would do him good."

The telephone bell tinkled faintly. Miss Mauricette Maxwell's maid wished to make an appointment for Miss Mauricette Maxwell to discuss the subject of frocks. Vingie put down the receiver with a little gasp.

"Now, how much does George, or Rupert, or both of them know, and how do they find it out?" she demanded solemnly of space.

Her brain began to weave the tortuous, involved plans peculiar to females, all seemingly ridiculous, yet very much to the point if only people knew.

"I think I'll take Anthony down to Wynwood in the car this week-end," she decided. "Rupert is sure to be there. It would seem appropriate for him to know Anthony. Rupert's too fond of imagining nothing exists outside his own world."

Though Anthony Brooks had not the faintest desire to visit Wynwood, being perfectly happy to drowse away the week-end at Mon Plaisir, his Surbiton home alternating perusal of the Sunday papers with a little clock golf on the lawn, fortified by the Sunday luncheon of roast beef, two vegetables, trifle, and half a bottle of that excellent Burgundy he picked up from a man in the city who unfortunately went bankrupt—yet Vingie had her way, because clay cannot presume to argue with the potter.

She took him down personally in the little ten-horse-power Wonderful she had bought out of her profits. The limited space precluded much luggage, and Anthony wondered in misery whether he had sufficient changes of raiment for stately surroundings.

Vingie presented him to Sir Charles and poured tea for him on the sunlit terrace. The butler terrified him; he sat in gloom, juggling drearily with a cup of tea and a piece of bread and butter.

"The enterprises of commerce hold great fascination for me," declared Sir Charles with his imperishable charm. "Observe how beautiful woman lays the whole earth under tribute, from the silks and perfumes of the East to the furs of the Arctic."

"Mostly wood fiber and pussycat nowadays, sir, I'm afraid," replied Anthony with ghastly mirth.

"I rejoice, moreover, that my ward has enjoyed the benefit of your ripe experience in this undertaking of hers," pursued Sir Charles blandly. "You have been the soul of good nature, Mr. Brooks. Believe me, I am not ungrateful."

"Not at all. Pleasure, I'm sure," muttered the wretched guest, reddening to the edge of his ears.

"Charles darling," interrupted Vingie, "surely Rupert is somewhere about? I haven't seen a sign of him."

"Oh, he'll be along presently. He got rather hot knocking the balls about on the tennis court, and I think he's changing," explained Sir Charles.

Even as he spoke a tall, immaculate figure, with all the aloofness of a very superior god, stepped through the French window and advanced towards them.

"Oh, hullo, Rupert!" Virginia began in a little bored drawl. "By the way, have you met my friend Anthony Brooks?"

"Ah! How do you do?" said Rupert Frack impersonally. "Delightful day for motoring down. I trust the car ran well, Virginia."

He seated himself apart, and glanced vaguely at Anthony Brooks rather as a man inspects the bacillus of a new disease, striving as it were to appear interested and failing entirely to conceal very natural horror.

"We're making a great deal of money these days, Rupert," Vingie went on. "I'm getting to be quite an heiress. Probably Charles has told you."

"No," replied Rupert with terrible politeness. "I don't think we discussed the matter. I should love to hear all about it, but Selby absolutely insisted I should dine at Irvingdean and stay over tomorrow. He delivers his big speech on the Near East in the House next week, and he wished to discuss certain points with me. In fact, I'll have to run away almost at once. My kit is already in the car."

He rose and smiled like the moon shining upon the crests of the Himalayas.

(Continued on Page 50)

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"Good-by!" he exclaimed. "Good-by, Mr.—er—Brooks." With a faint inclination of the head in Vingie's direction, he retired as he had come. Sir Charles gazed in rapture at the distant woods.

"We have indeed reason to be grateful to our ancestors for their devoted efforts in afforestation, Mr. Brooks," he began, while Vingie's teeth met viciously in a macaroon biscuit.

Very soon after dinner she retired to rest, alleging fatigue. No one's appearance at breakfast on Sunday coincided with that of Anthony, and Sir Charles proved to be his only companion at luncheon. As it transpired, he passed the day much as he would have done at Mon Plaisir; but he remembers the Burgundy at dinner as something to dwell upon, and Sir Charles' port went straight to his heart. He recalls gratefully an excellent cigar or two, and has vague memories of a discussion on trout fishing afterwards. Vingie compelled him to leave very early on Monday morning in order to reach Breath Street by nine A.M. Nevertheless he preserves a tender feeling for the aristocracy. They understand, he declares, the art of living, and devote much thought to that end.

IV

NOW, even the weariest river winds somewhere safe to sea. On a day when the presence of bright sunshine coincided with the weekly cheap train to London from Great Booking—a place of ninety-three houses, not to be confused with Little Booking, which boasts only twenty-seven—Ella Fairbody decided to avail herself of the railway company's generosity. She was a person accustomed to make these gentle decisions from which, once made, she never departed.

She put on her gray organdie frock with the cerise touches, which she had made herself, aided by a paper pattern, because Ella was clever with her needle, and there is no use throwing money away on these dressmakers, and the gray shoes and stockings and hat to match. Nevertheless she took her umbrella, because you never know in this climate. She brushed her mid-brown hair rather carefully, and rubbed a powder puff over her face with a pleasant slight feeling of wickedness. There was no need to add color, because she had one of those wild-rose complexions although going on for twenty-seven. She met Mrs. Hickman at the station, who, seeing Ella in her best dress standing on the up platform in time for the 11:30 train, which does not stop after Great Booking, said "Are you going to London, Miss Fairbody?" and Ella smiled and said "Yes" and bridled a little as though confessing to something rather devilish.

At 2:30 she passed through the door of 14 Breath Street, Bond Street, paused, and raising her head, tilted it slightly to one side. Her eyes told her the place had altered; her instinct told her the alteration was for the worse. A faint perfume troubled her senses; the decorative scheme smote her as somehow unchaste. Miss Glymp, coming forward courageously instead of furtively, in a perfect little frock, her hair perfectly waved, offended Ella's sense of righteousness.

"I want to see Mr. Brooks. Is he in his room?" she asked in the voice she kept for servants.

"Mr. Brooks is engaged with Miss Lauriston at the moment. If you will kindly take a seat I will inform him. What name may I say, please?"

"Say Miss Fairbody, his fiancée," replied Ella coldly.

Miss Glymp, internally convulsed by Ella's gown, glided perfidiously to Anthony's room. She found him in animated discussion with Vingie, who laid down her views on business policy.

"Miss Fairbody wishes to see you, sir," murmured Miss Glymp.

A pale perspiration bedewed Anthony's forehead. Although he had done no wrong, vague sickness afflicted his internal economy. Notwithstanding he passed a careworn hand over his brow and said, "Please bring her here."

Vingie raised shocked eyebrows.

"But Anthony ——" she began.

Anthony did not heed. Even as a condemned man on the morning of execution reviews all the delicate and desirable things of life he is about to leave, so Anthony Brooks said a mute farewell to the pleasant associations of the last six months—the charms and genius of Vingie, the business losses turned into 100 per cent net profit, the glimpses of a charming, secure world not his own.

The door opened and Ella came in, holding her umbrella across her body as one nurses a baby.

"Anthony dear!" she exclaimed, halted one pace from him, and held up her face in sure and certain hope.

In the execution of his duty he bent and kissed her.

Vingie stood rooted to the carpet. She saw Anthony turn to her and heard him say, "This is Miss Fairbody, my fiancée." There was that in his eyes which almost evoked pity from her, but not quite.

She put out a slender hand, smiled and murmured "How do you do?"

But her heart cried out for whips and thumbscrews to be applied to Anthony! He should never have allowed the situation to occur.

"I expect you'll have all sorts of things to talk about," she went on politely. "Perhaps you'll both come and have tea in my room at four o'clock?"

She passed out, an adorable figure, far too adorable in fact. As the door closed behind her Ella put her head very slightly on one side.

"Anthony ——" she began.

In her own room, Vingie sat lonely at her desk. She reviewed the entire scheme of things with marked distaste.

"It's very curious," she reflected, "but I s'pose, human nature being what it is, I oughtn't to be surprised. I haven't the vaguest affection for Anthony, and if he were to kiss me I should scream. Yet the fact that he's engaged to that terrible young woman has taken away every scrap of interest I ever had in this job. P'r'aps it's because of her dreadful mind. She probably thinks I want him for myself. Vingie dear, your latest wild oat has run rather to seed, I'm afraid. How on earth am I to get out of all this? Anyhow for sheer pride I simply must produce a man of my own."

A light yet firm knock fell on the door. It opened to reveal Ella Fairbody. She closed the door, smiled in saintly fashion, seated herself and folded her hands in her lap. She conveyed mutely that she was glad her clothes were what they were, instead of resembling Vingie's.

"Miss Lauriston," she began, "I wish to be quite frank."

"If there is anything to be quite frank about, Miss Fairbody," replied Vingie in her most silky voice, "that is undoubtedly the best course."

Ella Fairbody sighed.

"The world is a very difficult place," she proceeded. "I've been having a look round with Anthony, and I don't quite like the tone of this establishment, now it's altered. Those two manikins, for instance—of course, they may be good girls, but they seem dreadfully brazen. There used to be a Miss Baxton here—such a ladylike person. And that Miss Glymp has become a very pert little girl. The whole atmosphere here is quite changed, it's—well, it strikes me it is not quite nice."

"What is 'nice'?" asked Vingie.

Her visitor smiled even more icily.

"I think you know what I mean. Any woman would. And I do feel that for a young man who's engaged to one girl to be in quite such close association with another as Anthony is with you isn't quite—quite wise.

"You see, people are so uncharitable. I understand he's been to stay with your people, and you motored him down in your car, and he has had dinner at your flat. That seems to me rather a mistake."

"My dear woman, how on earth should I know he was engaged to you?" demanded the goaded Vingie. "I never heard of you till half an hour ago."

"Oh, of course, in that case——" admitted Ella Fairbody. "It seems strange, though, that he didn't tell you. Our love means a great deal to Anthony." Her entire form shrieked dumbly the one word "liar!"

Another knock fell on the door. There entered the cashier bearing a slip of pink paper.

"Excuse me, Miss Lauriston," she murmured; "but this is the check for Miss Maxwell's account. Your instructions were to bring it to you at once."

"Thank you," said Vingie absently. She examined the check, saw that it bore the signature, Gerald Loxley, Capt. 91st Hussars, and leaped at once to a brilliant rearguard action.

"Forgive me one moment," she continued, picked up the telephone receiver and asked for the Foreign Office. "Miss Lauriston speaking. Give me Lord Fordingbridge, please. Is that Lord Fordingbridge? Oh, George, the Maxwell check has come. I wish you'd send Rupert down at once to look at it. . . . No, not made out in her name. . . . Yes, a man. I particularly want Rupert. Send him in a car, will you? It's rather urgent. Thank you ever so much. Good-by."

Ella Fairbody, whose mind had never worked at such dizzy speed as Vingie's, felt more than ever convinced of her hostess' iniquity. Vingie turned to her with cruel calm.

"In the circumstances, of course, I shall withdraw from this concern," she announced. "It seems a pity to take capital out of the business just when it's booming, but that naturally is no affair of mine. Perhaps you can spare Mr. Brooks for half an hour to arrange the details. . . . That's very kind of you, Miss Fairbody. Would you mind telling him as you go out?"

He entered slowly, and for a second she pitied him even as on that far-off day at the Savoy when he had seemed so young and distraught. But hell holds no fury like a woman scorned.

Vingie turned on him the two glinting bits of green-gray ice that were her eyes and said, "You might really have told me you were engaged, Anthony. I dislike being accused of baby snatching by peculiar young women."

Like a cornered rat he burst out in despairing fury: "What about you? How do I know whether you're engaged or not? Why should I take all the blame?"

"My poor thing," she answered mildly, "don't let's quarrel just as we're about to part. Heaven knows you've enough trouble on your hands! What on earth made you get engaged to such a—shall I say conventional—person?"

"You ought to know. You told me once any woman could do anything she liked with me. I'm damned if I can tell you why!" groaned the stricken man before her.

"Mr. Rupert Frack to see you, moddom," announced Miss Glymp.

When Anthony had staggered forth Rupert stood before Vingie for a moment with all his soul in his eyes. She sat with her elbows on the desk, her beautiful head drooped, and she played absently with Miss Maxwell's check.

As he tried vainly to harden his heart she glanced up reproachfully and said, "Why don't you stop being such a brute to me?"

To this there is no more answer than to the classic question, "Why don't you give up beating your wife?"

He commenced to flounder in the morass churned up by his conflicting emotions.

"If only you'd chuck all this!" he exclaimed.

She flung out her hands, relinquishing the check.

"All this is giving up me. My partner's fiancée comes and accuses me of man stealing; I'm abused and humiliated; and still, Rupert, I've played the game to the end, and done what I undertook to do for George Fordingbridge and you. Here's the Maxwell woman's check. It's signed by a Capt. Gerald Loxley. Now I s'pose you'll want to run off and arrest him and leave me to fight a lone hand all by myself. Shall I ring and have a taxi called for you?"

"Captain Loxley? That clears us completely. We can now take up the matter with the War Office," announced Rupert triumphantly. Then his proud look humbled. "My dear Virginia, you've been an absolute brick. Your unselfishness in the midst of your own trouble moves me deeply. Of course, I was mad to think you would marry me; I'm not half good enough for you. I should like to see the man who is. If only you'll forgive me and let me help you whenever I may, in however humble a capacity ——"

Vingie rose from her chair. A faint glow of victory suffused her oval cheek. She hummed lightly the latest fox trot.

"If you will be kind enough to take me out of this hell!" she requested.

He stood in admiration while she pulled on the smartest little hat in London. He admired the adorableness of her hands as she coaxed on gloves. They went out side by side, a patrician pair, pausing only at Anthony's room. Rupert held the door

(Continued on Page 52)

Listening to the Steinway Concerto No. 1 in B flat minor

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Another IRISH Question

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"I would say that anyone who uses this oil in his Ford for a month or two cannot fail to appreciate its splendid lubricating qualities, ease of starting from cold, and freedom from carbon deposit."

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The best time to change to Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is when the engine is still warm after a fairly long run. On your way home you will pass a dealer who can supply you with Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" in a 1-gallon or 5-gallon can or a large steel drum for your home garage.

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VACUUM OIL COMPANY

(Continued from Page 50)

and followed Vingie into the last arena of her business life.

Ella Fairbody sat placidly in the visitor's armchair; Anthony stood in gloom before the fireplace. Ella Fairbody gasped almost audibly to behold Vingie garbed for departure, attended by a most desirable young man the sheen of whose silk hat, the cut of whose morning clothes made Anthony in his business suit resemble a mouse in the presence of lions.

"Anthony," said Vingie in her clear voice, "I'm going. Your solicitors can settle up the details with mine. This has been a peculiarly odious day, for which we have to thank Miss Fairbody alone. Good-by! Please believe I don't bear you the smallest ill will."

She held out a hand in farewell. Ella knew that for the moment she herself did not exist. She made a vow that Anthony should expiate this moment all down the merciless years.

"Rupert darling," cooed Vingie as his car bore them away, "be an angel and dine with me at the flat tonight. Tomorrow I shall give it up and return to my poor Charles. I don't suppose the dear lamb has had a happy moment since I went away."

"I should love to if you'll let me," answered Rupert, flinging his traditions to the winds.

IN THE rich calm of Wynwood's drawing-room, with Titian's celebrated Pink Lady smiling benignly on her from the southern wall, Vingie sipped coffee like a cat licking cream, and dwelt upon Sir Charles with maternal eyes.

"You don't know how delightful it is to share your roof again, Charles," she said peacefully. "I shall never find anyone like you as a husband. You've spoiled the rest of mankind for me from everlasting to everlasting. I begin to understand why you never married. All the other women in the world would have scratched her eyes out. The risk was too great, even to possess you."

"I confess I never thought of it in that way before, but perhaps you are right," responded Sir Charles.

"I've come back financially restored and spiritually bankrupt, darling."

"It is impossible to be at once spiritually and financially sound. That is the real reason why I have never possessed any pecuniary surplus, my dear Virginia."

The door opened to admit Lord Fordingbridge, picturesque in the eighteenth-century dress clothes, with stock and ruffled shirt, which he always wore.

"I've dealt with those accursed dispatches at last. They are part of the heavy price one pays for engaging in public life. You look exceptionally beautiful tonight, Virginia my child," he said benignly.

She smiled up at him in great content.

"Tell me how that affair of Mauricette's check ended, George. It all seems part of a bad dream, but I'd like to know."

Lord Fordingbridge creased his rubicund countenance into a reminiscent smile.

"Ah," he said, "I'm afraid that turned out to be a case of dog eating dog. You see, we had our suspicions of the lady and kept our eyes open; but the War Office had theirs too. So what do they do but tell off a good-looking cavalryman to make the running with her and see if she started asking awkward questions about how many bows and arrows we had in reserve and all that kind of thing.

"Well, of course, I couldn't know that, could I? So when you got Captain Whosit's check I tipped it off to the adjutant general, and as Captain What's His-Name was acting under instructions, the A. G. became quite tart about it. I'm afraid poor Rupert had a bad quarter of an hour with him."

"So you sent Rupert, and the adjutant general ticked him off," mused Vingie. She rose gracefully to her feet and extended a hand to Sir Charles.

"I think for the only time in your life you're wrong, Charles," she ended. "At the moment I am in truth spiritually and financially sound. Night-night, you dear things!"

PUBLIC MORALS

(A Rimed Editorial)

MAY I sing of the town of Elysia?
(I may add that the tale is a wow!)
I may? Then sit closer (though if you'd
said "No, sir!"
I'd have gone right ahead anyhow).
Here, then, is the story: The people one fall
Decided on building a new City Hall
With white marble flooring
And black walnut dooring
And deep chairs for snoring
And all.

They built it; and when it was finished
The townsmen agreed 'twas a bear!
From cellar to attic, the press was emphatic,
It hadn't a peer anywhere
One trifling omission, however, they caught:
A real arty picture, they said, should be
bought
And hung in the lobby.
A Rubens or Hobbe—
Ma ought to look nobby,
They thought.

But old masters, they found, are expensive.
So they looked for a young one instead
Whose rates would be cheaper than if the
Grim Reaper
Had left him some hundred years dead.
And searching around for a suitable man
The Mayor's Art Committee picked Titian
McCann,
Who'd just received mention
As worthy attention
For his picture Pink Gention
And Pan.

McCann worked a year on the picture
And was certain that when 'twas unveiled
Elysia the Vital—for that was its title—
Would be as a masterpiece hailed.
But the shock he received was unpleasantly
rude
When he heard the expressions, some loud
and all crude,
Of the Mayor's Art Committee,
Who saw their fair city
Depicted as pretty
But nude.

Alderman Kluck was indignant,
As were Aldermen Pugh and McGrath.
Alderman Kelly vibrated like jelly
So great was the force of his wrath.
Alderman Totten was openly sore.
Alderman Cotton was thirsty for gore.
Gee! how they muttered
And gosh! how they sputtered
And my! how they stuttered
And swore!

"'Tain't decent!" cried Alderman Kelly.
Said Alderman Kluck with a frown,
"Since I'm forced to be blunt, such a thing's
an affront
To the kiddies and wives of this town!"
"I wish to remark," stated Alderman Pugh,
"I concur with my colleagues' remarks through
and through!"
And Alderman Cotton
Denounced it as rotten,
McGrath, backed by Totten,
Did, too.

So they shrouded the picture in burlap
And shipped the thing off right away,
Then, near to prostration with just indignation,
Were about to adjourn for the day
When Alderman Totten observed with a
wink,
"Here's a telegram calls for an answer, I
think:
'Wire can you shelve duties
To judge bathing beauties
In contest. Film Cuties
Co., Inc.'"

"Oh, goody!" cried Alderman Kelly,
Giving Alderman Totten a nudge
"Well, here's my suggestion," said Cotton,
"the question
Is simply—how soon do we judge?"
"I wish to remark," stated Alderman Pugh,
"I concur with my colleagues' remarks through
and through!"
Said McGrath, "'S a swell notion!
I second the motion!"
Said Kluck, "Oh, you ocean!
Yoo hoo!"

Tuck The Moral away on some cerebral
shelf—
You can easily figure it out for yourself.
—Baron Ireland.

The only Vacuum Sweeper backed by 54 years' electrical experience

Something new in booklets

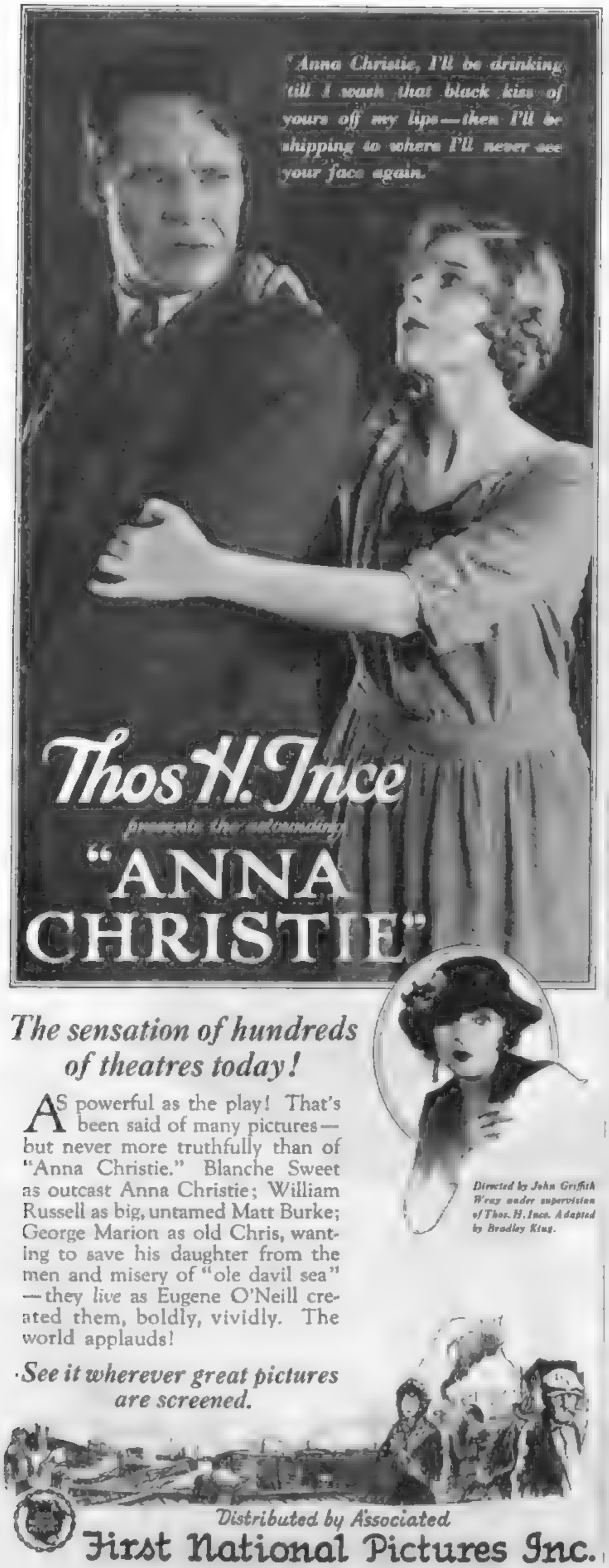
A picture cut out and paste up book. It entertains and instructs the children, and also suggests ways in which Western Electric appliances make your housework easy. Write for your copy to Western Electric Company, 104 East 42nd St., New York.

HERE is a gift that starts its usefulness right on Christmas Day. The Western Electric Vacuum Sweeper will clean up under the tree just as quickly and thoroughly as it will take care of the hardest cleaning all through the year.

With its set of attachments this is a Vacuum Sweeper built for all-around service. With the reputation of the company back of it, it is a machine you can depend on for sound design, careful workmanship and long life.

Western Electric

Since 1869 makers and distributors of electrical equipment


"Anna Christie, I'll be drinking till I wash that black kiss of yours off my lips—then I'll be shipping to where I'll never see your face again."
Thos H. Ince
presents the astounding
"ANNA CHRISTIE"
The sensation of hundreds of theatres today!
AS powerful as the play! That's been said of many pictures—but never more truthfully than of "Anna Christie." Blanche Sweet as outcast Anna Christie; William Russell as big, untamed Matt Burke; George Marion as old Chris, wanting to save his daughter from the men and misery of "ole davil sea"—they live as Eugene O'Neill created them, boldly, vividly. The world applauds!
Directed by John Griffith Wray under supervision of Thos. H. Ince. Adapted by Bradley King.
See it wherever great pictures are screened.
Distributed by Associated
First National Pictures Inc.

OLD OVERLAND CIRCUS DAYS

Continued from Page 36

We soon found that we were mixed up with a crowd of Baptists who had a ceremony under way which required water and plenty of it. They baptized several candidates, and in the service all of our boys joined. Later a collection was taken up and I rather think more money was gathered than at any session in church.

"The expression, 'Hey, Rube!' which invariably called for action, was forbidden around the Van Amberg show; but the cry was frequently heard in the days following the war, and it didn't always come from show folks. In Western Missouri and Kansas, which we covered in those days, the feeling engendered by the war ran high, and there was hardly a day when there weren't fights between the town people and the show people. These fights usually started with fists and wound up with the use of clubs, and sometimes there were shooting affairs which were not accurately reported in the newspapers, because of the difficulty of getting first-hand information regarding these occurrences.

"One of the earliest of the wagon shows in what was known as the flat-foot party was the June, Titus & De Angeline circus, which wintered at different farms in and around Brewster, New York, which was virtually the starting point of the Forepaugh & O'Brien show. Forepaugh & O'Brien furnished horses for the Government and the flat-foot party during the war.

"George Bailey, of Danbury, Connecticut, was associated with Lew June and De Angeline in this enterprise. It was a circus and menagerie. This firm brought the first elephant to America from Bombay, India, in a sailing ship and landed him at Fall River for exhibition purposes. In lieu of a tent they used to travel with him by night and show him during the day in the tavern barns, out of which grew the famous alibi, 'I have been down to see the elephant.'

"When Barnum's Museum at Broadway and Ann Street was destroyed by fire in the '60's all the animals attached to the Van Amberg circus were lost. The paraphernalia was saved and sent to the Hyatt farm.

"There was a big turnout to see the trappings, including a side-show feature called the Monitor, which was equipped with peepholes through which could be seen the magnified cross."

The First Bareback Riders

"Hannibal and Tippo Sahib were the two biggest elephants to be quartered during winter months at Connersville. Each had tusks eight feet long. We see nothing like them these days. There was another old elephant called Bolivar that George Johnson used to handle in Philadelphia. Bolivar got on a rampage at his winter quarters and had everybody and every animal hunting cover. Johnson, who hadn't seen the elephant for years, happened along and there was a joyous reunion. Bolivar became as docile as a lamb under the spell of his old master's presence and voice. We carried coach dogs to keep the elephants on their good behavior. The elephants were afraid of these little barking pests and would run from them quicker than from anything else.

"When the horses came to the farm along in October we would rough 'em for six weeks before starting to feed them hay. Van Amberg had more than two hundred horses wintering at the Hyatt farm as a rule. Truck and team horses alike were treated much like cattle on a Western range, one man taking care of twenty horses, currying and clipping and keeping them in condition for the work ahead.

"Each show was equipped with a saddler's outfit to make repairs, a blacksmith's shop and a harness-repairing department. We made our own harness. It was quite an art to drive horses in squads of six and ten, with the whip as the principal persuader. The experienced driver held the lines with one hand to check the horses, with the other in control of the whip. Whenever a new fellow would come along asking for a job as driver, the boss hostler would ask, 'Where in hell's your whip?'

"Jimmy Robinson was the first bareback rider. He was a half brother to the first Uncle John Robinson, originator of the first John Robinson circus. Jimmy did a straight riding act without any frills or acrobatic capers. Then came Willie O'Dale, who startled the crowds with his thrilling back somersault. Then came Madame Dockrill, a Frenchwoman, who was one of the stars of the London Circus and who drew the fabulous sum—as it was regarded at the time, for the work performed—of two hundred and fifty dollars a week. Hers, too, was a straight bareback-riding stunt, with an added thrill when she jumped through a hoop of fire.

"Madame Cordelia was the first to jump through a hoop of fire with gleaming daggers protruding from the hoop, to give an added hazard to the act. Robert Stickney, the handsome, graceful, polished Adonis of the arena, was the first pad rider to appear in the circus ring. He was for many years the equestrian star of the John Robinson circus. Stickney maintained his individual supremacy as a rider before and after many other performers of his class had come and gone.

"The highest salary ever paid to a circus performer in my time was paid Dan Rice, of Erie, Pennsylvania, who began his circus career with the Bill Lake show during the period of the war between the states. He drew a thousand dollars a week from the Forepaugh show as the principal clown of that organization. Rice was a Shaksperean clown and his wise cracks were nearly always quotations from Shakspere. He did one turn during the course of the show and was accorded all the honors and courtesies that would be lavished on a prima donna in a hall show. Another famous Shaksperean clown, who followed Dan Rice, was Pete Conklin, brother of George Conklin, a famous animal trainer."

The Clown Who Ran for President

"Dan Rice, with his famous horse Excelsior, brought his circus to Newburgh, New York, in the early '60's. George W. June, former well-known theatrical manager, then a small boy living in the town, had an appointment with a friend who was to take him to the show. He was in company with Ben Odell, who many years later was governor, and his brother, and the three, not wishing to miss any of the performance, went to the rear of the big top and lifted up the tent for a peep inside. One of them suddenly gave June a push which sent him inside, close up to the seats. A big canvasman, after chasing some other boys, entered the tent and started to take June out. Dan Rice, who was clowning an act, noticed that June was being roughly handled; so he called to the bouncer to bring the lad to him. After asking the boy his name, he said, 'Say, bub, do you want to see the show? Well, come with me.' And Rice took the boy and gave him a seat on a pedestal near the center pole, and when his act was over he took him up in the band stand, the audience applauding in the meantime.

"Some twenty-five years after this event Mr. June met the veteran clown in the office of the Cincinnati Enquirer and asked him if he remembered the occasion. The other laughed and replied:

"'You bet I do, as it gave me a splendid idea. I always had a boy planted in the audience every matinée performance after that, as the stunt made such a hit with the crowd.'

"Dan Rice at one time did what is now called casting your hat in the ring when he became a candidate for President and had displayed across Broadway a banner announcing Dan Rice for President, and he departed from his career as a Shaksperean clown to that of a political clown by making political speeches in the ring that cost him popularity."

Hyatt L. Frost now divides his time on a fifty-fifty basis between his law office in Connersville, Indiana, and the farm which was for so many years the winter haven of the rare exotic beasts and birds attached to his ancestor's circuses and the Van Amberg circuses. As Franklin Hyatt, who is a relative of Hyatt L. Frost, expresses it, "There has always been a Hyatt Frost as far back as I can remember." There were the father, the grandfather and the great-grandfather of the present Hyatt Frost. The first of the Hyatt Frosts was a native of Putnam County, New York. During the winter of 1835, Turner's circus, of Danbury, and Howe's circus exhibited in his native

(Continued on Page 56)

We couldn't change their habits

so we built rubbers to suit them

THEY *will* kick their rubbers off—dig toe into heel and "scuff" them loose. They do it when they're eight—and they're apt to do it when they're forty-eight! Nothing seems able to change that habit.

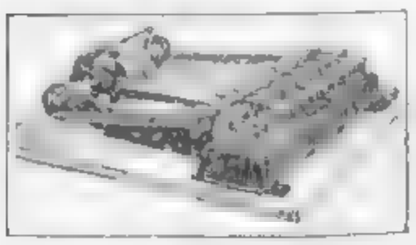
So we've designed and built "U. S." Rubbers and Arctics to stand just such treatment.

What's more, "U.S." Rubbers and Arctics for men, women and children are not only made to give longer wear—but their actual length of life, their wear, is scientifically measured and tested before they leave the factory.

On the left are shown two of the many remarkable machines for measuring wear used in our testing laboratories.

Wearing rubbers out by machine

This remarkable machine gives rubbers the same test for wear they get in actual daily use. In it, sections from the sole and heel of "U.S." Rubbers are tested for wear to the finest fraction of an inch



Discovered before the eye can detect them

Where it bends, poor rubber is apt to break. In the above machine strips cut from "U.S." Rubbers are bent *double* thousands of times and examined through a magnifying glass for the first signs of cracking or checking

Backed by 75 years of experience

The construction of "U.S." Rubbers and Arctics is the result of 75 years of experience—from the making of the first successful rubbers ever turned out down to the manufacture of the master brand that bears the "U.S." trademark today.

"U.S." Rubbers and Arctics are built over such a wide variety of lasts that they insure smooth, perfect fit everywhere—across the toe, at the ankle, at instep and heel. Whether you want Rubbers or Arctics—men's, women's, or children's—you'll find just the type and style you want in the big "U.S." line.

They are not "U.S." brand unless they have the "U.S." Trademark. It will pay you to look for it. They cost no more and wear longer.

Trade Mark

United States Rubber Company

Ask for "U.S." Rubbers

All styles and sizes for men, women and children

Hosiery & Allen A Underwear

In Simple Fairness to All Who Appreciate Smart Hosiery

NO one appreciates Allen A Hosiery more than those who know that the smartness is matched with wearing qualities.

Allen A Hosiery for men, women and children, for all occasions—in silk, lisle, wool, cotton—always of uniform grade, fine appearance and

Style that Wears

Ask for Allen A Hosiery of Pure Thread Silk of beautiful, even texture in all authoritative colors

Also Makers of
Allen A Underwear
for Men & Boys

THE ALLEN A COMPANY, Kenosha, Wisconsin

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(Continued from Page 54

town; and young Frost, who was only eight years old at the time, contracted circus fever. He had to wait for ten years before he could get a job with a circus, however, becoming attached to the Rockwell & Howe circus in 1845. In 1868 he became a partner of the great Barnum in the conduct of the Barnum & Van Amberg Museum in New York.

During all the time Hyatt Frost was connected in an executive way with the circuses, he made his jumps from town to town in a buggy, usually of the one-horse variety. According to the present Hyatt Frost, his grandfather covered more than one hundred thousand miles in one buggy. In the home of Hyatt Frost in Connersville there are some interesting documents pertaining to the early career of his grandfather, commenting upon the Turner circus as it impressed him when he saw it as a boy in 1825. The elder Frost wrote:

"The circus then had just nine horses and four wagons. Eight hauled the entire show, and one very fine ring horse was led over the road. The bandsmen put up the tent and the performers made the ring. The artists dressed at the hotels and made a procession on horseback. The admission was twenty-five cents, children half price. Nathan Howe soon followed Turner with a larger and more gorgeous show—size of tent sixty feet round top, seats four tiers high, twenty foot dressing room and a four-horse band wagon."

The first Van Amberg circus was owned by Hyatt Frost, manager and router, O. J. Ferguson, general agent, John Like, treasurer, and James E. Kelly, a banker of Brewster. The show made its headquarters at Brewster and in Schenectady, New York, and Connersville, Indiana

During the year of 1868 the Adam Forepaugh circus was formed. John O'Brien, a livery-stable owner, and Adam Forepaugh, a butcher, were the promoters. After the war they had taken over many horses, which they found useful in the enterprise. Forepaugh was born in Philadelphia in 1831. He was a butcher's apprentice during the early stages of his career, and in 1848 started running stage lines and also dealing in horses and cattle, buying and selling as many as ten thousand horses in the course of a year. John O'Brien happened along with a small wagon show and it was then that the two formed a partnership. Up to 1876 the Forepaugh show traveled by wagon. It was after Forepaugh's circus became a railroad outfit that Forepaugh introduced his famous ten-thousand-dollar beauty, Miss Louise Montague, who afterwards became one of the stage stars of the late David Henderson.

The John Robinson Show

George F. Bailey, a showman of unusual ability, was the promoter of the last of the flat-foot shows. Some question arises as to the origin of the term "the flat-foots," some contending that it was derived from the flat foot of the elephant, which formed such an important part of these aggregations.

Mr. Bailey himself allowed that it might have come from a declaration he made to a rival showman, which was: "The managers to whom I have referred laid claim to the territory of New York State for a summer tour, at which Raymond and Waring protested. But they were told very plainly, 'We have put our foot down flat and shall play New York State.'"

James June, who acted in advance of the flat-foots, was of the family of June, famed in the show world and known to the playgoer through the achievements of George W. June, known to the profession as Yours Originally, who directed the tours of the late Thomas W. Keene, Kiralfy brothers, Charlotte Thompson, Marie Prescott, Herrmann the Great, Lotta, and other famous stage celebrities.

One of the first of existing circuses, the John Robinson show, was organized originally as a wagon show, being particularly successful in the South because, perhaps, of its proud boast displayed prominently upon its show bills: Southern Men, Southern Women, Southern Horses and Southern Enterprise Against the World. Woe betide the unwary competitor, thinking to venture into the otherwise sunny and hospitable Southland during the period of the Robinson show's greatest popularity, for he quickly learned the potency of that boast to his own cost. The first organization of the famous old circus was known as the Robinson and Eldrid Great Southern Circus, taking its name from the associates of John Robinson and G. N. Eldrid, formed in 1824. Thus the organization will celebrate its hundredth anniversary in 1924.

The original John Robinson was known to a large coterie of intimates and acquaintances as Uncle John Robinson, or as Old John Robinson. A pioneer in the show game, he blazed a path literally, in many instances, in extreme and at that time new places in the United States where, of course, he was first to exhibit. The show at this time continued to travel by wagons Before 1852 wooden-curb rings were used by all circuses then exhibiting, but Mr. Robinson discovered the advantages to the equestrian art in the use of a bank of earth, or dirt ring.

Given the hard experiences of the game as a rider, Mr. Robinson was excellently fitted to direct the management of his enterprises and contributed in the training of many famous circus performers.

It was W. C. Coup and Dan Costello who induced P. T. Barnum to lend his name to Barnum's Great Asiatic Caravan Museum and Menagerie as a traveling organization affiliated with Barnum and Van Amberg's museum and menagerie. Barnum approved of the plans and permitted the use of his name for 3 per cent of the gross receipts. He suggested that a Cardiff giant that wouldn't crack, also a moving figure of the Sleeping Beauty, or Dying Queen, be secured as special attraction. The original Cardiff Giant, an immense figure supposed to have been dug up in the town of Cardiff, New York, had begun to show signs of wear and tear and to look like the fake it really was. Hence the suggestion that a new figure be made to take its place.

Features at the Barnum Opening

The Barnum circus opened on April 10, 1871, in Brooklyn, New York, with more men, animals and horses, it was claimed, than any previous tent show. Admiral Dot the Eldorado Elf, the Palestine Giant, Esau the Bearded Boy, Anna Lenke the Armless Wonder, the Fiji cannibals and a giraffe were widely advertised features. In transporting the show in the old-fashioned way, in wagons drawn by horses, it was often necessary to play small towns, to make jumps over night. Mr. Coup reasoned that with the receipts ranging from five to seven thousand dollars in the larger cities visited, and falling to two thousand dollars in the smaller cities, it would pay in the long run to transport the show by rail, and arrangements were made with the railroad people to that effect.

Thus the Barnum show became a railroad circus, over, however, the protest of the great showmen.

One of Barnum's animal trainers in his wagon days was James C. Adams, known as Grizzly Adams because he had captured many grizzly bears after personal encounters with them. Adams had been struck such fearful blows by the animals he trained that his skull was literally broken in. His last encounter with a bear, called General Fremont, just about finished him, though he continued to give exhibitions for a period of ten weeks in order to win a wager of five hundred dollars. Barnum had purchased a new hunting dress for Grizzly Adams' successor, but was prevailed upon to allow Adams to wear the new outfit as long as he found it useful. Adams found it useful even after death, for it was the shroud in which he was buried.

Mabie's Great North American Circus was the first tented exhibition to offer "A grand concert immediately after the big show was all out and over."

In 1870 two of the greatest tented aggregations then traveling, the Adam Forepaugh show and the New York circus, exhibited in my native town, then a village of twenty-five hundred souls, on the same day. The rivalry and boasting were perhaps the greatest in the history of the tented arena. Adam Forepaugh addressed a card to "citizens and strangers," in which he offered to forfeit ten thousand dollars if he did not have the most wonderful herd—three—of trained elephants in existence. He also cut his admission fee in half. The New York circus offered to wager ten thousand dollars that no other circus in the world could produce a wonderful cynocephalus, an equestrian ape. For weeks the town was almost shut off from the world by circus billboards. Even the courthouse was left with only one small entrance, and the court room had to use lamps for three weeks.

For a Merry Christmas *and a* Safe New Year

GIVE him a set of Weed Chains—the gift which completely expresses the spirit of Christmas—*good will to men and peace on earth that comes from* SECURITY!

When roads are slippery he will smile in gratitude as he snaps the Weed Chains securely on by pressing the new Lever Locking Connecting Hooks.

He will appreciate your tribute to him as a careful, intelligent driver who puts on Weed Chains whenever they are needed to make motoring safe for himself, his family and all those who use the streets and highways.

The name WEED is stamped on the cross chain hooks and Lever Locking Connecting Hooks of Weed and Weed De Luxe Chains. It stands for Safety and Economy.

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The World's Largest Manufacturers of Chains for All Purposes

NAME "WEED" ON EVERY HOOK

WEED CHAINS

The Nickel Lunch

for the mid-afternoon appetite-

When hunger assails you—when you haven't time to stop for luncheon or tea—just slip a bag of Planters Pennant Salted Peanuts in your pocket—in your handbag. Not only delicious morsels but real food of high nutritive value.

Planters Peanuts are the very pick of the crop. Big, firm, crisp and fresh—roasted to a golden-brown and salted just right. Eat all you want of them. They are easily digested. The ideal confection for busy people. Everywhere in the familiar glassine bags with the Red Pennant.

Made by Planters Nut & Chocolate Co., Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Suffolk, Va., Boston, New York, Chicago, San Francisco.

Send 75c for a pound of the delicious Planters Pennant Salted Peanuts in the blue tin box sealed to keep the nuts crisp and fresh

Planters

PENNANT SALTED

PEANUTS

NATIONALIZING CONFIDENCE

(Continued from Page 41)

customs and tobacco monopoly, was merely one of the many evidences of what happened the moment the Austrian people regained their confidence and the rest of the world shared it. When all is said and done, confidence is infectious. The same countries that had turned the cold shoulder to Monsignor Seipel at the London conference almost fell over themselves to underwrite an Austrian loan six months later. In London the loan was subscribed thrice over, and in New York—the United States was allocated $25,000,000—four times.

The Austrians themselves underwrote $13,000,000 of the loan. It was issued to them in pieces of $10, $50, $100 and $500, and they were permitted to pay for the bonds in dollars, or any foreign currency with a gold value if they so elected. Payments were in four installments, which put the securities within easy reach of the average person.

The almost sensational success of this underwriting was not due to altruistic emotion on the part of the guaranteeing countries. The British and French had deeply sympathized with Austria from the beginning of her postwar troubles and given material evidence of their desire to help. They wearied of giving when they beheld a country utterly unable to help itself, or rather lacking the will to do so. As soon as they saw, through definite pledges of reform and an awakened consciousness, that the Austrians stood ready to do their share they came forward with the offer of the bond issue, whose ready sale bucked up the former Hapsburgers all the more.

All the heartening preliminaries had been staged and the revival was in full swing when I reached Vienna last summer. It was almost impossible to believe that it was the same city of gloom that I had seen two years before. In 1921 pessimism was ingrained from restaurant waiter up to president of the republic. Even the lindens and the horse-chestnuts in the Ring and the Prater—the leading boulevards—drooped. The houses were dingy; the streets were falling into ruin; neglect seemed to have set up its abode. There was much talk of the salvaging of Austria, but the agencies invariably proved elusive.

A Lesson for Germany

I found a city reborn. Where once I saw glum faces I beheld countenances animated with new life and hope. Houses were freshly painted and streets paved. The printing presses were rusty from disuse and the crown was stabilized at 70,000 to the dollar. In 1921, as during the preceding year, every Austrian who was fortunate enough to have any spare currency was buying dollars and pounds. He had changed his procedure, for now he was converting what foreign exchange he had into the home money. Formerly the demand for alien currency exceeded the supply. The situation was reversed.

This matter of stabilization is worth explaining, especially in view of the wild flight from the German mark. One reason why Germany at the moment is in such fiscal chaos is because the value, or rather the lack of value, of the mark is constantly changing. If the mark, for example, is 50,000,000 to the dollar at ten o'clock in the morning and 100,000,000 to the dollar by noon, it is impossible for the business man to keep pace with its gyrations. He must either shut up shop or face a steady loss. It is not so much the actual depreciation of the money that works the hardships as the constant fluctuations. German business could prosper if the mark was stabilized at 500,000,000 to the dollar, let us say, and remained there.

Here is where the advantage of the Austrian stabilization comes in. The butcher, the baker, the cab driver and the restaurant keeper know from day to day just what their money is worth, and the very knowledge of its stability is just another contributing factor to the booming confidence that prevails. The exact reverse obtains in Germany, where, it is almost needless to point out, the populace looks upon the currency as the utterly worthless paper that it is.

Let me continue this parallel with Germany, because it makes the Austrian achievement all the more striking. Germany is still a rich and powerful engine for output, whose industrial and agricultural resources were unimpaired by the war. In comparison, Austria is an almost insignificant patch of earth, with little industry, practically no soil production and one-tenth the German population. Yet Austria took the bit in her teeth and made good on stabilization, while Germany is torn between evasion of her responsibilities and the cupidity of industrial profiteers who have capitalized the falling mark. If Germany had the will to take her dose of reparation medicine, and were content to unbend a stiffened pride, she could easily emerge from the depths to which she has been brought by her own folly. She depends more on recrimination than on self-help.

At this point the German will naturally say, "Austria got an international loan which would put Germany on her feet, and she pays no indemnity."

This is quite true. The international loan, however, was forthcoming only when the Austrians themselves gave evidence of a chastened and a willing spirit of cooperation. Moreover, Austria had the spirit if not the substance to meet the reparation obligations. It was this spirit that prompted the Allies to give her a long vacation from them and so enable her to build herself up.

Building Up Gold Reserves

The anchor, so to speak, of Austrian financial stabilization is the new bank of issue, which is officially known as the National Bank of Austria and which is one of the reform agencies demanded by the League of Nations. It has branches throughout the country. Here you have the first of the many concrete demonstrations on the part of the Austrians' will to work out their own salvation.

The capitalization of the bank is 30,000,000 gold crowns and every crown of it has been subscribed by Austrians. It is represented by 300,000 shares with a par value of 100 gold crowns each. Thus every citizen is enabled, if he so elects, to have a part in the rehabilitation of his country. The bank's principal functions are to regulate the circulation of currency, to facilitate the settlement of accounts and to resume specie payments at the earliest possible time.

The feature, however, of widest popular interest is the provision in the charter which makes it absolutely independent of government control and bestows the sole power of issuing notes. It therefore provides the necessary check on waste and inflation. Give a government in distress, such as the one that obtains in Germany, the right to issue money indiscriminately and it indulges in a debauch of printing. Austria has learned her lesson in this respect.

It is worth adding that since the incorporation of the bank of issue in November, 1922, not a single new bank note has been brought out save those covered by a gold reserve. To get the reverse side of the picture you have only to turn to the Reichsbank at Berlin, with its policy of note manufacturing gone mad. On the day I write this article the German circulation is thirty quadrillion marks!

This reference to gold reserve brings us to one of the evidences of Austrian recovery. In 1921 there was practically no gold reserve. By the end of May of this year the ratio of reserves to note circulation was materially improved. At the time of my visit in July the ratio was still greater.

I was in Austria when the German mark started on its last tumble toward zero. Austrian and German commerce are closely intertwined and in various doubtful quarters outside Austria it was feared that perhaps there might be a reaction from Berlin in Vienna. Instead, the Austrian crown stuck valiantly at its stabilized figure while German currency went down to ruin.

One reason for its steadfastness lay in the state of mind of the Austrians themselves. On the day that the mark lost 60 per cent of its previous value I asked a well-known Viennese how it would affect the crown.

His prompt reply was, "We have no fears. The Austrian crown is stabilized and our faith in it will keep it strong."

What this man said is merely the articulation of the general Austrian confidence.

A detail in the organization of the bank of issue is worth dwelling upon and is not to be despised as a precedent for branch banking everywhere. A committee of censors is named by the board of directors from

(Continued on Page 61)

Lead takes part in many games

LEAD whistles back and forth in every play on the baseball diamond. It is at the bottom of every football scrimmage. It leaps back and forth across the tennis net. Lead influences every stroke the golfer takes, and is the fisherman's helper in making his catch.

How lead gets into these sports

Wherever toughness is required in rubber, lead is added to it. Thus lead in the form of litharge—or red-lead, that other lead oxide—is in the rubber core which is in every high-grade baseball. It helps to make the rubber bladders of footballs and basketballs, and is in tennis and other rubber balls.

Lead is also in many baseball bats and in the heads of wooden golf clubs, because it adds weight and helps to balance them. Pulverized lead is used in some golf balls to give them the necessary weight.

Lead helps the fisherman

Lead sinkers are used in fishing to carry the hook down to the desired depth. The heavy weight of lead for its bulk makes it the proper metal to use. And it will not rust.

This metal often covers the shanks of fish hooks and weights down large fishing nets. It is sometimes used as a covering sheath for decoy minnows which lure fish to the hook.

Lead, however, does not take part in manly sports exclusively. In the nursery it is one of the children's most faithful playmates.

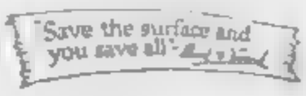
Lead in the nursery

The little boy's eyes shine with excitement as he takes his new lead soldiers out of the box on Christmas Day. For him they advance and retreat in mimic battle. Made of lead, they will not rust or mold as did the toy soldier of Field's "Little Boy Blue."

While the modern Little Boy Blue fights his nursery battles with lead soldiers, his sister peacefully plays with her new dolls with their lead-weighted eyes and her miniature furniture and other toys often made of lead. Toy-makers use lead extensively because it can be easily shaped and moulded into many forms.

Lead for preservation

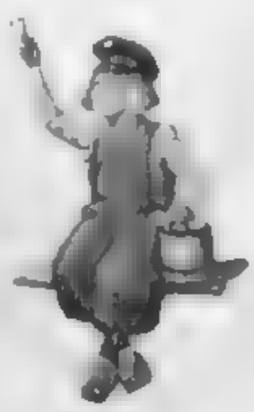
Despite the widespread use of lead in the sport and play of the world, perhaps it is in preserving and beautifying buildings, inside and out, that lead performs its most useful service. Dryness and decay deface and destroy. But white-lead paint protects from the ravages of weather.



It is false economy to put off painting houses until deterioration makes expensive repairs necessary. Hence, property owners are heeding the warning, "Save the surface and you save all."

They are saving the surface by painting with white-lead. For white-lead is the principal ingredient of good paints. The professional painter, careful of his reputation, uses what he calls "lead-in-oil," a mixture of pure white-lead and pure linseed oil, for outside work. He uses white-lead and flatting oil, with coloring matter added, to make a smooth, beautiful paint of any color, for interior work.

Look for the Dutch Boy



NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY makes white-lead of the highest quality and sells it, mixed with pure linseed oil, under the name and trade-mark of *Dutch Boy White-Lead*. The figure of the Dutch Boy is reproduced on every keg of white-lead and is a guarantee of exceptional purity.

Dutch Boy products also include red-lead, linseed oil, flatting oil, babbitt metals, and solder.

Among other products manufactured by National Lead Company are came lead, electrotype metal, lead oxides, shot, lead wool, litharge, and basic lead sulphates—white and blue.

More about lead

If you use lead, or think you might use it in any form, write to us for specific information.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

New York, 111 Broadway; Boston, 131 State St.; Buffalo, 116 Oak St.; Chicago, 900 West 18th St.; Cincinnati, 659 Freeman Ave.; Cleveland, 820 West Superior Ave.; St. Louis, 722 Chestnut St.; San Francisco, 485 California St.; Pittsburgh, National Lead & Oil Co. of Pa., 316 Fourth Ave.; Philadelphia, John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., 437 Chestnut St.

Give Whitman's Candies for Christmas

Christmas—*The* day for Quality Sweets!

THE SAMPLER—The admiration of candy-lovers everywhere. So popular that it is the best-known and best-liked candy package in America. Chocolates and confections—favorites from ten other Whitman packages.

SALMAGUNDI—Chocolates of the famous Whitman's "super-extra" quality in a gift box of art metal which has its special Christmas appeal.

FUSSY PACKAGE—For fastidious folks, because it so exactly answers their critical taste in nuts and nut combinations enriched with Whitman's luscious chocolate.

PLEASURE ISLAND—Give to anyone—young or old—who has a love for romance and color. This is a brilliant pirate's chest weighted with chocolate treasures.

NUTS CHOCOLATE COVERED—Considered an especial luxury by those who revel in whole nut meats richly coated with chocolate. "Just right" for several people on your list.

STANDARD CHOCOLATES—Ever since 1842 these chocolates have been causing candy-lovers to hold Whitman's in such high esteem. This is the package which built the Whitman reputation—and is still building it.

Write for booklet illustrating the beautiful Whitman packages. Sold at the Whitman agency. Hand-painted metal boxes, art baskets, chests and cases in great variety. Special gift boxes for the sick.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc.
Philadelphia, U. S. A.

New York Chicago San Francisco

(Continued from Page 58

among the commercial, industrial and agricultural interests of the district where the branch bank is. They serve without compensation and are subject to reappointment. These committees are charged with the acceptance or rejection of paper presented for discount, but no member can give an opinion on paper in which he is personally interested. I point out the work of the censors because more than one American bank has found the branch institution, when not rigidly supervised, to be a very costly luxury.

No phase of Austrian financial rehabilitation is more impressive than that which relates to budget balancing. In October, 1922, the deficit on the state budget had reached 572,000,000,000 paper crowns. By the first of this year it had been cut down to 372,000,000,000. In March 72,000,000,000 crowns had been knocked off, and by the time I arrived the deficit was moving toward the 200,000,000,000 crown figure. It is typical of the Austrian state of financial mind that January 1, 1925, has been set as the date when that miracle of state finance in Europe—a balanced budget will be achieved. Everything indicates that this consummation will be reached.

Retrenchment is the middle name of the National Bank of Austria, as well as of the whole country. Beginning last June it was decreed that no further advances should be made to the various provinces. It showed that the old amiable Austrian policy of "let it slide" was being scrapped. Heretofore when a province needed money it sent a hurry-up call to Vienna and got it. By making these provinces dependent upon themselves for financial assistance the whole country is improved. The result is a drastic imposition of taxation which in other days would have been revolutionary. Today the burgher of Styria, Salzburg or the Tyrol does not sidestep his taxation but welcomes it: first, because the stabilization of the crown reduces the tax overhead; and second, practically the whole country seems to be sold—to use the phraseology of commerce—on recovery.

That the new finance is functioning is revealed in a report made in October, 1922, which showed that the gross receipts from the customs duty on tobacco, which is one of the equities behind the new international loan, amounted to 240,000,000,000 crowns in September alone. It was an increase of 51,000,000,000 crowns over the average for the first three months in the year. If this volume is maintained the receipts will cover three times the sum required to pay the interest on the guaranteed loan issued and to be issued.

Cutting Out Dead Wood

Wherever I turned in an examination of Austrian administration I found the pruning hook working overtime. It means that reform in Austria is not a theory but a condition.

First take the government itself. Instead of a top-heavy cabinet composed of fifteen various and conflicting departments, there has been a reduction to seven. The former separate ministries of foreign affairs, the interior and justice are now merged under what is called a federal chancellery. The new federal ministry of commerce has taken over the former work of the ministries of commerce, trades, industry, public works and transport.

In addition to these fundamental reforms affecting the conduct of government, there are various supplemental ones. The telegraph and telephone administrations, for example, are now merged with the department charged with the postal service.

The most impressive clean-up, however, is with that army of functionaries to which I have already referred and which helped to keep Austria's nose to the grindstone of useless salaries. The Austrian public official has always been very much like the old-time German imperial public servant in that he believed the government owed him a living. He was content to accept a comparatively small income because he had the right to wear a uniform and sometimes a ribbon in his buttonhole. Moreover, these jobs were handed out by the thousand as political favors. The result in Austria was a swarm of incompetent parasites who clung tenaciously to their small and special privileges.

Chancellor Seipel promised the League of Nations that by June thirtieth of this year 50,000 public officials would be released and an additional 50,000 would go by July first of next year. Up to June first 36,000 had been let out, which meant that the full quota was shy 14,000. Behind this failure—and it was the first approach to it that Seipel had registered—lay a logical reason. In applying the ax the chancellor aimed at the root of an ancient and ingrained evil. The officials had long regarded themselves as a class apart and they grudgingly gave ground. Besides, a national election was scheduled for October and various branches of the government did not want to antagonize too many voters. The chancellor, however, assured me that he will meet the League's full demands.

In order to give a concrete impression of the extent of public officeholding in Vienna, let me say that on July first last there were 456,000 state, provincial and municipal employes and pensioners, to which number there had to be added 230,000 wives and 274,000 children, making a total of 960,000 persons supported by the public funds, or one out of every six individuals in Austria. Budget balancing under these circumstances is no easy task, more especially when the cost of living is constantly changing.

In view of these dismissals—and they were only part of a larger weeding out—you would naturally expect that unemployment would be extensive. Such is not the case. As a matter of fact, unemployment has steadily decreased since March first and savings-bank deposits have risen in gold value 1200 per cent. The explanation is that many of the deposed *fonctionnaires* have gone to work on the land, a type of labor which Austria needs badly.

Railway Reforms

The reform in railway administration needs a little chapter all to itself, because, great as was the waste in other public services, it reached its last word here. Before the World War the Austro-Hungarian railway system had a mileage of between 11,000 and 12,000. After the division of the monarchy into autonomous states Austria was left with only 3500 miles of track, but maintained a personnel of nearly 100,000 workers on the pay roll. In other words, she had a staff for the reduced mileage equal to that of the original imperial system. Two-thirds of the chronic deficit since the war was due to wasteful railway expenditure.

Since waste is always a diverting subject, let me point out one or two instances in the Austrian railways. There were six switch greasers for every switch in the smallest of what we would call tank towns. A typical story will show the old attitude of the Austrian railway worker. At a certain crossroads was the usual safety gate to be lowered when trains pass. Two trains made this particular crossing each day, one at eight o'clock in the morning and the other at nine o'clock at night. Despite the fact that he was given a house free of charge and could loaf all day and night except for the period of the passing of the two trains, the day gateman refused to work after eight o'clock in the evening because it meant a violation of his eight-hour-day principle. The result was that a second gateman had to be employed for the sole purpose of lowering the gate for the solitary night train.

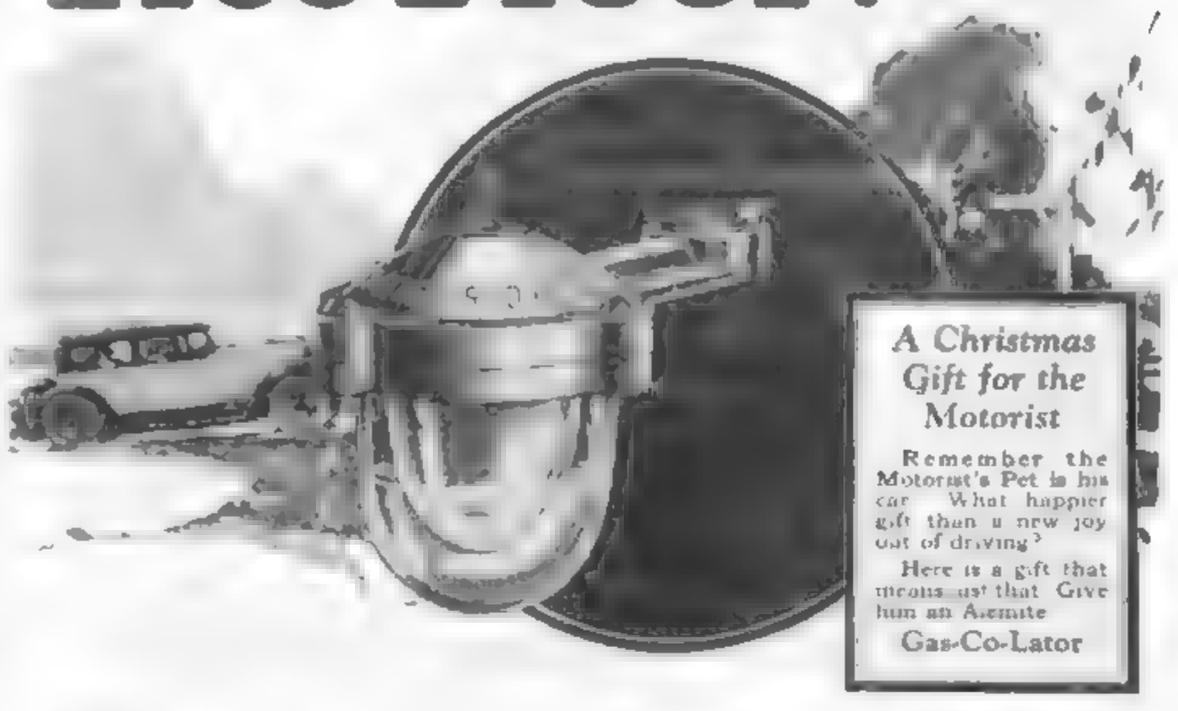
When the Austrian railroad controllers screwed up their courage to the point of discharging a man they gave him a pension which amounted to nearly 90 per cent of his wages. They not only lost his services but were subject to practically the same cost as when he worked, or went through the motions of working. They were out both ways.

This kind of procedure not only drained the public funds but begot an atmosphere of indolence that was thoroughly destructive to reform and progress. The moment Chancellor Seipel started his housecleaning the ax fell on the railway service. By July first last nearly 40,000 employes had been dismissed and many more were booked for discharge.

Railroad rates have been advanced fivefold and the pernicious practice of giving every public official a free pass or a reduced rate has been abolished. In 1921 I wondered why the Austrian trains were so crowded. Upon inquiry I discovered that four out of every five passengers either had passes or had rates that made traveling cheaper than living at home.

One of the most encouraging developments in the steam-transport situation in Austria was the passage last summer of an act by parliament which puts the whole railroad administration on a new basis. Although the railroads are government

Free Proof:—


A Christmas Gift for the Motorist
Remember the Motorist's Pet is his car. What happier gift than a new joy out of driving?
Here is a gift that means us! Give him an Alemite
Gas-Co-Lator

Carburetor troubles now unnecessary

Improper carburetion—the source of most serious motor troubles and repairs! You can stop it. We give you 30 days to prove this at our risk.

As you know, there's a delicate needle valve in your carburetor. A speck of dirt or drop of water clogs it. Your motor sputters and stalls. You change the carburetor or run with the choke slightly open—and right there you bring on repair bills. Now with a trial, at our expense, we will show how this can be stopped.

Nine-Tenths of Carburetor Troubles

Water or dirt in your gasoline is the *real* cause of 90% of so-called carburetor troubles. Water condenses inside your gasoline tank from the air. Fragments of rubber rot loose from gasoline filling hose. Chemical action of benzol blends in gasoline, flakes particles from the lining of your tank. All this foreign matter spoils your carburetor adjustment.

Your mixture becomes too rich. Carbon forms. Unburned gasoline seeps past pistons, diluting oil in your crank case. Your motor overheats. Bearings wear, cylinders score easily.

To meet this need, the makers of the Alemite High Pressure Lubricating System (now in use on nearly 4,000,000 cars) have perfected a new *upward* gasoline filter. It is called the Alemite Gas-Co-Lator. It absolutely keeps dirt and water out of your carburetor. Gasoline is filtered upward through 20 square inches of selected chamois skin.

Put It On in Ten Minutes

You can put the Gas-Co-Lator on your car in 10 minutes yourself. From then on every drop of gasoline is filtered *upward* through chamois skin, before it reaches your carburetor.

You'll be astonished by the accumulation of dirt and water in the glass trap bowl in just a few days. It will show you why your motor runs so much better.

Most dealers carry our Gas-Co-Lators in stock. But if you cannot conveniently get one, just use the coupon below. The price is $5 complete. Pay the postman purchase price upon delivery. If not completely satisfied, return the Gas-Co-Lator within 30 days and your money will be refunded. You take no risk.

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For every type of gasoline feed system there is a Gas-Co-Lator,—Vacuum Tank, Gravity or Pressure.

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Gentlemen.

Please send me your perfected Alemite Gas-Co-Lator. I will pay the postman $5.00 for it on delivery (or enclose check if you prefer). It is understood, if I am not entirely satisfied I can return the Gas-Co-Lator any time within 30 days and you will return my money

(Print your name and address plainly)

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The Court House, Malden, Mass. Its Juvenile Court Room below is floored with Blabon Invincible Battleship Linoleum

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Everywhere Blabon floors of Art Linoleum are giving entire satisfaction with their enduring service. You find them in municipal buildings, churches, schools, clubs, libraries, hospitals, banks, offices, private residences, and wherever long wear, beautiful appearance, and low maintenance cost are considered.

These beautiful, modern floors are sanitary. Their smooth, crackless surface is easily kept clean and bright. It never needs expensive refinishing. Blabon floors are, therefore, economical in upkeep. They are resilient—quiet and comfortable to walk upon. Fabric rugs may be thrown over them, if desired.

The colors and patterns of Blabon Plain or Inlaid Linoleums go through to the burlap back, and never wear off during the long life of the linoleum.

In homes, hospitals and other institutions there are many places where Blabon Printed Linoleums, even more moderate in price, may be used to advantage.

Any good furniture or department store can show you Blabon Art Linoleums. For genuine linoleum look for the name Blabon.

Blabon Rugs of genuine linoleum are beautiful, sanitary, moth-proof. They lie flat without fastening

Our illustrated booklet, "The Floor for the Modern Home", will be sent free upon request

Every home-maker should also have our new brochure, "[illegible] the Color Schemes for Your Home", by Hazel H. Adler, beautifully illustrated in color. Explains the correct use of color and material. Sent upon receipt of 15 cents

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Established 72 years

Important Notice!

Floor coverings (including rugs) made upon a felt paper base are not linoleum, and to describe, advertise or sell them as linoleum is a violation of the law. Felt paper floor coverings have a black lining which is easily detected upon examining the edge

BLABON ART Linoleums

owned and will continue so, they now pass from the control of a cumbersome ministry to what amounts, for all practical purposes, to private management. An expert general manager is in control with his own board of directors. Following this marked innovation, the railroads will cease to be a direct state enterprise and become a separate enterprise responsible for its own organization and management. This is another definite step forward.

When you analyze Austria with special reference to her future you find that there are two vital and closely interrelated phases. One relates to public finance, which we have already discussed; the other to the balance of trade

It means that behind the problem of financial and budget reform there remains that other problem of the fundamental economic position. Austria cannot retain permanently a sound fiscal position unless her production is increased so that there can be no menace in a top-heavy and adverse trade balance. In other words, she must attract new capital for the development of her resources so that her exports, visible and invisible, will keep some pace with her imports.

Though the commercial balance is still rather unfavorable, it is being improved by invisible exports, such as commissions and other payments for service relating to merchandise transaction, which do not pass through Austria. This is due to the fact that Vienna is geographically in the middle of Central Europe and all the railroads gravitate toward her. The Viennese bankers have always ranked among the first of Europe and are again powerful. They, too, have had a rebirth of confidence.

That this old strategic authority of Vienna is coming back is shown in the success of the so-called International Vienna Fair, which now bears the same relation to industry that the famous Leipsic Fair does to Germany. These fairs are held in the spring and in the autumn.

The spring fair this year was the first to take place after the stabilization of the currency. Once more you see what a stabilized money can do. The three preceding fairs were held at times when no one knew from day to day what the crown would be worth. This made buying and selling hazardous. The moment a fair was launched with the crown anchored, as it were, trade boomed. There was such a rush for exhibiting space at the spring fair that on the day of the opening on March eighteenth scores of would-be exhibitors besieged the officers and clamored for space. Twelve per cent of exhibits were owned by foreign firms or individuals.

The Coal Problem

Still more successful was the fifth fair held from September second to the eighth. One feature was conspicuous. At the spring fair there was very heavy German competition in machinery, clothing and leather goods. This was conspicuously lacking in the autumn show. The number of German purchasers, however, was double that of the fourth fair. These buyers preferred to deal in Austrian crowns rather than in the falling mark at home. In addition, they had a very natural fear that German manufacturers could not deliver; first, because of the occupation of the Ruhr; and second, because of panicky conditions. Altogether sixty countries were represented among the buyers. The moral of these fairs is that Vienna is beginning to reëstablish herself as the center of trade between East and West.

Austria still labors under a serious trade handicap which even the stabilization of the currency has not dissipated. The root of the trouble is that she cannot find adequate markets for her products because neighboring states charge higher customs duties than Austria and their borders are arbitrarily closed to many articles that she produces.

The Austrian milling industry, which is equipped to satisfy the entire Austrian flour demand will illustrate. At the time of my visit it was producing only about 25 per cent of its total capacity. The reason was in the export prohibitions of the Successor States, which favor the export of flour and at the same time practically forbid grain export. This is particularly true of Hungary. It means that Austrian mills are forced to purchase the greater part of their grain supplies at high prices from overseas countries. In self-defense Austria will have to impose a high protective tariff

This economic backbiting among the Succession States shows conclusively that the supreme lesson of coöperation has not been learned. Until it is part of every nationalistic creed Central Europe will remain on the outskirts of real reconstruction.

Baffled by these discriminations from without, Austria is seeking to reduce her import overhead by an intensive water-power development within her borders. The need is evident when I say that one-half the money expended for imports is devoted to the item of coal, which comes from Silesia, Czecho-Slovakia and the Ruhr. Putting it in another way, in 1922 Austria consumed 9,000,000 tons of coal, of which 6,000,000 had to be imported at a cost of roughly $40,000,000. The country normally needs 15,500,000 tons each twelvemonth.

Austria has nearly 2,500,000 horse power in waterfalls capable of development, and only a ninth of it has been harnessed up. Since the first of this year forty-nine power companies have been organized and the improvement of properties begun. Commercially, the most valuable opportunities are in Upper Austria and Styria, where there are considerable industries and many towns. During July Vienna determined to rid herself of the coal burden and contracted with two big companies for current. About the same time the first electric locomotive went into operation in Austria on a line from Innsbruck to Teefs.

A nation-wide campaign to do it electrically is in full swing in Austria. It is estimated that by fully developing the Austrian water power nearly 3,000,000 tons of coal would be saved by the railroads, 4,500,000 by industry and agriculture and 1,000,000 by households. Altogether a value of $60,000,000 for coal purchase in normal times would be dispensed with.

American Trade With Austria

The tourist trade, to which we are a considerable contributor, is doing its bit toward evening the Austrian trade balance. A detail of it is illuminating as showing the change of feeling with regard to the Austrian crown.

During the summer of 1922 at many of the Alpine resorts one saw this notice: "You are requested to pay your bill in marks. We must pay marks for our wares." Then the Austrians were so eager for the German currency that the Vienna government had to interfere. The exact reverse obtained last summer, when in many hotels you found this sign: "Marks not accepted in payment here."

These various references to Austrian trade lead to the all-important matter of American business opportunity in Austria. As elsewhere, we have overlooked a good bet principally because of the drastic and prohibitory terms that we seek to impose, and generally impractical procedure.

Nearly all American firms demand payment in New York, or shipment against irrevocable bankers' letters of credit. Others require 30 per cent cash with the order and a sight draft for the balance attached to the shipping documents. Practically no Austrian importer can afford to accept these conditions. One of them summed up the situation to me in this way:

"We cannot allow distributors better terms than we receive ourselves. The usual American demands tie up too much capital in noninterest-bearing investments. The bank loans for these transactions in Austria would cost us from 30 to 50 per cent a year.

"American exporters can judge of the general reliability of Austrian firms by the fact that European producers, cognizant of conditions through field investigation, grant us every possible facility."

From the Austrian point of view—and again I speak from personal contact with importers—the second disadvantage is in goods that must be paid for before being seen. This method has proved to be highly unsatisfactory, because the American shipment has not always lived up to sample.

The nearest approach to European methods is embodied in a plan now being successfully carried out by an American company which recently established a general agency in Vienna. It makes arrangements with a reliable forwarding agent for a shipment of goods. Each shipment is covered by a single shipping document and is divided into parcel lots valued roundly at $500 each. Each parcel in turn contains a number of preferred articles and is covered by a draft drawn for the value of the specific lot of merchandise. All the parcels, with the contents labeled, are then stored in

(Continued on Page 64)

Women *vs.* men! If the average woman takes more steps every day than the average man, the masculine foot walks *harder.* Since hosiery must now of necessity be raiment of elegance, it is equally imperative that it also possess great wearability. Sturdiness! Phoenix has become the standard hosiery of the world for men, women and children, because of the elegance it furnishes over long and strenuous miles. Its masculine and feminine hosiery are alike in their ability to resist wear.

PHOENIX
HOSIERY
MILWAUKEE

Watch This Column

Baby Peggy becomes ambitious

BABY PEGGY is stepping out. The cute little maid with the starry eyes and pouting mouth who formerly appeared only in two-reel comedies, will arrive shortly in her *first big production*, a delightful story with a sound and logical plot entitled, ***"The Darling of New York,"*** directed by the excellent actor-director, King Baggott.

BABY PEGGY

Personally I regard BABY PEGGY as the best baby actress on the screen. Her talent is real and much to my satisfaction she lacks the self-consciousness and importance peculiar to children of the stage. She is natural and winning and it is a big compliment to her to say that the people who work with her are devoted to her.

* * *

Just another word about our great spectacle, ***"The Hunchback of Notre Dame."*** It is astonishing and fascinating great audiences in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Baltimore and San Francisco. Presently it will spread throughout America and Victor Hugo's wonderful characters will be seen in the flesh. Imagine such fine artists as LON CHANEY, PATSY RUTH MILLER, ERNEST TORRENCE, TULLY MARSHALL, grouped together and doing the best work of their careers.

* * *

I wish you would keep your eyes open for ***"Merry Go Round,"*** for PRISCILLA DEAN in ***"Drifting,"*** HOOT GIBSON in ***"The Thrill Chaser,"*** and CLAIRE WINDSOR, NORMAN KERRY, BARBARA BEDFORD and RICHARD TRAVERS in the splendid mystery play, ***"The Acquittal."*** After you have seen all these pictures, write me a personal letter and tell me if I am justified in saying that you can't see all that is best in pictures unless you see Universals.

Carl Laemmle
President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

"The pleasure is all yours"

1600 Broadway, New York City

(Continued from Page 62)

the forwarding agent's bonded warehouse. When the Austrian buyer desires a certain lot of goods he goes to the forwarding agent, chooses the parcel he wants, pays the warehouse, customs and other charges, and takes the goods. This procedure permits him to pay as he needs, all the while having the whole consignment available if he can take it up.

All this Austrian economic and political rehabilitation has required strong direction. Now we come to the two personalities that have held the reins.

You may recall that one of the conditions under which the League of Nations assumed sponsorship of the stricken republic was that its affairs be administered by a commissioner-general named by the League, who would be a non-Austrian. Obviously the task demanded a person of long executive experience and grim determination. He was found in Dr. Alfred R. Zimmerman, who brought an interesting background to this post without precedent, for though not a state official, he controls all the revenues of the state.

Doctor Zimmerman is a native of Holland and was trained to be a lawyer. At twenty-nine he became burgomaster of his native town of Dordrecht. In Holland the mayors are not only named by the queen, and are therefore not involved in politics, but can be transferred from one municipality to another. Zimmerman made such a record as business administrator at Dordrecht that he was shifted to Rotterdam, where he was the chief executive for seventeen years.

Zimmerman's Reforms

When he assumed his post at Rotterdam he found all the various city departments scattered. Officials came and went as they pleased and there was no coördination. Instead of occupying the magnificent office of the burgomaster, he established himself at a desk in the main hall where he could keep his eye on everyone who came and went. Overnight officeholders became punctual. He then started an economy campaign. One feature was the mobilization of all the important public servants under one roof. His formula worked, and in the end it made Rotterdam a model city as far as administration is concerned.

This was the man I went to see at his office in the Johannesgasse, which is just off the main business street of Vienna. Needless to say, he is housed in a palace, because nearly every other structure in Vienna was once the abode of some princeling. He received me in a long high-ceiled room. On one wall hung the usual picture of Emperor Franz Joseph at the age of eighteen. I say "usual picture" because the artist who painted this particular likeness must have made pictures in the same way that the elder Dumas wrote novels—that is, through a syndicate. Every state chamber in Vienna—and they are endless—has a copy. Every time I gaze at it I recall a remark once made to me by a famous British statesman, who said, "If Franz Joseph had welded a political empire with the same good sense that he reared an economic empire, there would have been no World War."

Doctor Zimmerman looks the hard-headed Hollander that he is. Big of bulk and ruddy of cheek, he is the type that is not apt to accept a no when he demands a yes. Like most Dutchmen, he speaks excellent English. When I asked him to tell me something about his work he said:

"First of all, let me say how grateful we all feel for the aid that America has lent to the revival of Austria. The oversubscription of the loan in New York strengthened the confidence that the Austrians now have in themselves and their future.

"As you may imagine, my task has been a difficult one, because I have no precedents. I am the representative of the League of Nations, charged with rendering a monthly account of my stewardship. This stewardship consists of seeing that all the reforms promised by Austria are carried out. I have had to undermine a parliamentary system of patronage. That in some respects has been the hardest work. This is being slowly accomplished and in the end it will prove a blessing to Austria. The average public functionary, who existed by the thousand, was an impediment to progress. Now we are transferring these officials from useless desks to work on the farms. The same process is being carried out with the top-heavy railway personnel.

"Being a Dutchman, I am naturally strong on thrift, an asset that Austria needs almost above all else. If the country is to be saved she must be thrifty. My aim is to establish the thrift idea in all public service except in hours of work. The Austrian is a willing worker at bottom. His seeming indifference to the responsibility of work is not his own fault, but the fault of the political system that governed him.

"The Austrian crown will be kept stabilized at 70,000 to the dollar. As a result of this stabilization merchants and manufacturers have been able to reorganize their affairs and make future commitments without fear of derangement due to fluctuation.

"One of the reforms that I have instituted is a monthly budget. With this monthly budget we will know where we stand all the time instead of finding out only once a year, as is the case with the usual annual budget.

"We have made such satisfactory reductions in the deficit so far that I am convinced that we will be able to balance it by January 1, 1925. The proceeds of the international loan will make this possible.

"The one word that I am impressing on every Austrian official, whether high or low, is 'economy.' In the old days when a department came to the ministry of finance and asked for money it was usually forthcoming. Now the answer to this request is 'Find it' or 'Spend less,' which are new injunctions in a country that was officially indifferent to real fiscal responsibility.

"The fact that Austria has been revived is first due to the confidence inspired by outside aid and second because I control all income and outgo. No state payment can be made without my visa. As soon as the Austrians discovered that this rule was rigid the old era of waste and then trusting to luck to tide things over ended.

"In Chancellor Seipel I have a colleague for reform and retrenchment who is a host in himself. To him is due entirely the sponsorship of the League, for he impressed the council with his sincerity as well as the need of his country. All Europe owes him gratitude."

When I asked the commissioner-general if he did not think that the Austrian plan of recuperation could be applied to Germany, he replied:

"Until this week"—it was the middle of July—"I firmly believed so. So many conflicting economic and political interests are cropping up in Germany, however, that I am beginning to be doubtful about the efficacy of outside aid. Germany will probably need a housecleaning by Germans first."

Cleric and Chancellor

It only remains to give a close-up of the benevolent and beneficent personality that started Austria on the road to revival, who is today the central figure in the drama of regeneration. Doctor Zimmerman, as commissioner-general, is after all a hired representative of the League of Nations, and an outsider. Monsignor Seipel as chancellor is much more, for he has sacrificed the peace and quietude of his ecclesiastical calling for the turmoil of public life. His real compensation for high sacrifice is the resurrection of his country.

It was no easy matter to see the chancellor last summer. A crisis had developed in the dismissal of functionaries. Those who remained were dissatisfied with the constant changes in wage scale on account of the shifting cost of living. The tariff problem was up for settlement. Commercial treaties with Italy and France were pending. This host of distractions that occupied him from dawn until nearly midnight did not prevent him from celebrating high mass every Sunday in some church. A further side light on him is the interesting disclosure that he lives a monastic life in a single room. As chancellor he might easily have a pretentious abode.

Happily for me, I had a friend at court, so to speak, in Dr. Alfred Grünberger, whom I had met in 1921 when he was food controller—one of the hardest posts in Europe, for he had no food to control. Then he looked worn and harried. Now he had risen to be minister of foreign affairs and was Monsignor Seipel's right-hand man. His face was full and beaming. It reflected the widespread Austrian confidence.

During the talk that I had with him at his office I explained that I wanted to see the chancellor before I left. He asked me to come back that afternoon. When I returned he took me to the same reception room in which I had interviewed President Hainisch in 1921.

We had scarcely seated ourselves when the big folding doors opened and the chancellor entered. Though not of commanding presence, he would evoke more than passing interest in any crowd. His bald head is rather large, his cheek bones high and his nose prominent. There is an atmosphere of the ascetic about him, although his figure is not spare. Blue eyes beam kindly behind gold-rimmed spectacles. Even if he had not worn the street garb of a priest, with the purple of the monsignor at the clerical collar, he would give an impression of spiritual aspiration. The moment he begins to talk you can see him in the pulpit. Not that he is preachy, but he seems to bestow an unending benediction. This is precisely what he has done to Austria.

As I looked at him I thought of those other princes of the church Richelieu and Mazarin—who had held lofty state office in the stirring long ago. Where the French cardinals ruled with craft, cunning and intrigue, and were the makers of war, their present-day Austrian counterpart's mission is merciful reconstruction which will bind up the wounds of bitter conflict. It is worthy of note that Monsignor Seipel, so far as I know, is the only ecclesiastical dignitary to hold high public office in our time. Cardinal Mercier, the well-beloved of Belgium, unofficially wields vast political power, but has never held formal post save the one ordained by his faith.

The Ideal Buffer State

The chancellor speaks no English, although he understands it fairly well. Our conversation was therefore in German. When I congratulated him on the great work of reconstruction that he has set in motion in Austria he replied:

"I was merely the instrument of a new faith. Austria was so bowed and beaten that she had begun to feel that all hope was gone. As soon as our people discovered that the rest of the world believed in them and would help them, they were reborn and began to help themselves.

"Nothing has helped us more than the financial coöperation of the United States. I do not mean to deprecate the vast volume of relief that saved so many of our women and children and for which we are most grateful. What we wanted was a larger and more national evidence of support. When America came into the international loan it was a big and stimulating thing for us.

"The forces that have come to the aid of Austria so successfully prove anew that the only formula to save a world still animated by the war spirit is coöperation. Once Europe brings this about a whole new era will begin."

I know of no better way to conclude this article, and at the same time to point the universal significance of the Austrian revival, than to quote the words that Monsignor Seipel addressed to the council of the League of Nations after it had been decided to assist his country. On that occasion he said:

"You have put Austria on her feet. In a year or so she will be able to walk alone in the field of international finance. Next year possibly you will be doing the same thing for Hungary and later for Jugo-Slavia. Germany's turn will come, and then perhaps Russia."

Here then is the real meaning of that Austrian regeneration which has not only nationalized confidence at home but quickened the moral and fiscal consciousness abroad. Already a reorganization of Hungary's finances by the League of Nations upon the same general plan as applied to Austria is under discussion. The tentative scheme is to issue an international loan guaranteed by the same powers that underwrote the Austrian bonds, and with a participation by the United States.

Austria therefore registers the first step in the long-deferred stabilization of Central Europe. She is now frequently referred to as a buffer state between the financial and political anarchy in Germany and the growing disorganization throughout the Balkans. When all is said and done the only buffer state really worth while is a state of prosperity. This is being slowly achieved in that remnant of the old Hapsburg Empire, and it will do more to promote peace than any other agency.

Thus in confidence as in union—there is strength and stabilization.

Editor's Note—This is the seventh in a series of eight European articles by Mr. Marcosson.

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THE SCALPERS

(Continued from Page 15)

man who was afflicted with ingrowing poetry and who wore his hair long and fuzzy could be strong, they maintained with scornful heat and inflexible decision.

Dulcie had quoted Samson.

"He was long-haired and he slew Philistines."

"Yes—with the jawbone of an ass; just as Haremain half-slays me every time he opens his mouth!" shouted Brother Thomas, ably supported by Brother Timothy, who quietly but firmly pointed out to the misguided little lady that Samson belonged to ancient history when possibly, he conceded tactfully, long-haired men were strong. But he maintained resolutely that the strong men of today were universally short-haired—as, for example, gentle Jack Dempsey or mild Mr. Beckett.

Outvoted, outargued and outshouted on this matter of hair length and physical excellence, Miss Tressidder had abandoned that ground and had taken up a position fortified, as one might say, by the brains of Mr. Haremain.

"You may sneer at him because he's gentle and spends his time thinking of more important things than golf and tennis, but it would be better for you both if you had half the talent and genius and brains that Hamelyn possesses."

"Brains!" echoed the brothers, aghast. "But, Dulcie, he hasn't got any brains. He wears a velvet coat."

"Not always," defended Dulcie. "And you think he hasn't any brains simply because he has to talk to you in short, simple words that you can understand. He explained that to me the other day. And he paid you compliments—instead of running you down behind your backs."

"Paid us compliments!"

"Yes; he said you were such splendid game players that nobody expected you to use your brains much. And he said that even if you did know only about five or six hundred of the simpler words of the vocabulary, what did it matter? He didn't blame you—he said some men were just beefy, like you, and others were just brainy, like him. These things were arranged for us by Providence, he said, and if some were more fortunate than others it couldn't be helped, though the more fortunate ones ought to be sorry for the others, just as he is sorry for you."

The brothers gaped.

"Sorry! Sorry for us! That mop-headed poetry grinder sorry for us!"

"Genuinely sorry for you, and I thought that was so kind and sweet of him," stormed Dulcie. "You don't deserve it. And I am over twenty-one, and I am going to have him here occasionally to tea, and I am going to study poetry with him; and if you don't agree to be gentlemen you can get somebody else to keep house and look after the servants—so there! And he's got lovely hair and you've got only scrubbing brushes; and before you laugh at his velvet coat you ought to look at yourselves in your silly old baggy plus fours and your ridiculous stockings and tassels and your perfectly awful little short jackets that make you look as if you had stolen your little brother's coats and your father's knickerbockers!"

And Dulcie, having reduced her brothers to sheer stunned and all-bestaggered silence, left them to recover as best they could, while she went out to study tiger blooms on the lawn with Mr. Haremain.

"I'm going to cut that comic bloke's hair if he has me arrested for it," said Tom Tressidder when, shortly after, he and his brother were sitting at a table in the golf clubhouse with the rough-hewn Mr. Bill Laffan.

Bill was a genuine young doctor, but without a practice at present. He was looking for one; indeed he had been looking for one for some time past. But evidently he had been looking in the wrong places. He seemed to spend most of his time on various golf courses which, notoriously, are not likely places in which to find a sound medical practice.

"I'm with you, Tom," affirmed Tim. "The bounder has got to be definitely discouraged. How about you, Bill?"

William looked wistfully at them. He was a very huge young man, buffalo-muscled and heavy with hard bone. But there was no brightness on his very rugged face.

"I'd give a couple of strokes off my handicap to take the blighter's scalp and stuff a cheap cushion with it, but Miss Dulcie would never forgive me. It's different for you—you're her brothers. But me—I'm nothing to her. It would do in my prospects with her absolutely."

The brothers saw that, for they prided themselves on being fair-minded.

"Yes, that's true, Bill. You'll have to stand out. Besides, it doesn't need three of us."

"How will you set about it?" demanded Bill Laffan, suddenly becoming extraordinarily keen.

"Oh, just grab him, and Tim can hold him while I run the clippers round his skull, I suppose."

"But, I say, perhaps that mightn't come off. He may call for help or something. There might be a frightful shindy and he might escape with all his hair on," objected Bill. "Besides it's a bit rough. Why be rough? You want to make a certainty of it without roughness. If you're rough Miss Dulcie will be too furious to see what a fool the fellow will look. But if you do it quietly, without a row, she won't have her attention distracted from the humorous side of it. Why, you—you men, dash it, the bounder'll look like a comic convict! I'll bet a bob his head is all lumpy and shapeless. These poets always have heads like that—speaking as a doctor. Do it, certainly—do it as soon as you can, but do it quietly, gently. What I mean, clip the beggar without noise or fuss or roughness—and then let Miss Dulcie see him. That'll finish her infatuation—mark my words. If it's clothes that make the man, it's hair that makes the poet."

The brothers listened gloomily.

"Yes, that's all right, but he's not going to submit to the shearing like a tame sheep. Even the merest worm would turn," objected Tom Tressidder.

Mr. Bill Laffan leaned forward, lowering his voice.

"Look here, you men, I'll attend to that part of it. I'll give you a bit of a tablet to drop in whatever he drinks when your sister next invites him to have something at your place. Oh, nothing that's likely to hurt him—just a bit of a harmless opiate that will make him a bit sleepy for half an hour. He'll simply feel like a bit of a doze, take forty winks and wake up again feeling as right as rain, except maybe a bit chilly behind the ears."

"What a brain! That makes it child's play," agreed the Tressidder brothers eagerly. "We shall owe you a lot, Bill, if this comes off."

"If Haremain's hair comes off, you mean, ha, ha! I'm doing it because I consider it's my duty to try to save a sweet girl like Miss Dulcie from the clutches of any sonnet slinger, regardless of results."

So in an atmosphere of mutual esteem and good fellowship the pitfall was well and truly dug for the poet.

It was perhaps a shade on the rough side, as Tim Tressidder put it when, a little later, they dropped in at a local hairdresser's and by judicious negotiation hired a sharp and businesslike pair of clippers; but, he continued, it is impossible to judge a man's true character until one has seen him immediately after a close haircut. Bill Laffan had dilated somewhat on that aspect of the affair.

"If I thought that Miss Dulcie had the chap correctly weighed up in her mind I would not harm him or conspire to harm a hair of his head. But she has not—I'm sure of it. There's many a man wearing his hair long that would give himself away completely with it short. Many a man has kept himself out of jail by wearing his hair long and artistic; many a politician has kept himself in office by letting his hair sprout till he looked as if it was running to seed. Speaking as a doctor, I assert that a very large number of these famous men get their reputations only by concealing—with hair—from the multitude the fact that their cranial development is far below par and that they wear a pea on their neck instead of a full-sized head! No. If Miss Dulcie prefers this weird bird to me—well, it will about break my heart, but at least I'm a sportsman and I shall have to stick it. But what I do say—and you two agree with me, I know—is 'Let's have it fair.' Let the man be tested. Let Miss Dulcie have a chance to see the man as he is. If he stands the test, well and good. I say no more. But test him first; and the way to test him is to give him a haircut; and the way to give him a haircut is the way we've planned it."

Whole-heartedly the brothers had agreed, and when, duly furnished with the necessary equipment, they parted from Mr. Laffan, they headed homewards with lighter hearts than they had carried for many a day.

III

IF IT was with surprise, tinctured with suspicion, that Mr. Hamelyn Haremain observed a marked increase of cordiality from the brothers Tressidder next day, he was careful not to show either the surprise or the suspicion.

He had called in—as was becoming his custom—for a little tennis and a good deal of poetry with Dulcie.

Hamelyn was a blond youth with clear blue eyes and—if its proportions had not been wrecked by the nimbus of yellow hair surrounding it—a very good-looking face. A competent observer would have noticed that his mouth was not bad and that his chin might have been worse. He carried himself with the ordinary ease of normal youth and was looking quite decent in flannels. But the Tressidders had long since reached the stage when they could hardly see him for hair.

The brothers were sitting in deck chairs on the lawn as he came in through the door of the long garden wall.

"Here's Love-in-a-Mist!" said Thomas under his breath. "Be civil," he reminded his brother.

They were civil.

"That you, Haremain? Sit down. Dulcie's slipped down to the town for something or other. She'll be back in a few minutes."

"Thanks very much," answered the poet, his dreamy eyes on the guileful golfer.

"Topping day, what?" suggested Timothy with breeziness.

"Very topping," agreed the poet, his eyes traveling to Tim.

"Well, personally, I call it a bit too hot," demurred Tom, affably enough. "Too hot for golf. The links are bone dry and dusty as a gristmill. And, for that matter, it's dry work talking. What about a quick one? Look here, that's a brain wave. I'll tell you what, Tim, old son, we'll have a bottle of that prewar Rhine wine up. What was it? Forster Riesling. Topping good drink a day like this. What about it, Haremain?"

"An admirable idea," agreed the poet.

Tom having contributed the idea, Tim rose to contribute the labor of fetching and opening it.

"How's the poetry running?" inquired Tom blandly, and continued without waiting for an answer, "Tough work—very. Never did much of it myself. Bit prejudiced against it, in fact. Silly to be prejudiced. Pure prejudice. Leads a man to extremes rather, don't you think?"

"Yes, indeed," agreed Hamelyn Haremain feelingly.

"Yes. It may sound a mad thing to say—sitting here comfortably—but old Tim and I very nearly took a dislike to you, old chap, because you are a blighting poet. Queer, eh? Prejudice. But we saw the foolishness of it in time. So—er—that's that."

Hamelyn Haremain sighed.

"Yes, yes; one meets it on every hand, this prejudice. It is so—just as you say—and it is very sad, very shocking. It is pleasant to meet men broad-minded enough, like your brother and yourself, to tread such malign prejudices under your heels—most pleasant."

He passed his hand, rather a sunburnt hand for a poet, across his brow.

"Still one goes on. One—er—continues. We poets understand. They killed Keats; and Chatterton killed himself; but we—er ——"

"Still stick it, what I mean to say," finished Tom Tressidder, as Tim reappeared with a tray bearing three distinctly inviting glasses brimming with the Forster.

With a casualness permissible among three men of the world he put the tray on an outdoor table and passed each a glass.

"Well, cheerio!" he said in a rather excited voice.

For a few moments they sat in silence surveying first the empty glasses, then each

(Continued on Page 69)

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(Continued from Page 66)

other. If the poet noticed a certain slightly hungry stare growing in the eyes of the brothers he gave no sign of it.

It was drowsy after-lunch work, sitting on that warm, sunny lawn in a deck chair.

The poet was the first to break the silence—in a dreamy voice:

"Yes—a fair, a fair and fragrant wine. Not in vain did the golden beams of a benign and beneficent sun caress and kiss each richly swelling berry in that vineyard on the Rhine! They wrought a good work, my friends, who filched with loving care the golden rays imprisoned in the grapes that grew to joy and gentle us this day."

"Certainly, certainly they did," agreed Tom Tressidder in a trembling voice. "By Jove, Harebrain, old chap, you've certainly got the gift of words!"

The poet seemed to ignore him. Even more dreamily he continued in slow, measured, drowsy phrases, leaning back with closing eyes:

"—— to joy and gentle us this day. I praise—I hymn—the vine, the green and gracious vine—the tender, sun-kissed grape—the golden wine. Dark in the dusky shade the swelling bunches dream—dream—dream ——" He paused.

"Why, the chap's as tight as a lord!" whispered the awe-struck Tim. "He's doing poetry in his sleep."

"Shut up!" hissed Tom, his great hand sliding stealthily to his pocket.

"—— dark in the dusky shade the swelling bunches dream," continued the poet, languorously, "and perfectly fulfill themselves—beside the Rhineland stream —— No, no. Bad, bad—Rhineland stream—damn bad. Try again. Sweet in the sheltering shade the sun-kissed—sweltering —— No, no. Not sweltering in the shade."

"Potty; absolutely potty," signaled the lips of Tim Tressidder.

Tom shook his head, watching the poet as a doctor watches a gas case at the dentist's.

The poet, sliding swiftly down into the deep well of slumber, tried again, in a somewhat different vein, muttering:

"'But I,' said the Grape, 'continue.' 'And I survive,' said the Vine. 'Above the mounds of splendor I flourish, over the dusts of glory entwine.' Ruins—inheritors—grapes—a bottle of wine; Jerry's an—ugly fighter—but -he's delivered the goods on the Rhine—Rhine wine —— Grr-rr!"

It was rather weird, that dropping off into a little sleep, a little slumber; and had the brothers Tressidder been a shade less excited they might have argued something from that last curious expression—culminating though it did in a most unpoetic snore which rimed with nothing, except maybe the growling of a watchdog.

Then did Thomas Tressidder arise, a baleful light in his eye and a gleam of cold steel radiating from his right hand—the clippers. "I'll have every last hair of his head," he said grimly.

"Righto! Get a move on, Tom-oh!" said Tim.

The clippers flashed like a playing of lightning about the frizzy head. Then as with a whispering secret sound they bit and burrowed deeper into the poet's shining thatch, they seemed to vanish and were silent.

Large clots and skeins of the yellow hair began to slide down the shoulders of the sleeping poet.

"Lord, what a mat—what a mat!" muttered Tom Tressidder as he worked the barbaric instrument. "Stick it in a bag—anywhere out of sight, Timmy. No need to let young Dulcie spot —— We'll tell her the blighter came here like it—as blind as a newt. He won't be able to deny it! Lord! There's a festoon of it for you!"

But Thomas was overly optimistic.

Dulcie saw had seen—was seeing.

Lost, rapt, absorbed in their fell work, the brothers had not noticed the opening of the garden door, nor observed Dulcie enter, stop, stare, raise her hands, open her sweet mouth—then suddenly close it again and stand watching with a strange, rather guilty stare. She watched openly for a moment, then crept back through the door, leaving it open by no more than an inch. But through that inch a pair of blue-blue eyes watched the dastardly deed to the end.

"I Was Ashamed They—Cut It Off—But, Oh! I am Glad, Too," She Whispered. "You See, I Thought You Liked It That Way"

Tom Tressidder worked swiftly and untiringly—for much golf had given him the wrists of a virile young gorilla.

Presently he stood back, wiping his brow, and surveyed all that was left of Mr. Hamelyn Haremain. Tim stood back with him, their mouths opened ready for the briefly contemptuous and derisive laugh which—somehow—never came.

The poet was shorn not within an inch of his life but certainly within a thirtieth of an inch of his skull—and it had wrought a change, an incredible change, in him.

Something had misfired in the great Tressidder scheme!

Hamelyn Haremain had dozed off a moderately good-looking but extremely effeminate-seeming person. But Tom Tressidder had transformed him into a youth who could have posed with entire confidence for some of those old Greek sculptors—and that though, practically putting it, he was as bald as a toy balloon. The contour of the poet's head was perfect—the skull of a man with courage, philosophy and, possibly, genius. A fine head, a handsome head, a head that the hardest-shelled phrenologist would have fingered free and gratis for the sheer joy of it.

Now that the misleading hair was gone the Tressidder brothers dimly realized the full meaning of the word "brow." Hamelyn had it—a matchlessly curving area of it—quite obviously with something worth while behind it. A brow that got them guessing. The nose spoke for itself, pure-blooded Christian though Haremain was. A grand nose, a proud nose, a Greek nose. The fine firm lips were the lips of a warrior or a lover or of both Dulcie knew best. And the bold chin was a man's chin—the chin of one who could be inexorable where that was needed, but tender and true and faithful as a mother when those qualities were called for.

The Tressidder brothers stared at Hamelyn, then at each other.

"Tim," said Tom with solemnity, "we've made a bloomer! That chap's a white man! I'm a damn fool, Tim, an' you're a damn fool, and Bill Laffan's a blasted fool! I don't see how a chap that looks like this merchant can be anything but white."

Tim nodded.

"He's certainly a fine-looking chap, Tom-oh!" he acknowledged huskily. "If I looked—Clarice would ——"

He broke off abruptly, for the poet was stirring restlessly in his sleep.

Bill Laffan may have been a blasted fool, but he was not fool enough to give them a dope which had any long-lasting effects. Whatever the sweet William had given them to slip into Hamelyn's wine was undoubtedly to the point—but it was also brief.

The poet moved, murmuring something about "Blow, blow, thou winter wind! Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky!" or words to that effect, and his sunburnt hand fluttered aimlessly about his shaven skull. The sinewy fingers touched the skin, and the poet woke with a violent start.

"What the devil?" he said, and rose, running his hand urgently over and around his head. It made a rasping sound as it went.

"Good Lord!" he said, and stared at the brothers with eyes that were suddenly steely. "Who did this?" he said. His voice was not at all languorous and there was nothing of the lusciousness of the grape in it

"I did, Haremain," said Tom Tressidder, rather white.

"With my assistance," added Tim gravely.

"It was a mistake—in some ways an error of judgment. I—I think I'd better apologize, Haremain," said Tom.

"I apologize also," said Timothy.

Cautiously the Greek god ran his hand over his head again, then stiffened, frowning.

"Fetch me a hand glass, one of you," he said sharply.

Meekly Tim went. It was no fun for him—or for Thomas—but they were sportsmen and gentlemen, and you have to take

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your medicine where you find it, if you are one of these.

For many seconds Mr. Hamelyn Haremain stared at his handsome reflection in the glass looted from Dulcie's room, as the excited and shining blue eyes peering through the garden door promptly saw.

Then with a long, long sigh, Hamelyn put the glass carefully on the garden table, slipped off his blazer and rolled up his shirt sleeves, taking one or two light, easy, flexing steps on the dry turf.

"I'm sorry, Tressidder," he said to Tom, "I'll have to ask you to—put up your hands! Quickly!"

"I've apologized," said Tom, very slowly and painfully. It came hard, very hard, for poor old Tom.

"Yes, I know. I'm sorry—but it's not enough! You have done me a great injury!" said Hamelyn, his nostrils blown out.

Tom Tressidder let a sigh of relief like the sigh of a high-pressure boiler escape him.

"Good enough," he said, grinning a cordial grin at the poet. "I -rather like you, Haremain. I'm with you -old man, I'm with you all the way!"

He had better have said "some of the way," for although undoubtedly a fine golfer he was but a very moderate boxer, as a masterly welt just above the belt a few seconds later, caused him to suspect.

"Rather low!" he grunted chidingly.

"I—think not. Try a higher one!" snapped the poet, and passed it to him—on the jaw.

"Gad!" went Tom groansomely.

"No, no; Haremain," whipped the poet; and, so, went for Thomas, beginning with the solar plexus. He called on that spot twice, swiftly, with diabolic skill, then worked his way upwards, played crisply on the point for a while, then concluded the worthy Tom with an anæsthetic under the heart.

He went down across the tennis court—an obvious fault—and the poet dropped his hands for an instant.

A bare-armed Tim touched him gently, gravely.

"There's still me, old son. Sorry to seem to press you. If you'd sooner wait -just as you wish."

"No, no," said the poet. "Let's get it over. But how about Tom? Is he ——"

"Tom-oh's a good old bullock. He's all right. Come on, old chap! Good luck to you, but I'm after your blood, Hamelyn!"

This was right—he was a long, long way after the poet's blood!

He was to Hamelyn what the punch ball is to Dempsey.

The shining eyes at the garden door went dim as Brother Tim completed the double fault across the tennis court—dimmer still as the poet, after a glance at the sorrowful brothers, lapsed into a chair and buried his classical head in his hands.

Then the door swung wide and Dulcie hurried in, her eyes sparkling with tears.

"Oh! Oh!" she said. "How dare you!"

The poet looked up.

"But—but they gave me some wine that made me sleep, and then they—cut my hair—like this, Dulcie!"

"Well, you ought to say thank you to them for that—not hit them so!"

"Not hit them? But, Dulcie, please Dulcie, don't you like poets who—who look like poets. I I mean—long hair and and all that sort of thing? I heard—someone said that you did. When I first saw you—oh, months ago—I went away and grew all that—that—fearful fluff—for your sake."

"Let me see!"

Dulcie stood back, screwing up her eyes—but not so tightly that a pale, bright diamond or two failed to escape them.

She stared for a long, long time. Then slowly a splendid pink flush veiled the glorious ivory of her face and she came to him, crying softly.

"Dear, my dear. I was ashamed they—cut it off -but, oh! I am glad, too," she whispered. "You see, I thought you liked it that way."

"No, no, Dawn—dear little Dawn -I hated it!" He was enwrapping himself about her.

Dulcie sighed interminably.

"So did I."

"So you did. I was so stupid not to guess."

"I hid it. But how were you able to defeat Tom—and Tim?"

"I—I hardly know, little one. I was middle-weight boxing champion of the Flying Corps two years. And when I felt my-my short hair, the thought of boxing seemed to come back to me!"

"Ah! Ah! That accounts for it, my darling. You and the boys will be such friends!"

"Yes, yes."

The boys were glaring at a head that was bobbing jerkily over the side wall—the head of Bill Laffan.

Grateful for this diversion from a very natural embarrassment they went across to the head.

"No good, Bill," explained Tom briefly "It's been a failure—a shockin' bloomer. Buzz off, old son!"

The head's mouth fell open.

"What, me? Me buzz off?" it uttered.

"Well, look for yourself!"

The head of William Laffan turned, its eyes fixed on the rhapsody in the deck chair. For a moment it hung, fixed.

Then it murmured wanly: "Oh—righto. Thanks, I can take a hint with any man!" and disappeared.

Tom looked at Tim.

"Hamelyn's a white man, I think, Timmy."

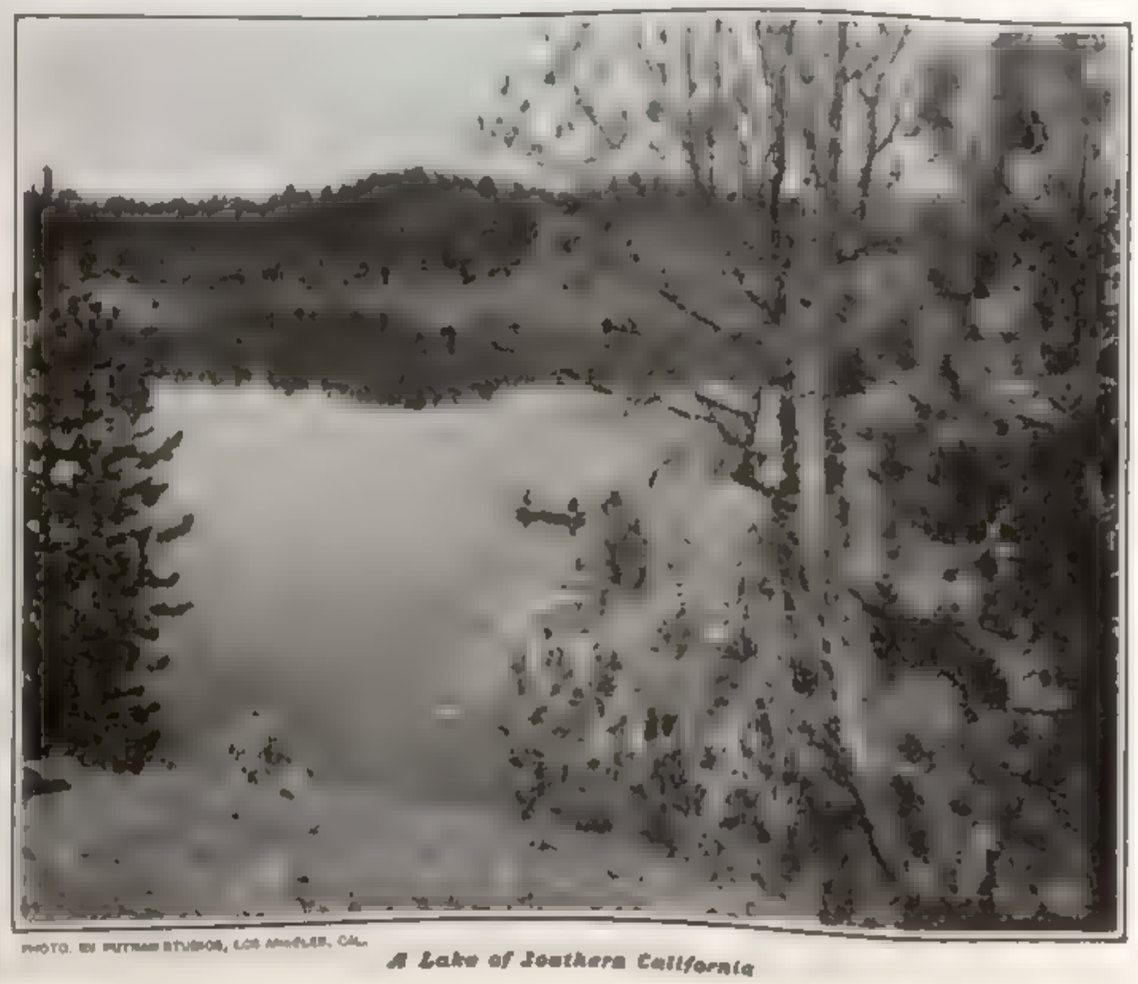
"As white as wool, Tom-oh!"

"Better go and tell 'em so, what?"

"You've taken the words out of my mouth, Tom-oh!"

"All right, old son. Come on, then—by the left ——"

And so went across to Dulcie and her man—good chaps, maybe a little congealed behind the brow, but, still, good chaps.



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SHOTS IN THE DARK

Continued from Page 5

Lee turned from the instrument to the abject figure cowering in the chair across the table.

"Mother will break it to her," he said.

"This will be the death of Minnie May," Boly burst out, burying his face in his hands.

"I hardly think so," remarked Wilkerson dryly. "But it may be the death of Minnie May's brother."

Daniels straightened with a jerk.

"What're you trying to do? Scare me? Well, you can't! The hound deserved to die."

"I realize that this is your opinion. The difficulty will be to convince a jury of it."

"I was only protecting a woman, wasn't I?" His voice rose, high and cracked and hysterical.

Lee stared at him in wonder. "If I were you, Boly," he said, "I'd cut out the booze."

"What's the matter? I'm all right."

"Right now you need an alienist more than a lawyer. Why, man, you're talking foolishness! Protecting a woman! She was another man's wife, wasn't she? And you were jealous of her. That'd be a fine story to tell a jury, wouldn't it?"

"I done warned him! I told him to keep away!"

"Sh-h!" Lee cautioned, getting up to make sure the door was tightly closed. "Forget it! That won't go. We'll have to find something else."

"Have I got to go to jail?"

"No. I can arrange to get you out on bond. But first you've got to promise me to lay off booze, absolutely—not a drop, mind—and not so much as open your mouth about this business."

"I ain't such a fool as that."

"All right. Remember, now, don't you do a thing except what I tell you. And after I've fixed it up about bail, you'd best stay home. Understand?"

Boly readily promised and they called in the sheriff, who was waiting in an outer room. Then the three hastened across to the courthouse, the sheriff forcing passage through the crowd of curious spectators, who had gathered outside of Wilkerson's door and on the stairs and sidewalk, to see Daniels come out.

Afterwards he took young Daniels home in a cab. Minnie May met her brother at the door. She was perfectly composed until Boly uttered a broken cry and threw his arms around her. Then she gathered him close to her bosom and, with her face pressed against his hair, began crooning to him like a mother to a hurt child.

"Hell!" muttered Lee as he drove away. "It's always the no-accounts who get the sympathy." He added sardonically, "But I reckon they're the ones who need it. The strong get along without."

His mother's first words were, "Where is he?"

"Home.'

"Home? Why, I thought—don't he have to go to jail? Minnie May was fixing to go down to see him."

"I couldn't get her on the phone. We've fixed bail—five thousand dollars—three of his father's old friends offered to go on the bond."

"Why," exclaimed Mrs. Wilkerson, watching him wonderingly, "you act almost as if you were glad!"

"Don't talk nonsense, mamma! But then, of course, it is a great opportunity isn't it?"

He paced up and down the floor, now and again running his fingers through his long, wavy black hair. His fine eyes—the eyes of an actor—were glowing, and his mother knew that he was mentally rehearsing the court scene already.

"So Boly's home, is he?" she remarked in an odd tone. "And Doc's in jail."

Her son stopped abruptly and stared at her. "What's that got to do with it?"

"I was just thinking. Boly done killed a man—and that poor ignorant nigger gave his wife a black eye."

"Oh, let's talk about things you understand."

"I reckon that Kane boy is in jail too. Ain't he?"

"He is. And what's more, it looks like he'll stay there. He's short thirty thousand dollars and he couldn't raise bail."

"Thirty thousand dollars? Land's sakes! What would that boy be doing with thirty thousand dollars?"

"Search me. But it's gone. And there may be more—they haven't finished checking up yet. By the way, I've been retained as special prosecutor."

He was eying her jealously for signs of disapproval, and he found them in every line of the tall, bony frame as she turned away and started straightening the sofa cushions.

"I reckon I ought to have turned Bland down, hey? And thrown away all the bank's business!" he sneered.

"Does this mean you're going to be their attorney now?"

"That's what it does. Bland came to see me this morning."

She had no comment to make.

"What was the trouble between Boly and Ad Rosser?" she asked.

"I—that's something I can't talk about now, even to you, mamma. You see, he's my client."

"But how did it happen? It'll be self-defense, I reckon—won't it?"

A troubled look came over Lee's face and he shook his head.

"No-o. That is what's worrying me."

"How? Why not? Surely he can find somebody who heard Ad make threats! And Boly is bound to've seen him make a move to pull a gun."

She spoke so simply that her son did not suspect sarcasm.

"Boly," he said, "is in a tight place, I'm afraid—a mighty tight place. He met Ad on the square this morning, and without saying a single word took a shot at him. Well, he missed and Ad ran—ran down the lane back of the Red Front Drug Store and hid in a barrel. Boly shot through the barrel."

"Oh-h-h! That's murder!"

"It'll make it harder," admitted Lee, not without a certain triumph.

"I feel right sorry for Miz Rosser. She's a good woman."

"Of course," replied her son impatiently. "You always do confine your sympathy to the women."

"Well, they're generally the victims, ain't they?"

"In this case," he burst out, "it was a woman who ——" and stopped short.

"Well?"

"Nothing. Let's not talk about it."

His mother went on tidying up the room. Whenever preoccupied or troubled, she would start straightening pictures or moving cushions or dusting.

"Lee," she said at last in a level voice, "there's something I think you ought to know about."

"What's that?"

"Joe Banty done brought over Boly Daniels' hat this morning after you'd gone—thought it might be yours."

"Where did he find it?"

"In their front yard."

For the first time Lee betrayed agitation.

"How do you know it was Boly's hat?"

"Think I wouldn't recognize that old brown felt? I've seen him wear it often enough."

He walked nervously up and down, then, halting in front of her, said with intense earnestness:

"Mamma, you must never breathe a word about this to anyone. Understand? You do understand, don't you?"

"I understand what you're driving at—yes."

He waited, wondering what was coming next.

"I'm just a plain old woman, son, and I'd like to get this law business straight in my mind," she continued. "Do lawyers—do they aim at seeing justice done? Or is their job to get their clients out of trouble, no matter what?"

"What's come over you tonight?" he exclaimed irritably.

"Nothing."

"Then what do you talk that way for? Are you going to promise? Or do you want to send young Boly Daniels to the scaffold?"

"If the hat's got anything to do with it," she persisted stubbornly, "it seems to me like it's your duty to tell about it."

"It does, does it? Well, if you won't do it for Boly's sake, maybe you will for Minnie May. Do you want to kill her? You know as well as I do she'd never get over it."

"I never said I was going to tell."

"No; and you never promised you wouldn't."

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Beyond the dreams of the Pioneers

Of the mile-long, high-level bridge now being built across the Hudson near Albany on the New York Central, the New York *World* says:

"The great cut-off at Castleton on the Hudson * * * * will be a boon to all the people of New York State and to five times as many beyond its borders. * * * *

"The Castleton cut-off is a notable example of those modern railway problems which concern rather improving old lines than the opening of new ones, for the cheaper movement of traffic grown vast beyond the dreams of the pioneers."

From a drawing made at Castleton, Sept., 1923, by Herbert Morton Stoops

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"What's the good of my promising if Joe Banty talks?"

"I hardly think," answered Lee dryly, "that Joe will talk. No, I've got an idea he'll keep his mouth shut and mind his own business."

"Oh, all right—I promise. But it strikes me, son, you've got a job on your hands this time."

"Don't I know it? It's the greatest chance of my career!" he cried, swelling at the thought.

The deeper he delved into the case the blacker it looked. It is usually fairly easy to clear a murderer in the Southwest, but, in view of the fact that the victim was hiding in a barrel at the moment he was shot, self-defense was manifestly absurd even to Lee's jury mind. And as the killer was a bachelor there could be no question of a wife's honor. On the other hand, Rosser had left behind him a wife and three small children, who would inevitably rouse public sympathy.

"If he'd gone out of his way to make it hard for me he couldn't have done a better job," muttered Lee bitterly, as he sat hunched in his office chair and thought and thought. "It's a sorry mess. Boiled down, it's nothing but a combination of bootleg liquor and jealousy. And that'd go big in a courtroom, wouldn't it? But I've just got to win! I've never lost a criminal case yet."

He was quick to sense public feeling too. It was running against Daniels. Generally the people of a small town are apt to be lenient and side with the killer in a shooting case, for he is alive and can talk for himself, and he has kinsfolk and staunch friends to back him. Yes, it's a lot safer than to espouse a dead man's cause. Besides, they entertain a rooted dislike to imposing the death sentence on a neighbor. Yet that sentiment had set in strong against his client. Many people openly denounced the killing as cold-blooded murder and a blot on the town's good name, and even from conservative quarters Lee heard the wish expressed that they would crack Boly's neck for this.

In vain he pumped his client for something that would help his case. Again and again he went over every detail, every happening between Daniels and his victim; he threw out suggestions, explored every possible avenue of escape; by innuendo and implication he tried to stir in Boly's numbed brain some excuse that would be possible as a defense. No use; there was nothing in the wretched business on which even the most remotely plausible defense could be hung. He was growing desperate. Time was flying, and a rich uncle of Mrs. Rosser's had engaged the ablest jury lawyer in the state to assist the prosecution.

And then he heard something which determined his line of defense. It left him no choice. When he went to see Boly at his home—they held all their conferences in his bedroom for secrecy—he had already formulated the hazy outline of a plan.

"Well, it's all up now," he announced grimly.

"Why, what's happened?"

"Clyde Odom's been talking. It's all around town."

"What does he know about it?"

"He says Ad Rosser came into his Kandy Kitchen about one o'clock the night before he was shot, and all he had on ——"

An exclamation from Daniels. "So that's where he went, hey?" he exclaimed, clenching his hands.

"Well? Is that all you've got to say?"

"I don't see what all this has to do with the case," answered Boly dazedly.

"You don't, hey? Well I do. Listen! The prosecution must have heard about this already, and they're bound to run it down. See?"

"No."

"Why, look where it puts us!" cried Wilkerson. "We've got to explain that somehow. If we don't, they'll put two and two together and the truth'll come out. And if it does—if the jury ever hears why you shot Ad Rosser—well, your neck is as good as cracked, boy."

Daniels retorted in a frightened voice, "That's the third or fourth time you've said that! What're you trying to do—scare me?"

"No; but I want you to help. Think!"

"I've seen a lot of killings, but I never saw a man strung up for one yet. Why should I be the goat? What's the matter with you, anyhow?"

"Let me tell you something, Boly," said Lee solemnly. "Just forget what happened in other cases. This one is different. And I warn you here and now, if we don't find some good defense pretty soon, you're as good as done for."

There were beads of perspiration on his client's forehead; they ran down his cheeks and onto his clasped hands, but he took no notice.

"What is it you want me to do, anyhow? Come on, you've got something on your mind—I can tell."

Still Wilkerson hesitated, dubious as to how he should begin.

"Well, why don't you say it? For God's sake, say it and get it over."

In proportion as Boly grew hysterical Lee grew calmer.

"Now, boy, pay attention. You admit they've got us in a tight corner. Clyde Odom is going to go on the witness stand and tell all he knows, and then they'll connect that business up with you somehow or other."

"Let 'em. I warned him—done warned him three times."

Wilkerson silenced him with a sweeping gesture.

"Who the woman was in this business," he continued, coldly emphasizing each word, "must never come out. If it does you're gone."

"But how'll we prevent it? Maybe Clyde Odom ——"

"No, it's too late for that. Clyde has done the mischief already."

"Then what'll we do?"

"Find another explanation."

"I don't get that."

"It's simple enough. They'll prove there was a woman in the case. And the sheriff'll go on the stand and tell what you said when you surrendered. Well, we've got to accept a woman as our defense."

"But the only woman in it ——"

"I told you to forget her."

"Then I give up. What the Sam Hill are you driving at, anyhow?"

"Listen carefully to what I'm going to say. A plea of self-defense is barred. You can see for yourself it would be ridiculous. Keep quiet, will you? Well, if you can't see it, everybody else can. The only thing that can possibly get you off is to prove you were protecting your home."

For a moment the significance of the words did not sink in. Boly looked puzzled.

"My home?" he repeated. "But I'm a bachelor."

"Sure you're a bachelor," Lee assented.

And then his meaning flashed on young Daniels. All the deep-rooted pride his kind take in the women of their families boiled up; he leaped to his feet, sending the chair flying backward.

"Damn you!" he cried. "You take that back! Take it back, I say, or I'll ——"

"Sh-h!" Lee warned, gripping him by the wrists.

They stood thus a moment, silently straining. The older man pushed him down on the bed and stood listening, to learn whether anybody in the house had taken alarm.

"Well I'm through!" he said with pent-up rage as he straightened his tie. "If that's the way you're going to help, you can swing for all of me. Good-by."

And he went out and down the stairs. "I'll give him a day or two to let the medicine work," he muttered as he walked home.

It required four sleepless nights to break Boly down. In normal vigor, given the choice between death and casting a blot upon any woman of his family, he would have met death without hesitation; but what he called his pride, and what little remained of his self-respect, could not stand up against the wearing process of physical exhaustion. Terror finally mastered him and he surrendered. It was abject surrender, too, despite some blustering and recrimination.

"But you've got to ask her," he sobbed, entirely unstrung. "I won't."

Wilkerson surveyed him with a contempt he was at no pains to conceal.

"All right," he said. "How about this evening?"

At first Minnie May did not understand in the least what he was driving at. Probably he did not intend that she should, because, beyond a vague hint, he contented himself with implanting in her the gloomiest possible view of the outcome of the trial. Every feature of the tragedy that would count most heavily against her brother he emphasized—and heaven knows there were enough of them!

"Oh! Why do you tell me all this?" she wailed.

(Continued on Page 77

Walter P. Chrysler*
Motor Car Manufacturer

By reason of his past and pending accomplishments, the figure of Walter P. Chrysler is of interest and significance to all motor car owners.

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* *Pronounced as though spelled, Cry-sler*

Walter P. Chrysler, Motor Car Manufacturer
See Preceding Page

(Continued from Page 74)

"Well, we've got to think up some line of defense."

"Yes," she replied, in a daze, "of course."

For a couple of days he left her alone, to brood over the prospect he had limned, and then the three had another conference. Minnie May came to it wan and haggard. Lee felt an impulse of pity—she looked forty years old, at least—but time was pressing and the business had to be arranged.

Very slowly, always indirectly, and with consummate adroitness, he led up to his plan of defense. He spoke with deep feeling of her late father and mother, whom everybody in the town had respected and honored; he referred to the justifiable pride they had always taken in the family's reputation; and he described the agony they would have suffered over their son's plight and probable fate. As to what that fate would be he did not mince words. He told her brutally, deliberately drawing on his best forensic powers.

"No, no! Not that! Not that!" cried the girl wildly. "It mustn't be that! Stop! Stop!"

Her agitation was so pitiable that Boly could endure it no longer. He had been sitting between them, in a cold sweat of shame and apprehension, but now he jumped up and rushed from the room. So he did not hear how his lawyer finally broached the plan.

In her stunned condition, Minnie May failed entirely to catch his drift, so that he had at last to state his proposal much more baldly than he had intended. When she did understand, she rose from her chair, white and shaking. Never, as long as he lived, could Lee shut out the memory of her eyes.

"You—you ask me that?" she whispered, with a whimper like a frightened child, and went out of the room.

Wilkerson walked up the street as though in a trance. Halfway to his own house, he suddenly stopped and exclaimed in helpless rage, "Damn him! He makes me feel like a skunk!" Which was hardly fair to his client.

Minnie May went to her room and stayed there, refusing the food which the cook carried up with her own hands. She did not see her brother again that night—not until the early hours of the morning, when she crept to his door without any real idea of what she was going to do.

He had fallen asleep with the light going, a trick of his boyhood. It may have been complete exhaustion, or it may have been that he felt sure of her help—at any rate, Boly was enjoying the first sound rest he had had. The lines of worry were gone from his face; against the pillow, he looked singularly boyish and innocent. Gazing at him through the door, his sister began to cry softly. After a while she tiptoed back to her room and went to bed. And in the morning she telephoned for Lee.

"Something's the matter with Minnie May," said his mother at supper.

"How?"

"Well when I went over this evening she wouldn't see me at first. And when I went upstairs, anyhow, she acted awful queer."

"Maybe she wants to be alone," said Lee uneasily.

"The poor child needs somebody. What're you going to do about Boly's case?"

"That's something I can't talk about, mamma."

"Stuff and nonsense!" grumbled the old lady.

He had enjoined on Minnie May the need of the utmost secrecy. The warning was hardly necessary, but he was dubious of what his mother's sympathy might make the girl reveal; and, if Mrs. Wilkerson ever got an inkling of the line of defense, he knew she would smash the plan, regardless of any consequences. But he might have spared himself these forebodings. The girl found it an ordeal now even to see Mrs. Wilkerson, and remained almost tongue-tied in her presence; it would have been utterly impossible for her to confide in Lee's mother.

Meanwhile the life of the town went on pretty much as usual. Individuals may plumb the depths of sorrow and suffering, but nothing short of a cataclysm upsets the daily routine of the mass. They eat and sleep and go about their affairs, though to you and me the heavens seem to be falling.

Doc got out of jail after payment of a forty-dollar fine—Stella borrowed the money from Lee. And then the fall term of court opened and young Kane's case came to trial. Wilkerson prosecuted. As witness after witness was called and the evidence piled up against him, the boy appeared to lose all hope. His nerves—severely tried by long incarceration in jail went back on him. The testimony of Bland, the bank president, gave the finishing strokes, so that Kane made a miserable showing when put on the stand in his own behalf and contradicted himself half a dozen times.

A considerable body of public opinion hoped that Wilkerson might be content with a nominal victory and ask for clemency, in view of the offender's youth and hitherto blameless record. Instead, he vigorously demanded the maximum sentence. If this boy, he urged in his argument to the jury, were allowed to go scatheless, the insidious poison corrupting the mind and conscience of the country would spread. He denounced the contempt for authority one met with on every hand, to which was due the wave of lawlessness now sweeping their cities and towns and hamlets and penetrating to the remotest corners of our fair land—a spirit that prompted men to flout the law, secure in the confidence of immunity.

A spirit of unrest and of challenge to the established order threatened the very existence of the Constitution and the institutions and ideals for which their forefathers had fought and bled. Were they going to encourage it, to let it engulf all they held dear? For mark you: If the trend of today toward contempt for law and the courts were not checked, red revolution lurked around the corner. They must make an example which would act as a deterrent to evildoers. He urged them to return a verdict in accord with the evidence.

President Bland of the First National listened with rapt attention, squirming about in his chair. Twice he leaned forward and whispered to Wilkerson during pauses in his oration, and when the lawyer sat down shook him warmly by the hand.

The jury gave young Kane a term in the penitentiary. As Lee was passing out of the court room he came face to face with the boy's father. The fellow's eyes blazed like those of a madman. So sinister was his expression that Lee mentioned it to the sheriff, and the sheriff promised to keep an eye on him.

"She's sure taking it hard," remarked Mrs. Wilkerson as they sat down to supper.

"Who? Minnie May?"

"No, Miz Kane. I went down there this evening and she wouldn't even let me in."

"You'd best keep away from those people"

"Oh, well, they're in trouble. And she's been sick ever since they locked him up. It's right pitiful. She says you could have got him clear if you'd wanted to."

"Well," Lee admitted, a little complacently, "I certainly could have done a better job than his lawyer did."

"Why didn't you let him off, son, after you'd won?"

"Because justice has to be done. It's my duty ——"

"Oh, I see! So you're going to help 'em hang Boly then, hey?"

"Mamma," he exclaimed, white with rage, "I never want to talk about these things with you again! You don't understand."

"No, I reckon I ain't got the legal mind."

From that night until the day of the trial they never once exchanged a word about the case. His mother had always been a woman of reticences, but her self-control under such circumstances struck Lee as unnatural. Sometimes she caught him eying her uneasily.

The lawyers had the usual long wrangle over preliminaries and the selection of the jury; but when the panel was complete, the Daniels case moved swiftly. Witness after witness told his story and stepped down. As they were swearing to undisputed facts, Wilkerson did not bother to cross-examine them, but contented himself with a few seemingly casual questions to Clyde Odom and the sheriff, who provided the only testimony he feared. The Kandy Kitchen man told of Rosser's visit to his place the night before he was killed; and the sheriff recited how the prisoner had said to him, when he surrendered after the shooting, "I gave him fair warning. He'll never run around nights again."

Some surprise was expressed that this testimony should have been introduced by the prosecution, in as much as it pointed to a line of defense. But the prosecution had no alternative. Both men had talked freely,

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"JANE! What is that wonderful dish you're making? It looks perfectly delicious!"

"Why, it's Tom's favorite—sauerkraut."

"Sauerkraut! Why, how are you fixing it?"

"It's one of the new recipes in this little booklet—'Sauerkraut à la Red Star Inn,' it's called, and it sounds awfully good."

"Why, there are all kinds of new recipes here, aren't there? 'Sauerkraut salad,' 'Baked Sauerkraut,' 'Sauerkraut and navy beans'—don't they sound good?"

"I've tried four of them now and they're all *splendid*. Dr. Roberts told Tom if he'd eat sauerkraut twice a week he'd feel so much better—and he does, too, and so do I."

"They say it's awfully good for the health."

"Oh, yes, this booklet tells all the things the scientists have been finding out about it—it's wonderful. You ought to read it."

"I'm going to surprise Bob with it tonight! He's awfully fond of it, but I never knew any way to serve it but with spare-ribs."

"Here, I'll let you take this booklet. Then you can pick out any recipe you like."

"Oh, fine! I want to show Bob what it says about its health value, too. He's heard some of the men at the office talking about it, and he's very much interested."

* * * * * * * * *

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and what they knew was common property. If they did not put Odom and the sheriff on the stand the defense probably would, so the prosecution had decided to take a shot in the dark in the hope it might disclose something damaging.

It did, but not what they had expected. Lee's defense staggered them; it was so wholly unlooked for, so dangerous to combat and so overwhelming. Not a whisper of it had gone out, and when Minnie May went into the box the townspeople could scarcely credit their ears. Never had such a sensation been sprung in the history of the county—Minnie May Daniels, of all people!

She began her story very calmly, almost as though reciting something she had learned by rote. Her face was pale, but she did not falter -not until the tense hush in which they listened grew unbearable. Then she paused, gulped and looked down, clasping and unclasping her hands. Lee waited; you could have heard a feather drop. At last the girl raised her head and glanced despairingly from judge to jury, her lips moving soundlessly, and such helpless appeal in her eyes that Lee thought she was going to faint and hurried to her side with a glass of water.

As she took it from him he began to shake, and spilled some of the water on her dress. Then Minnie May recovered and, with a little squeak in her throat, resumed her testimony.

This bit of drama was not lost upon the jury. It made a profound impression, as did Lee's manifest agitation. They had expected him to show emotion in his efforts to excite it, but nobody had anticipated the difficulty he evidently had in going on at all. Two or three times he stopped in the midst of his low-voiced questioning of the girl and seemed on the point of abandoning the task. He looked white and ill, but he mastered himself and carried her story to its conclusion.

"The witness is excused," said the prosecutor suavely when it came his turn, and himself assisted her from the stand. He was too old a hand at the game not to realize when he was beaten. No attempt was made to attack her story, convinced though he was that she had lied gloriously.

And Lee rested his case there. Like the finished actor a successful trial lawyer must be, he knew the precise moment to stop; and the way the jury sat back and the buzz of excitement throughout the court room bore witness to his judgment.

Yet, when he rose to make his argument to the jury, he seemed unable to summon those tricks of voice and manner and appeal with which he had so often moved a court room to pity and tears. He had prepared for this as the supreme moment of his career—and the words would not come. The swelling periods he had so carefully rehearsed fell haltingly, coldly. In place of the deep, vibrant tones which had wrung the heartstrings of so many juries, he spoke in a strangled voice that barely reached the first rows of spectators, and once he stopped and fumbled at his collar as though it choked him.

True, the sob stuff for which he was famous did show finally, but not as a calculated effect. He was pleading for the wronged sister, and suddenly his voice broke and he could not go on for a moment. It was the poorest effort of his life, and yet the strongest, for the jury sensed that the man was fighting against every decent instinct in him, and attributed it to his life-long friendship for the Daniels family—which both explained his behavior and confirmed their belief in the girl's testimony.

Two hours later they returned a verdict of not guilty, and Boly Daniels walked from the court a free man. He tried stammeringly to thank his lawyer, but Lee pushed him aside.

"Get away from me, you dirty hound!" he said between his teeth. "I never want to see your face again!"

"Dirty hound?" retorted Boly. "Say, I'd sure like to know what you've got on me! Huh!"

There were a few who congratulated Boly on his acquittal, but the majority of those he met showed plainly that they wanted to avoid him. And Boly did not have the sense to be low. After weeks of suspense and silence he wanted to mingle again, to loaf in the places he had formerly frequented.

The altered demeanor of people did not rebuff him, and he stayed in the Kandy Kitchen most of the afternoon, perched on a stool.

About dusk Joe Banty entered and walked up to Daniels.

"I was waiting to see if they'd save me the job," he explained, and shot him down without warning.

When Lee reached home the house was dark.

"She's upstairs, jedge," said the cook in a low voice, "a-lookin' after Miss Minnie May."

"Minnie May? Does she know?"

"Yas-suh. Most everybody does by now, I reckon. Your ma went and brung her over here, and she's in the spare bed, with cold towels round her haid. She was talkin' to herself and looked awful wild, jedge. The missy was scared to leave her alone."

And then his mother called him upstairs.

"She's been asking for you," she whispered.

"I can't face her," he replied, turning toward his own bedroom. She followed him. Switching on the light, she closed the door and sat down in a rocker, all very deliberately. To be unhurried was characteristic of her.

"Well, son," she began slowly, "looks like they'll have it all to do over again."

"Don't!"

"Maybe if you had let justice take its course in the first place ——"

He made no answer—just sat gazing at the floor, his face drawn and gray.

"Lee," she said, "I'd like to know just how far a lawyer thinks he's justified in going for a client."

"Don't, mamma! Don't bring that up again!"

"I'm ashamed of you, son. I never thought I'd live to see the day when —— No wonder you didn't want to talk about the case! And Minnie May didn't either!"

"Well, it's too late now."

"Best go in and see her," suggested his mother.

It was dark in the room, but sufficient light penetrated from across the hall to enable him to see the white face under its crown of towels.

"Oh, what have we done?" cried the girl weakly, reaching out a hand toward him.

"We? What've I done, you mean?"

A sob broke in his throat and he sank on his knees beside the bed, pressing his face against her arm.

"It wasn't your fault," she murmured.

"Oh, Minnie May, I didn't know! I didn't know!"

His mother stole out of the room. In the hall she caught Stella listening behind a screen, which afforded such a fine outlet for her feelings that the old lady was in an almost buoyant humor by the time she returned to the bedroom.

Lee was still on his knees and they were murmuring to each other.

"But I've branded you!" he groaned.

"Stuff and nonsense!" cried his mother, blazing into anger. "There you go again! Theatricals, that's all it is! Looks like you can't think any other way. What does it matter what people say so long as you're all right with yourselves?"

Shortly afterwards she ordered Lee out of the room and administered a sleeping powder to her charge.

"She dozed off," she announced presently; "but she's restless."

"You look worn out yourself, mamma. Best go to bed."

"Shucks, I'm all right."

Indeed, whatever may have troubled the dreams of the other members of the household that night, Mrs. Wilkerson slept peacefully. Once or twice she smiled, and her arms moved gropingly about the pillow.

Next morning—as if it had not been sufficiently stunned the town received another shock. The First National Bank closed its doors. Lee hurried home with the news himself, both he and his mother being depositors.

If he expected agitation he was disappointed.

"What's the trouble?" she demanded.

"Bland!"

"Looted it?"

"Looks that way."

"Huh! That's bad. So many poor people."

And then a mob swept down the street from the square, clamoring for Bland. It was led by Kane, the father of the convicted boy.

"He's in here," bellowed Kane as the furious depositors reached the Wilkerson gate. A roar, and they surged forward, smashing down the fence and sweeping across the lawn. Lee hurried out onto the porch. He was greeted with boos and jeers.

"Bland isn't here!" he cried above the din. "I have not seen him, and I don't know where he is."

"You're a liar!"

It was Kane, and he sprang out of the press to confront him.

"I tell you he isn't here!"

"And I tell you he is! Where else would he come?" yelled Kane, turning to the mob with upflung arms. "Where else would any thief come if he had the money? This man is attorney for the bank. Let's make him deliver up the scoundrel."

A deafening babel of voices; in vain Lee tried to make himself heard. And now Kane was denouncing him, half to his face, half in the form of a harangue to the crowd.

"This," he screamed, "is the man who sent my boy to prison for what another man done! And this is the man who got a murderer clear yesterday, though he was guilty—and he knew it! He talks about justice! Justice? What does he know of justice?

"You've all heard him spout. He sent my innocent boy to prison, and he said this country was going to ruin because people wouldn't respect the law and was tearing down the authority of the courts. What've you got to say now, Lawyer Wilkerson? Hey? What've you got to say now?

"Do you know what's tearing down respect for law? Lawyers like you! Do you know why there's so much crime? Because every thief and killer in the country figures he'll come clear with a good lawyer to help him. Do you know why there're lynchings and mobs? Because people have learned they can't trust the courts to punish criminals. Law? To hell with the law the way you lawyers run it!"

Each question he drove home with an upward thrust of his chin and a bang of his fist against his palm. The mob howled its approval.

"Let's ride him!" somebody shouted.

The suggestion met with instant and roaring welcome. Willing hands tore off a scantling from the picket fence and a rush was made for Lee. He stepped back, prepared to fight, and at that moment his mother appeared at his side.

"Well," she demanded in her incisive way, "what's all the ruckus about?"

Then, without waiting to hear, she concentrated on the leaders.

"What does this mean, Tud Kane? You'd ought to be ashamed of yourself, with a wife sick in bed at home! It's a fine way to treat me, after the way I've nursed her, ain't it?"

The doughty Kane backed up, looking decidedly foolish. He did try to say something, but all the fire was gone from him.

"And the rest of you there! You, Cliff Jones! And you, Staples Fuller! What's come over you, anyhow? You-all know me." They most assuredly did. Not a man in the crowd but entertained a vast respect for the old lady, not entirely free from awe. The yelling stopped and the mob moved back a few paces. She ran her eye over their ranks slowly, as though identifying the individuals and gauging their spirit.

"What is it you-all want?" she snapped.

"We done come for Bland, ma'am," somebody piped up. "We want our money."

"What's that got to do with us? He ain't here."

"We heard he was hiding out here."

"Well, he ain't."

The leaders looked askance at her and one another, sullen, reluctant to be balked.

"Then where is he, Miz Wilkerson?"

"How should I know? Will you men take my word for it when I tell you solemnly that Bland ain't here, and hasn't been in this house in a month?"

No answer. A voice yelled, "Yeh, and he'll git plumb away, I bet you. Your son'll fix it. That's what he's paid for."

She held up both hands for silence.

"Now, listen to me, men. Whatever has happened in the past, my son will not help Bland in any shape or form. If he can help you catch him, he'll do it. Why wouldn't he? We had seven thousand dollars in that bank. Did any of you lose as much?"

They swayed uncertainly.

"I promise you my son will do everything in his power to help you get back your money. You-all know me. Ain't you going to take my word for it?"

"Oh, all right. Come on, boys," cried somebody. "We're losing time here."

"And before you go," shrilled the old lady, "you men clean up all that mess you've made of my front yard. Do you hear me, Cliff Jones?"

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Pleasing the *men* of the family ~ big and little

WHETHER it's because Son is "already pretty much of a man in some ways" or because his Father "never grew up"—the Mother of the family is never quite sure.

But certainly there is something about a fine, sturdy pocket knife that reaches down into the heart of boy and man alike.

There was a time—not so long ago—when the "Christmas knife" was nice to look at, perhaps, but not of much real use.

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But wait a minute! How about the car—give him a Remington Mechanics' Knife. Or for radio experiments—give him a Remington Knife with screw driver and a punch blade. Or the garden—give him a Remington Pruning Knife.

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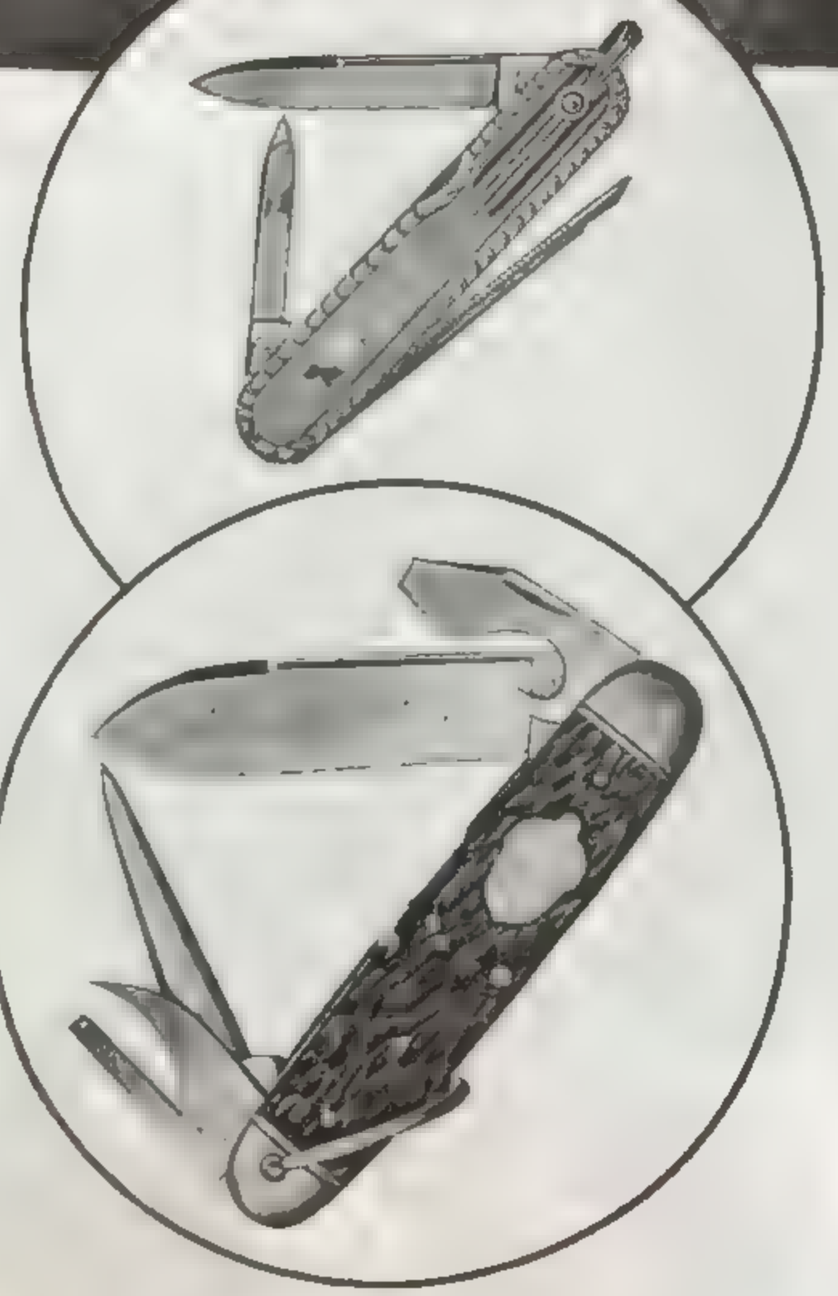

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SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 30

We were married by the jail chaplain, and for a time we were very happy. Vesta was doing an act in vaudeville, How I Killed My Husband, finishing up with a couple of comic-song hits. I took care of the business end, dealt with managers, movie men and reporters, and wrote her Confessions. What with artistic success, social prestige, and dinners in the best hotels, life was one grand sweet song.

I realize now that such bliss could not last. One day I was joking with Vesta about the coffee

"This must be what you poisoned your husband with!" I said.

A sudden impulse seemed to seize her. "You know, I really didn't poison him," said she.

"Great heaven!"

"It's true. He must have died of heart failure or something. I really bought the potassium permanganate to kill rats with. The only thing I put in his coffee was that cure for the coffee habit. I didn't want to kill him."

"But you pleaded guilty!"

"That was my lawyer's advice."

"Then"—I clutched her arm fiercely "our happiness is built upon a lie!"

It was true. It was a lie. My mind is failing fast; the last two sentences seem to prove it.

Thenceforth there was no peace in our home. I no longer felt that I could trust her; I grew suspicious, irritable; Vesta's temper became raw and uncertain. She would break out wildly, "I didn't poison him, but I could have"; or "The Milwaukee Morning Blatt ran my interview on poisoning on the sport page, but don't worry; pretty soon I'll be on the front page again!"

I am near the end of my strength; I must write quickly.

This morning it happened. It seemed to me that my coffee tasted queer, but I thought nothing of it; that happens so often. It was poisoned! Terrible pangs shoot through me. Help! Help!

Vesta is trying on a new hat—a modish black one. She pays no attention to me.

Another pang! I can write no more. Help! Help! Gaa

EDITOR'S NOTE—This manuscript was read at the trial of the lovely Vesta Vermifuge for the murder of her second husband. Vesta is now the wife of Mr. Beaverbrook Shadwell, the foreman of the jury which acquitted her.

—MORRIS BISHOP.

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Note. His shortest utterances, yet many leading authorities class them as his greatest.)

(*a*) "Yes."
(*b*) "No."

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(Note. Masterpiece delivered in reply to an hour-long description by Senator Gush.)

"May be so."

VOL. 3

(Note. Penetrating reply to a regiment of newspaper men seeking details on whether the President enjoyed a trip down the Potomac

"Not so bad."

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(Note. Historic answer to Governor Longwind's ten-thousand-word invitation to address curious inhabitants of his state.)

"Thanks. Can't come."

VOL. 5

(Note. His most famous after-dinner speech

"Can't speak."

VOL. 6

(Note. Advice to budding congressman.)

"Be brief."

VOL. 7

(Note. To song bird encountered on daybreak walk.)

"Morning, neighbor."

VOL. 8

(Note. Address to White House delegation.)

"Come again."

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(Note. Best-known speech as Vice President.)

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(Note. The President's oratorical masterpiece, delivered to a farm horse back in Vermont, when the horse headed a loaded hay wagon for a fence post.)

"Get over there. It isn't any fun putting up posts for you to knock down. Now is it?"

—*Bernard G. Priestley.*

The Borrower

I HAVE a friend who has a shelf
Of books he did not buy himself.
They're precious tomes, bound rich and fine;
I love them, for they're mostly mine.
Whene'er he comes to visit me
Some book of mine he's sure to see.
"I'll borrow this if you don't mind,"
He says. I hate to be unkind,
And so, ere I protest, my book
Is in the pocket of that crook.
He has my Works of Ethel Dell,
My copy of Lucile as well,
My favorite Bradshaw's Railroad Guide,
My Wentworth's Algebra beside
My Manual for Army Cooks,
And all my Elsie Dinsmore books.

At last I hit upon a plan
To teach a lesson to this man.

"But, Doctor, You Told Me These Other Bottles Would Cure Me!"

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HOSIERY

The next time that I went to call
Upon my friend, upon his wall
I saw some paintings hanging there,
Some precious prints and etchings rare.
"Say, Bill," I murmured with a smile,
"I'd like to take these for a while
I'll send them back within a week."
Before he had a chance to speak
I slipped the pictures from the wall
And took them home the frames and all

A few days later, calling there,
I saw Bi.'s fav'rite morris chair.
I said, "Thi chair is just my style.
I think I'll take it for a while."
The chair I carried to my door
I left Bill sitting on the floor
Then next I hired a moving van
And drove to Bill's and said, "Old man,
Some folks are dropping in tonight,
I'd like to entertain them right;
A good piano's hard to find,
I'll borrow yours if you don't mind.
My own is old and out of tune.
I'll send it back to you quite soon."

So now, at night, when home I stay,
On Bill's fine baby grand I play;
Or, lounging in his morris chair,
Those paintings and those etchings rare
I gaze at, dangling from their hooks
And say, "Well, Bill can keep my books."

Newman Levy.

The Mad Woman in the Henry

OF THE many lilting verse forms since
Ben Jonson was a boy
That were penned to Lovely Woman, to her
thoughts, her hair, her nose,
Not a single one will serve me; in my task
I must employ
Jazz depicting her in action not in shy
and calm repose.
For the ancient, solemn rimes blending
dignity with ease
Fail to paint her wayward courses that no
watchful bard can miss,
Or his own unbounded terror when before his
eyes he sees
Lovely woman

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e street like this!

I've a taste for real adventure, danger's rather
what I like,
And I've met it as in novels—with the
steeliest of hearts;
But when driving on the highway I see tearing
down the pike
One frail woman in a Henry all that steeli-
ness departs.
I grow faint and tremble feebly; I turn pale
beneath my tan,
For to her a mile is better oh, far better!
than a miss;
And defying God and traffic and the simple
rights of man,
She h l z
w e a z y e l
i l r m i k h
l r y e d w i i
l u b g a l s
h u g i a y l
n

From a woman in a Henry anything you
may expect;
You may live when she has passed you, or
may die;
You may only lose a hub cap; then again
you may be wrecked—
Depending on her fancy and the choler in
her eye,
For when traffic coppers signal "Go ahead!"
for north and south,
And you cross the intersection to the car-
buretor's hiss,
Then the wild girl in the Henry with a set look
on her mouth
And a matinée to east-
ward cuts o w like this!
a b
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Every day the bells are tolling on the gentle
summer air,
Every day the dismal hoof beats of the hearse
horse drum the vale,
Every day they spade the graveyard for a man
past grief and care,
There's another dandy Runhard with a sign
in crape: "For Sale"
For each day another victim takes his motor
for a spin
And the cool inviting roadway brings the
undertaker's kiss,
For he's sure to meet two women who will
aptly cash him in—
One by coming at him t h

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And the other one l i

—Gordon Seagrove.

Sweet Charity—The Man Who Hesitated to Subscribe

FYRAC Spot LIGHT

Give him this Newest Motor Necessity

This unmatched gift will bring happiness to any motorist. It will please his sense of pride, for it's the latest thing in motor accessories. It will give endless comfort, utility and enjoyment because it means safer, worry-free night driving.

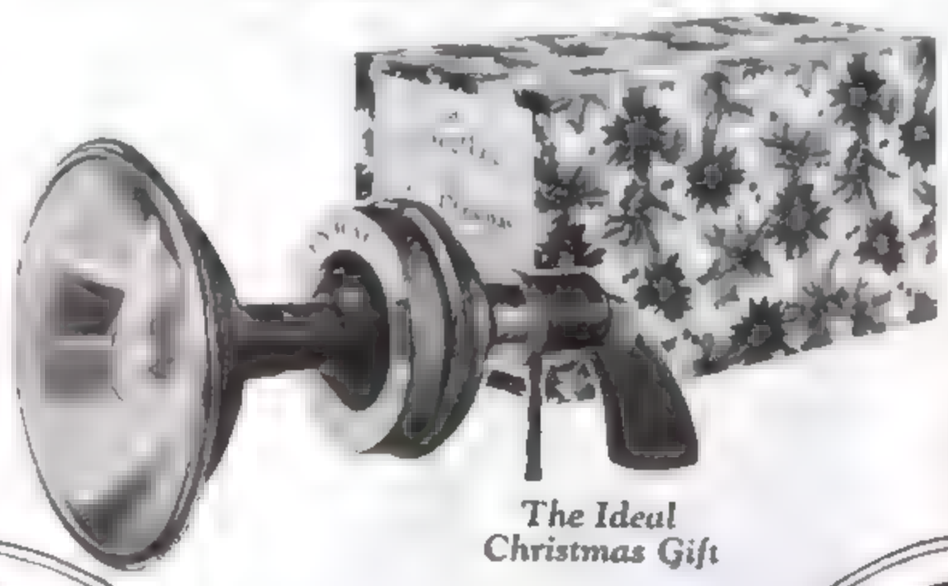
The Fyrac Spot Light fits through the windshield—its shining reflector out in front—its convenient Gun Grip inside at the finger ends. Its usefulness is doubly emphasized in winter when closed windows and side curtains put the old-fashioned spot light out of reach and out of use.

Users proclaim Fyrac the greatest illuminating accessory ever invented for a motor car. Its 1500-foot beam can be instantly aimed in any direction. With the special holly package goes a free installation certificate; installing at dealer's takes only a few minutes. $12.75—including installation.

Made under Fyrac-Clymer Patents

The Fyrac Spot Light is manufactured under and fully protected by Fyrac-Clymer patents and applications. Patented May 15, 1923; other patents pending. Suits have been instituted against three infringers. All others will be promptly prosecuted Fyrac Manufacturing Company, Rockford, Ill

We guarantee the Fyrac Spot Light and the windshield in which it is installed



The Ideal Christmas Gift

FITS THRU YOUR WINDSHIELD GLASS

A "Bright" Suggestion for Christmas

GIVE something different—a DIM-A-LAMP! The only lamp of its kind. Clamps, stands, hangs anywhere, as a good portable lamp should. AND—gives five changes of light, from full-on to out.

Fine for bedroom, sick room and nursery

Give a DIM-A-LAMP! It is beautiful—useful—convenient. It puts light where most wanted, and in just the right degree of luminosity. Bright light for reading, sewing, writing, shaving. Subdued light for tired eyes, and for "sentinel" duty.

Appreciated in the boudoir

DIM-A-LAMP is electric, yet it may be turned up or down the same as the old-fashioned oil-lamp. And it really saves 30% to 80% current at the meter! An excellent lamp to leave burning low when you go out of the room—or the house.

A utility lamp in the home

DIM-A-LAMP

Clamps, Stands, Hungs Anywhere

In the sick-room or the nursery, DIM-A-LAMP may be turned low for an all-night light. It will stand on any table, desk or chair; hang on any nail; clamp on any chair back, mirror or desk-top.

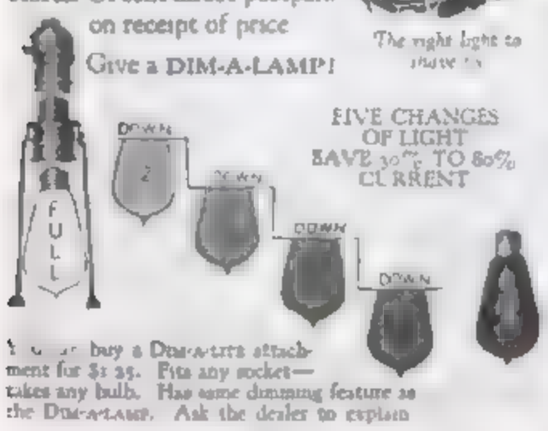
A slight pressure of thumb and forefinger on the lampstem opens clamp; an upward push on the stem closes clamp. A child can do it. DIM-A-LAMP will not mark the finest furniture, for the clamp is felt lined and the spring is made strong enough to hold firmly, yet gently.

An excellent lamp for the desk

DIM-A-LAMP is beautiful in any of its three finishes. It is a most acceptable gift for everybody. It sells for less than many lamps that do not have its obvious superiorities. Only $4.50 in brush-brass, $5.00 in bronze or ivory, at electrical, hardware and department stores. Or sent direct postpaid on receipt of price

The right light to shave by

Give a DIM-A-LAMP!



FIVE CHANGES OF LIGHT SAVE 30% TO 80% CURRENT

You can buy a Dim-a-lite attachment for $1.25. Fits any socket—takes any bulb. Has same dimming feature as the Dim-a-lamp. Ask the dealer to explain

WIRT COMPANY

PHILADELPHIA PENNSYLVANIA

FROGS' PANTS

(Continued from Page 21)

"—— and have you a substitute for coffee?"

Young Waddy Brown, whom even his friends admitted to be somewhat brash and whose general manners might have been improved upon by faithful effort and emulation of his betters, was moved to humor.

"Waitah," he called in his overloud voice, "hey, that last glass of milk I had was too strong. Can't you weaken it up? It upsets me terribly, simply terribly."

The membership did not approve of Waddy Brown's bumptiousness and his humor was not appealing to it, nor was it given to affronting either guests or new members. Old members might be insulted with impunity. Consequently a silence fell which was rather embarrassing for everybody—except, apparently, the Nobb twins. One would have thought they did not hear; or, hearing, had not applied the subtle jape to themselves. They devoted themselves placidly, and with exquisite table manners, to the consumption of custard, toast and a coffee substitute from which everything noxious had been spirited away in a laboratory. The incident was closed.

After lunch, in the lounge, McWhinney admonished Waddy Brown.

"Some day, young fellow," he said, "you're going to spread a layer of what you call humor, and an able-bodied man's apt to take you by the ears and mop it up with your nose."

Waddy grinned in his irritating way.

"Fetch him on," he said.

"We put up with you because we're used to you," Weevil remarked. "But don't get strayed from the idea that you're our leading little mental hazard."

"Listen," said Waddy; "you seem to be feelin' chesty—you two. I'll just play your best ball and give it six strokes—for a five-dollar Nassau."

"Huh!" said McWhinney, and that was the moment the Nobb twins chose to enter the lounge. Waddy Brown snorted and again essayed persiflage.

Leaning toward Mr. Wills, he said in a mincing voice, "This room is always full of rough men—always. And so indelicate! Anybody that's real dainty ought not to be allowed in here. It's positively corruptin'."

The twins advanced. Side by side they came as if part of a platoon, and they halted before Perry Flagg.

"Mr. Flagg," said one of them, "we came early today ——"

"—— because we considered the time was ripe ——"

"—— to make the acquaintance ——"

"—— of other members of this club."

Mr. Flagg cleared his throat and stammered, "Er—ah—fine! That's the spirit!" He turned to the room. "Boys," he said, "these are the Misters Nobb, members." Whereupon he named a number of names, at each of which Galahad and Parsifal bowed from the waist.

"We are delighted," said Parsifal.

"Our mother," said Galahad, "wished us to take up golf."

"Because," said Parsifal, "she considers it genteel."

"And its participants," said Galahad, "as the—ah—you know—the right sort."

"It's awful on the hands," said Waddy Brown. "Gets them all over nasty calluses."

"We wear gloves," said Galahad.

"Invariably," said Parsifal.

"What are your handicaps?" asked Mr. McWhinney, to cover the awkward pause. Handicaps were his business in life.

"We have none—that is to say ——"

"We prefer playing all games—those in which we indulge ——"

"—— from scratch. It—ah—seems more sporting, eh?"

"Of course," said Galahad, "we never win."

"Haw-haw!" said Mr. Brown, and the twins turned mild faces toward him.

"Would you like to make up a foursome?" Mr. Wills asked quickly. He had a kind heart.

"Thank you, no. We are learning twosome golf now."

"Though we are quite proficient, we do not wish to attempt ——"

"—— the more complicated form as yet," said Galahad.

This was almost too much even for the sober and responsible element, but it managed to tighten its facial muscles and pass with credit through the crisis.

"We are having difficulty ——" said Galahad.

"—— with our mashie shot," said Parsifal.

"We think it is a defect ——"

"—— in our wrist action."

"Why not," asked Waddy Brown, "try unbuttoning your gloves?"

"That," said Galahad, looking reflectively at his brother, "is a suggestion."

"We thank you," said Parsifal, "and shall go out to try its effectiveness. We are pleased to have made your acquaintance."

"Charmed," said his brother.

They made their exit, and presently other members straggled after them. There remained Wills and McWhinney and Weevil and Flagg.

"Waddy Brown's too big for his bigness," said Flagg.

"He's a cut-up," McWhinney added.

"Just dog-gone fresh," said Wills. "He's a blamed nuisance."

"No sense of fitness. Thinks he can josh everybody. Hasn't enough turpentine in his paint."

"One of these days," Flagg said, "he's going to get what my old mother used to call his come-uppance."

"And I hope to live to see it. There, listen to him bellowing. Yells around the course as if it was a convention hall."

"But he can play golf."

"Why shouldn't he? The Lord gave him lots of body and not many brains. If you can't think, nothing takes your attention off your game."

"Um"—Weevil wore an abstracted look—"now what I was telling you fellows about pronating your wrists," he said. "It's like this—gimme that driver. See, you fetch back your club this way, and—watch my wrists ——"

III

WHEN you find a man the caddies do not like, then there is one who needs renovating. The architecture of his general character is faulty. The judgment of fifty or a hundred young caddies is sound, though it may not be the result of scientific analysis. Also it would amaze you the amount of discussion which goes on in the caddies' compound regarding the men whose bags they carry. Of course the world's premier hotbed of gossip is the men's lounge, but after that comes the caddie yard. Everything about the player is discussed, from the way he deals with his wife to the kind of shoes he wears, and whether he cusses from bad disposition or merely as a natural and not malign safety valve. Sportsmanship is the one standard of the caddie—after tipping has been disposed of—and any member who falls short of the youngsters' idea of what sportsmanship is should be viewed with adult suspicion. There are men who tip their caddies a dollar a round, but who get neither the service, the affection nor the sage advice for their money that some less wealthy or more frugal member receives for his quarter tip. Find a player in whose game the caddies take a sympathetic interest; find the player the caddies pull for in a match and bet on in a tournament, and you are apt to meet up with a fellow who fills pretty well the vague definition of a gentleman. Which is by way of saying that when Waddy Brown appeared in the door of the club room with his bag there was a general scurrying of caddies for cover. No boy liked to carry for him, even though he was a splendid golfer. He saved his humor for those whose age and dignity would have advised him to better taste. With caddies and servants he was savage. The result was that he traveled always with a sulky boy and that he lost a great many golf balls that would have been found for other members.

"I wisht I was big enough to bash him one in the jaw," Skimpy Demler said, and matters even progressed so far as a general conspiracy to waylay him in a lonely spot and do him up in a gang.

"Once," said Nicky, "I seen him drop a ball."

That was the high crime. Now a caddie who loves you may, on provocation, improve your lie in the rough with a surreptitious toe, but he will never tell you about it, because he knows you would take it out of his hide.

His ethics may be a bit involved. Not for the world would he have you guilty of violating the ethics of golf, but he may violate them for you. But let him discover you in a meanness and your name is mud. And of all the meannesses, dropping a ball is head and front.

"Yes, sir," said Nicky. "I was carryin' fer him. It was on the seventh. He sliced into them woods, and we all looked for his ball where it went. Perty soon this Mr. Brown, he goes out in the middle of the fairway and he drops a ball, and then he hollers he's found his; that it must 'a' hit a tree and bounded out. Hit a tree, nothin'! I see him drop it."

"He's always cussin' the kids."

"He's a big stiff," said Skimpy, which summed up juvenile public opinion.

However, on the other hand, though the members might deride the Nobb twins, the caddies were not against them.

"Them's funny little guys," said Tony reflectively.

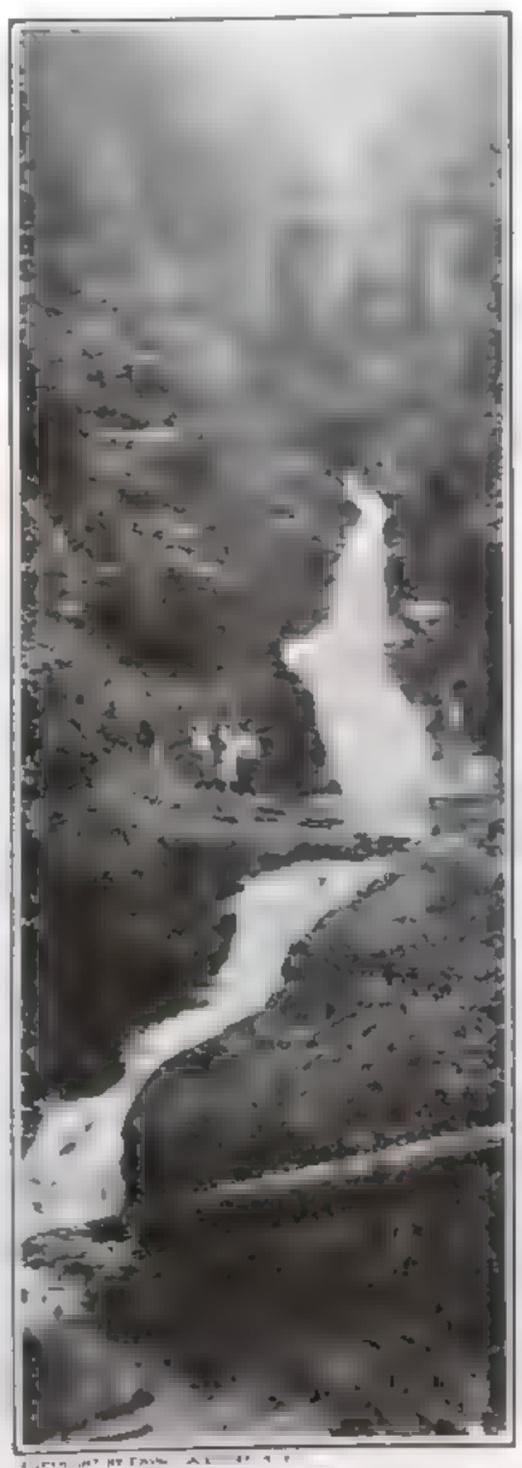
"Kind of nutty, mebby," said Mike.

"But now they ain't so rotten," said Skimpy. And that was allowed to stand. Nutty they might be, but beyond that they weren't objectionable. Intolerant boyhood is not always so intolerant as juvenile specialists like to tell us in brochures.

Which shows how the caddies would take sides in any possible controversy arising between Waddy Brown and the Nobbs. And, impossible as it may seem, a controversy arose.

The thing happened in the lounge, where a great deal happens that the outside world never hears about. The Nobb boys sat on two straight-backed chairs, smoking monogrammed cigarettes, lady's size. The regulars were there, and Waddy and Perry Flagg, who it appeared had known the Nobbs in a former phase of their existence, stood by the big window and regarded the room with anticipation. It had become a habit for Waddy to razz—as he called it—the pair every time he encountered them. They appeared never to be aware of it, so Waddy became broader and broader in his

(Continued on Page 86)



Upper Cascade of Buck Hill Falls, Pocono Mountains, Pa.

The New Jordan Sedan

THERE has been an insistent demand for some time for a new Jordan Sedan—a little longer, a little roomier and a little more complete in every way than the one we previously built.

People have told us that they wanted a sort of de luxe model—a car that would occupy the same position in the enclosed line that the Blue Boy does among the open models.

So we have built a beautiful Sedan of recognized Jordan quality, with a smart up-to-date body. It carries either five or seven people very comfortably according to which body type you select.

It is entirely new in appearance. Sharp corners have been eliminated everywhere. There is more contour to the top—and the back is rounded to conform to the latest custom design.

Hardware is of the finest quality—all interior fittings in fashionable dull platinum finish.

There are Marshall cushion and back springs.

Upholstery in the finest fabrics to harmonize with the optional body colors.

The Jordan Sedan is a lounging, leisurely car of comfort for those who go as they please—a nimble, fleet-footed bundle of energy for those who hurry on their way.

Spacious in capacity, yet compact in appearance, it affords a happy escape from the disagreeable feeling of personally driving a car best fitted to accommodate a crowd.

JORDAN

JORDAN MOTOR CAR COMPANY [illegible] Cleveland Ohio

To Sales Managers, and other executives or employers of men

A sure-fire Christmas remembrance for the "go-getters"

The man-to-man gift should be something of a friendly, masculine sort—and something that doesn't presume too much upon personal tastes. Men don't like to be sentenced to wear necktics, scarf-pins, or other adornments of another's choosing.

As the ladies have not, as yet, taken up pipe-smoking, pipe-tobacco remains "he-stuff." Nothing up-stage about it, either; since the first Indian pipe-of-peace, tobaccohasbeen a symbol of democracy and the brotherhood of man.

No harm is done if some lucky fellow gets two or three jars of tobacco from different friends. Duplicates are welcomed. The more, the merrier Christmas.

Edgeworth is so generally liked that it's a safe, sure-fire present for men. In the glass humidor jar it keeps in condition indefinitely

These 16-ounce jars are sold at $1.65 at all tobacco stores; but if your regular dealer hasn't enough of them, we offer you this painless plan, just to relieve the pressure on Santa Claus:

Send us $1.65 for each pound jar of Edgeworth to be sent out, a list of the names and addresses of those you wish to remember, together with your personal greeting cards.

We will pack each jar in an appropriate Christmas box, enclose your card, and send them all off in plenty of time to be delivered before December 25th.

Personal—If you are not personally acquainted with Edgeworth, send your name and address on a postcard to Larus & Brother Company. We will be glad to send you free samples—generous helpings both of Edgeworth Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.

Smoke a few pipefuls and judge for yourself whether or not you wish to become a permanent member of the Edgeworth Club.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

For the free samples, kindly address Larus & Brother Company, 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va. If you will also include on your postcard the name and address of your regular tobacco dealer, your courtesy will be appreciated.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

(Continued from Page 84)

japery, quite surpassing his own brash self at times. Never by any chance did he call them anything—to their faces—but the rabbits; and once he asked if they kept a lady's maid, to which they replied with perfect gravity that they did not; that it was a Japanese valet. They were impervious. But on this day there was another outcome.

"Say, yourabbits," Waddy began, "how's the golf? Do you really play out there, or do you just pick flowers?"

"We are becoming more and more proficient," said Galahad.

"Oh, much more proficient," said Parsifal.

"Well, why don't you lead out your game and show it to a real man some day?"

"We had considered doing so."

"Seriously considered," said Galahad.

"In those gloves and panties and everything?"

Galahad looked inquiringly at Parsifal, who nodded his head.

"Er—Mr. Brown," Galahad said hesitatingly, "you were raised in the South, were you not?"

"Ah—in Kentucky?" persisted Parsifal.

"Yes; why?" demanded Waddy.

"Well—er—we just wanted to observe ——"

"——that your native state ——" said Galahad.

"—— did much better breeding ——"

"—— horses," finished Galahad, and there they let it lie.

The locker room gasped. When it considered and digested the offering of the Nobb brothers it drew a deep breath and sat tight. The joint rejoinder had about it a sort of finality to which even a nimbler wit than Waddy Brown's was required to frame an apt reply. It lay on the table before Mr. Brown and stared up at him. Waddy was nonplused. The unexpectedness of any retort from the rabbits nonplused him. He flushed red and looked furtively about the room; and, perceiving all eyes upon him expectantly, he flushed a deeper red. It was indubitably his move.

"Why, you fresh little shrimps," he blustered, "what d'ye mean ——?"

"We have talked it over," said Galahad.

"—— and reached the conclusion," said Parsifal.

"—— that we should intimate our disapproval ——" said Galahad.

"—— of your personality," said Parsifal.

"You blinky-blank fashion plates! You ding-donged, waddle-doddled half-portion scent bottles! You toy golfers ——"

He got as far as that, and Perry Flagg laughed shortly. It was an irritating laugh. McWhinney joined in, and so did Weevil and Wills.

"Waddy," said Flagg, "you've shot off your face a lot around this place, and most of it was out of turn. Looks like these boys had put the bee down your neck—and made you like it."

"Huh!" snorted Waddy.

"And they got your nanny," said Weevil. "They're leadin' it to the slaughterhouse."

"And right now I'll make you a bet they can trim you at anything from lawn tennis to putting the shot," said Flagg, "and that includes golf."

Waddy glowered.

"Tell you what I'll do," said Flagg. "I'll make a little bet with you. You been ruggin' these boys about their game and everything, and you claim to be some golfer yourself. Now I bet you these boys can go out right now, you playin' their best ball, and mop up the course with you. What you're long on is gab, and what you're short on is nerve. I ain't bettin' on their game; I'm bettin' on you bein' yellow."

"Say!"

"For fifty iron men," said Flagg.

"I'll take you, and when we get through," said Waddy savagely, "I'm going to take these two tailor's dummies and spank 'em across my knee. Get your clubs."

Word of the match reached the caddie house before the players did. Mike and Tony issued forth surreptitiously and waylaid the Nobb twins.

"Say," said Mike, "you goin' to play Mr. Brown?"

"We are."

"Then," said Tony, "you got to have caddies. You shoo off that there shoffer of yourn and take us. We know this course, and you need us. Honest, if it's the money's botherin' you, we'll carry for nothin'."

Galahad looked at his brother, who nodded.

"You may go back to the car, Higgs," said Galahad.

"And we," said Parsifal to the caddie, "shall be pleased to avail ourselves of your services."

The three contestants and a large gallery walked to the first tee. Here Galahad cleared his throat.

"I—er—propose an amendment to the method of play," he said diffidently.

"Tryin' to get out of it, hey?" Brown sneered.

"Not—ah—exactly," said Parsifal.

"Instead of your playing our best ball," said Galahad.

"—— we propose that you play us as a team—as an entity—as if, so to speak, we were one."

"What the ——" began Mr. Brown.

"After the fashion of a Scotch foursome," said Galahad.

"So that my brother and I play one ball."

"Against your one ball," said Galahad. "I to drive, he to play second, and so on."

"You're on," said Waddy. "And have you got any money to talk with?"

"We are prepared to bet ——"

"—— anything up to the sum ——"

"—— of ten thousand dollars," finished the other twin.

Waddy goggled his eyes. Both Galahad and Parsifal handed wallets to Mr. Flagg.

"You will find each to contain five thousand dollars," they said in unison.

Flagg laughed.

"I guess that calls your bluff, Waddy."

"I'm no millionaire," Brown said sourly.

"We don't care ——" said Parsifal.

"—— to gamble for pennies," said Galahad.

"Go hit a golf ball," snarled Waddy, "and don't four-flush."

"You wish us to take the honor?" asked Parsifal in his colorless, courteous voice.

"Perhaps you had better take it here—er—so you will have it once."

Waddy slashed viciously at a daisy with his driver while the Nobb twins eyed him speculatively. Parsifal mounted the tee, smoothed invisible wrinkles in his fawn-colored kid gloves and assumed a stance. He waggled. He swung and there was a click as the ball sailed out, straight down the middle of the fairway. It continued to sail, and Waddy watched it spellbound. It carried two hundred and twenty-five yards and rolled another fifty.

"Brother," said Galahad, "your timing was faulty."

"Due," said Parsifal, "to overeagerness."

Waddy Brown teed his ball and swung with all his might. Fury combined with other urgent qualities in that stroke, but nevertheless he was obliged to play his second shot before the Nobbs reached their ball. He was short of the green. Galahad Nobb selected an iron and played his shot. Waddy had smiled when he saw that club selection, but the smile was wiped from his lips. It was an iron shot such as Bobby Jones might have envied. Straight for the pin it flew, dropped to the green, and there seemed to become endowed with intelligence, for it appeared to grab at the very grass roots. Two hundred yards was the carry, yet the ball, so skillfully had backspin been applied, rolled not more than three feet from the spot on which it fell. It lay four feet from the cup.

"Excellent, excellent," observed Parsifal. "One of your choicest."

Waddy's third rested a dozen feet from the pin, his fourth was dead—but useless, for Parsifal sunk his putt for a birdie three.

"My eat!" exclaimed Mr. Wills. "Was that a fluke, Flagg?"

"Did it look fluky?" demanded the chairman of the membership committee.

It did not look fluky, nor did a par four on the second halved by Waddy—nor a par four on the third, which Waddy lost, nor a two on the short fourth, which put Waddy three down.

"Four holes in three under fours," said McWhinney with reverence in his voice. "Flagg, where —— tell an old friend where you dug 'em up."

Waddy Brown was in that state of mind which, in a rattlesnake, provokes it to bite itself. On the fifth hole he smashed his driver on the corner of the tee box, and thereafter drove with his brassy. This was a five-hundred-and-sixty-yard stretch, but the Nobbs negotiated it in five—another par. Waddy used up seven. And so it went. At the end of the first nine the Nobbs had made a medal score of thirty-six, which is even fours, and Waddy had done a forty-three. He was six down.

"Perhaps," said Parsifal, "Mr. Brown would like to borrow a pair of our gloves."

"I fear," said Galahad regretfully, "that his hands are too large."

The gallery, now grown to notable proportions, giggled, and Waddy ground his teeth.

"Our instructors in this—ah—game," said Parsifal, "have pointed out ——"

"—— that one must maintain an equable temper ——"

"—— to obtain the best results," said his brother.

Waddy put all the urgings of a turbulent soul into his drive, which described a beautiful rainbow arc out of bounds. His second effort was a hook into the rough. As for the Nobbs, they holed out their par with the regularity and ease of a machine.

"It's a pity," said Weevil, "these boys didn't pay more attention to playing golf and leave the wild flowers alone. Eh, Waddy?"

Mr. Brown pointed out, with circumstance and description, to what place Mr. Weevil might go, and took a five on the short eleventh to the Nobbs' three—which ended the match. Eight up and seven to go!

"Do you wish to play out the eighteen?" asked Parsifal.

"Ah—with nothing at stake you may do better," suggested Galahad unemotionally, thus adding the final insult by impugning Waddy's nerve.

Waddy threw down his putter and strode toward the clubhouse. Parsifal and Galahad nodded at each other and simultaneously called after him.

"Mr. Brown, if you please."

Mr. Brown paused and scowled over his shoulder.

"You—er—made a certain proposition before starting out," said Galahad.

"It was, we believe, that you would take us across your knee and spank us," said Parsifal.

"And you may regard us as—quite ready," said Galahad.

Mr. Brown moved on, because it seemed good to him to be in some other place.

"Should we follow him, brother, and demand satisfaction?"

"It were better not," answered Galahad. "True, mother would not approve."

"And—er—one becomes so begrimed. Mr. Flagg, I hope we have conducted ourselves ——"

"—— to the satisfaction of all," said Parsifal.

"Boys," said Mr. Flagg, "you meet with general approval."

"But, Flagg"—it was Weevil who spoke—"I smell a rat. Where'd you get 'em? How'd you plant 'em? Oh, didn't Waddy walk into it?"

Mr. Flagg cleared his throat.

"Let me present you," said Mr. Flagg, "to the Southwestern amateur champion—both of him. They met in the finals and played to a tie, which they declined to play off.

"I may say they also are the feather-weight amateur boxing champions of the district west of the Mississippi. They were also the quarterback on the superb University of the West football team. Nor, gentlemen, is that all. They are hard-court doubles champions at tennis in their part of the country, and ——"

"If you please," said Galahad, "we are not ambitious to be known only for athletic prowess."

"Indeed not," said Parsifal. "We much prefer to be valued for other and, we trust, worthier qualities."

"But," said Galahad, "we are often misunderstood."

"As in the lamentable case of Mr. Brown," said his brother.

"You seem to have the ability," said McWhinney, "to set right any such misunderstandings."

"That ——" said Galahad,

"——is an exceedingly disagreeable——"

"—— necessity," ended Galahad.

Weevil and McWhinney and Wills and Flagg and Old Man Arkwright sat in the lounge. There was a silence which Arkwright broke.

"Now," he said, "the way I made my hole in one was this: I got onto the tee and I sighted fer the hole ——"

But Weevil interrupted.

"Those Nobb boys," he said, "now they prove somethin' or other."

"For instance?" asked Wills.

"That you can't tell by the color of a frog's pants how far he can jump," said Weevil, and the others nodded sage heads in complete acquiescence.

CAN YOU find your way to the [illegible] without groping along the wall

This type of fixture requires a [illegible] Mazda B Lamp

Do you go home to darkness?

TONIGHT many a man will leave a well-lighted office to go home to the dark. Into a dim entrance hall. Down dark and dangerous cellar stairs to fix the heater. Through unlighted upper hallways. Up into the attic to stumble about by candle light.

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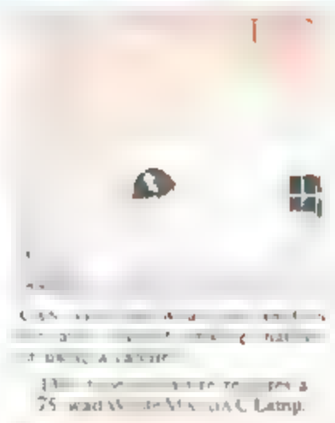
ON THIS PAGE are shown typical home fixtures in most common use and the type and size of Edison MAZDA Lamp which will give each one the best lighting effect. See what lamps your corresponding fixtures require to diffuse light evenly or eliminate glare. And note where an additional fixture and the right lamp would mean convenience or safety.

Then tomorrow go to the Edison MAZDA Lamp representative in your neighborhood and get the proper lamps, specifying type and size. He knows the right lamps for the rest of your fixtures and can tell you how, at small cost, you can further improve your home. For Light is the least expensive of home comforts; use it freely but use it *right*.

White MAZDA C Lamp

MAZDA B Lamp



CAN YOU see to work on your car at night

This type of fixture requires a 75-watt White MAZDA C Lamp

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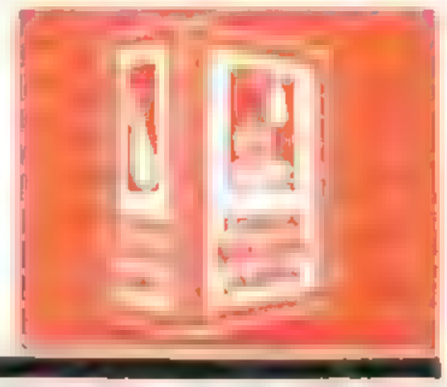

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Lounge in Hotel Gearhart By-The-Sea. Klearflax Linen Rugs are used in all the rooms throughout this fine hotel. Installation by Meier & Frank Co., Portland, Oregon

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Klearflax Linen Rugs are used throughout

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THE POETS' CORNER

Memory

BETWEEN us and the forest path we knew
In summertime, the river surged along
And sung in minor key its olden song
To skies of flying cloud, gray-blue.

Upon the distant bank tall cedars grew;
A slender maple tree in contrast strong
Against the stately and dark-foliaged throng
Alone her winsome golden beauty threw.

We could not bridge that raging forest stream
To that still path. Nor can we cross the years
Surcharged with change and marred with doubt and fears
To find again the glory of our dream.

And yet against the past, like that one tree,
With golden torch aloft, stands Memory.
—*Alice E. Allen.*

Chantey

STEP lightly, seaman,
Steady as you go!
Sun time's good for dreaming,
What's good for snow?
Step lightly, sailor,
Some men can sing,
When the snows are falling,
And the winds are thundering!

Sing lightly, singer,
Let them hear your voice,
Be a bold bell ringer
In the gale's stern noise.
Suns were made for dreaming,
Men were made for snow,
Sailormen for sailing
Where the storm winds blow!

Sail onward, seaman,
Hold to the brace!
Let them see you're dreaming
By the light upon your face!
Sun time and snow time,
Calm time and gale,
'Twas God Who made the tall ships
And gave them grace to sail.

Sing lightly, singer,
Sing loud and clear!
Be a bold bell ringer
When the seas roll drear!
Suns were made for dreaming,
You were made for fight;
Sing defiance, sailor,
Till dawn shall break the night.
—*Bill Adams.*

Sonnet

CAN I not push the earth away from me?
The ugly earth, so wicked and so scarred,
So blind, so futile, so forever marred—
The devil earth, that made a man of me.
Oh, had my spirit stayed in formless space
And never chained itself in this poor clay,
Would it have been, sweet angels, like thy race—
So clean and godlike—ah, so white, today?

Purge me of sullen passions, gods, and make
My spirit leap the grimy darkness here!
Send me not outward through the murky street,
Hard-driven, as the fleshly cravings wake—
Jove! Who made beastly man and angels dear,
Lift me to godly heights where spirits meet!
—*C. E. L'Ami.*

Song

LOVE came so near to me today—
So near, so very near!
I almost heard him stoop, and say
"Hush! I am here!"

I almost felt him touch my hand;
Almost, upon my lips,
I felt a kiss—yet now I stand
Alone; time slips

Over my heart. It was a dream.
Perhaps. I cannot say.
And yet so near—so very near—
Seemed Love, today!
—*Mary Dixon Thayer.*

Housecleaning

WOULD you like to live in my heart for good?
I will scrub and sweep as a housewife should,
That the house of my heart may be neat as a pin
When you lift the latch and step within.
I shall scrub and polish and wash and sweep,
And pile old memories in a heap.
Some were pretty when they were new—
I really hate to discard a few!
There's plenty of wear in them yet—but no,
At housecleaning time things have to go!
You might need the room; I'm afraid you would
If you came to live in my house for good.
For you'll bring your own little set with you
Of likes and dislikes; but burn, please do,
All of your dog-eared memories, too!
It's nicer that way when we're starting new!
—*Mary Carolyn Davies.*

I AM A PIRATE KING

(Continued from Page 11)

"Happy ending?" I asks.

"Yes," she answers, "and a few other little things."

"Such as?" I inquires.

"In the first place," returns Sally, "he said I should oughta change the name to His Mother's Crimson Crime."

"Whose mother?" I cuts in. "I didn't know they was one in the play."

"They ain't none," admits the Meekins skirt; "but that ain't got nothing to do with naming the piece. Like the film man said, they ain't no cottages in a cottage pudding, is they?"

"No," says I, "and they ain't no horses in a horse's neck. I guess he's right. What else did he want you to do?"

"He didn't like the ideas of a custom play," goes on Sally, "and suggested that I should bring it up to the date and make Dirk Slaughter a Wall Street broker, changing his name to something else. The plot was to be the same, excepting that the hero was to be ruined by the girl's father; and, instead of stealing her and putting her on a boat, he goes out West and makes a fortune and comes back and ruins the father, who gets arrested while he is giving a swell party at his house. After lotta troubles the girl gets to be a Red Cross nurse and Dirk goes to war. They meets in Flanders field; and gets married. You see, they ain't so many changes."

"Not so many," I agrees. "The heroine is still Imajane Flum, I suppose."

"No," returns Sally. "The movie man thought the name oughta be shorter. By the way, Mona said something about you wanting to put some songs into The Terrible Revenge.

"Do you know that piece about 'Bobby Shaftoe's gone to sea, silver buckles on his knee'? That oughta be a good pirate shanty. You could sing that while you is supposed to be drunk."

"That 'supposed to be,'" says I, "kills any ideas of my singing."

III

I GETS to look upon the whole thing as a kid, figuring that the actors in Sally's play won't do nothing excepting stand around in the dining room of the club and stutter off their lines, in the meantimes joking with the audience, and everybody having a lotta fun outta the wild and woozy show, but I ain't reckoned with the Doughmore dog. When they does things in this deadfall money ain't got no object.

A few days after the talk I has with the Meekins frillie I learns that her old man, a goof that went over the top for a coupla million smackers during the latest war, has put up the jack for a layout of scenery for The Terrible Revenge, hired the Bijou, a joint in the village with a regular stage and everything, for the night of the outrage, and rented a real actor to come up and show us how to do our stuff.

"That lets me out," I yelps. "I'm willing to fool around the club, but I ain't gonna make a sucker outta myselfs in front of a houseful of hissers."

"Yes, you is," says the wife. "It's too late to back out now. You should 'a' thought of that before you practically compelled the Gracey woman to put you in the cast."

"Me!" I gasps. "Me compel her!"

"Sure," comes back Kate. "Didn't you brag about being the only man in Doughmore that didn't talk soprano—and right in front of her husband too? Didn't you insist on having some of them shanties wrote into the show for you? Didn't you even give her a sample of your acting, to show how good you was?

"How could the poor woman turn you down after that?"

I'm getting all set to throw a quick fit when the Gracey wampus drifts into the hut.

"Where's the mister?" I asks.

"Sylvester," answers the cramp, "is home practicing his part."

"His part?" I comes back. "Has they changed it? I thought he didn't have nothing to say excepting yes."

"That's all," admits Mrs. Gracey, "but they is a lotta ways of saying yes."

"Many a true word's spoken by a jest," I tells her, looking at the wife. "Kate here, for examples, just got done telling me a funny way I is supposed to have said it the other night."

"Sylvester," goes on Mona, "is so excited, so earnest. He wouldn't do nothing unless it was just so. You should oughta see him standing before the mirror a hour at a time, rehearsing. How you been getting along?"

We all has had copies of the play for three days, and even though I has more lines to spiel than a congressman with nothing to say, I got a pretty good remember and don't have no troubles a-tall wrapping myselfs around the Dirk Slaughter blah. But the ideas of Gracey, who don't do nothing but come in, say yes and walk right out again, working hisself into a sweat over his bit gives me the chortles.

"What's the joke?" asks Mona.

"Nothing," I answers. "I'm just having some comedy reliefs."

The next day Desmond, the actor, shows up and gives us the up and down. I quick get the idea that the bobo don't think "terrible" is strong enough to describe the revenge we is gonna have on the audience with The Terrible Revenge, but he's getting his from Old Man Meekins and don't say nothing.

Before he's been with us a week, the lad's got all my sympathies; and believe me he's gotta do some acting to keep from biting the ears off the janes in the cast. Lizzie Magruder's the worst of the lot. She won't do nothing without no argument.

"Do it this way," he says, for examples.

"But," comes back Lizzie, "I seen Mrs. Friske do it like this."

"I know," answers Desmond, mild; "but Mrs. Friske ain't never played in The Terrible Revenge."

"Maybe not," comes back the Magruder chill; "but I gotta express my deep motions the way I feels 'em, don't I? Everybody used to say me and Mrs. Friske ——"

"Have it your way," cuts in the actor, wearylike.

"No, she can't have it her way," snaps Mona Gracey. "In the second act I do it like that, and I ain't gonna have nobody say that I is imitating a imitator of Mrs. Friske."

"Who's a imitator?" barks Lizzie.

"You two," breaks in Desmond, "work out the business between yourselfs. Let's go on with the show."

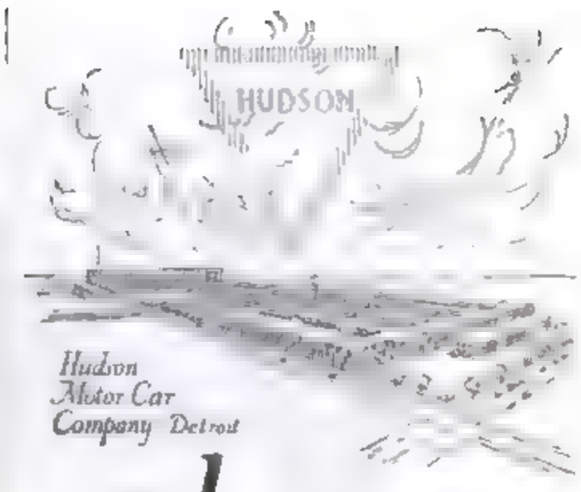
"Well," says Mrs. Dunphy, a frail that's got about three lines in the piece, "if them two is gonna do the way they likes, I don't see why I should have to ——"

"Listen here!" I yelps, going to the bat for Desmond. "Any of you gals ever see a pirate show without a pirate?"

"No," answers Lizzie, "I ain't."

"There's gonna be one right here," I tells her, "unless you cluckers stop razzing this lad. They ain't one of you—and that's excluding myselfs too—that knows any more about acting than a fish does about picking fruit, and here you is trying to tell the toast of Broadway how to put this play on."

I slips Desmond the wink and he looks over kinda grateful. About that time Old



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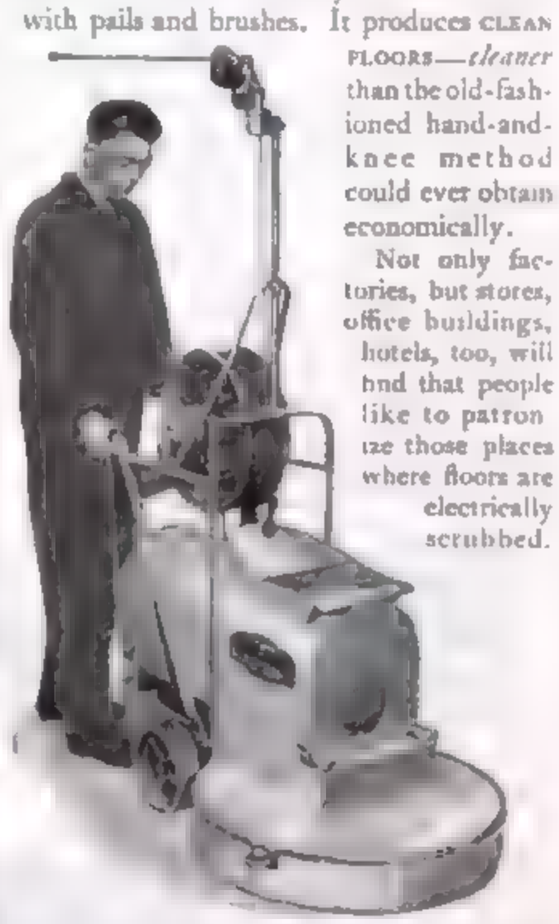

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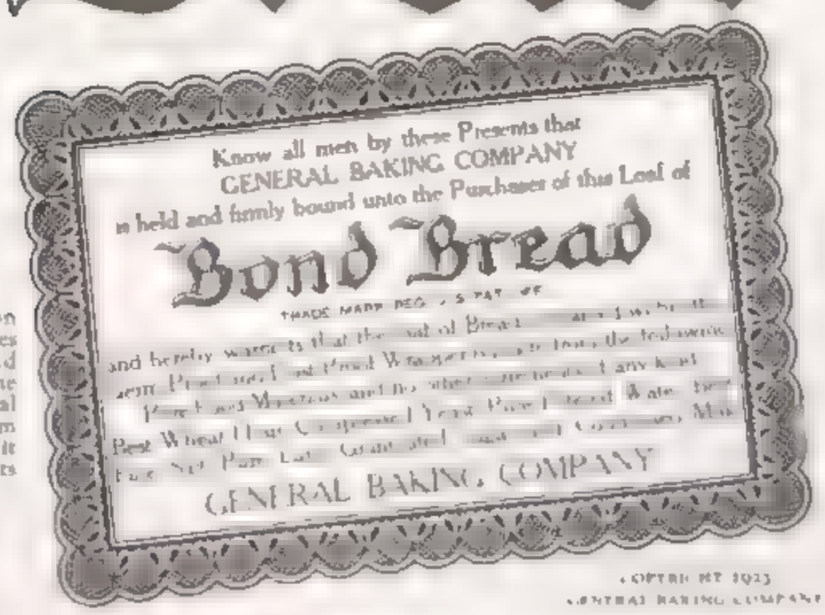
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Man Meekins, who's been sitting around, butts in, saying I is right, and that sorta puts a tamper on the hens. After the rehearsal is over I gives Desmond the office and leads him off to a corner of the club.

"Now," says I, slipping him a shot in the arm, "let yourselfs go. You is among friends and it ain't human to hold in no longer. They ain't a place left on your lips to bite."

"Can I talk free?" he asks, eager.

"Let your conscious be your guide," I invites.

Well, boy! In my times I has heard a soused sailor make a few remarks after being kicked in the shins; I has listened to a back-porch debate between a coupla raggedy Anns down by the railroad tracks about some garbage one of 'em threw into the yard of the other; and I has been around when a mule skinner was saying his lines to a stalled jack; but all a that stuff wasn't nothing but Sunday-night parlor talk compared to the words and music pulled by Desmond.

"Is I going too far?" he asks finally, all outta breath.

"Hell, no!" says I. "I've said that much about the show myselfs, and I'm a mere tyrant when it comes to expressing my feelings."

"Why don't you do it like Mrs. Friske does?" cuts in the actor man, sarcastic. "All I can say about you is that you is got as much right playing the lead in this crime as I got of doing Hamlet in the original Spanish. How'd they drag you into it?"

"Oh," says I, "a guy's gotta do something for the poor."

"Why," Desmond wants to know, "didn't you give 'em the dough it's costing to put this felony on and call it a day?"

"Stick to your list, shoe dealer," I comes back. "What do you know about high charities?"

We don't get no chances to say no more on the account of Gracey breezing over our way.

"I was just wondering," he remarks to Desmond, "if I should say yes when I comes in or if it would be better to say yes—what would you suggest?"

"Why not just say yes," answers the actor. "Just a ordinary yes."

"It's so difficult to get the right expression," goes on Gracey.

"Ain't you never heard Mrs. Friske saying it?" I asks him.

"Not under the same circumstances," returns Mona Gracey's backstop, and he walks away mumbling and looking worried.

"Of all the cuckoos!" curses Desmond. "You'd think he was gonna stop the show with that line of his. He's been yesing me all over the lot."

We goes on with the rehearsals, and at last we comes to the place where we is ready to practice the piece all dressed up like a Marty Grass parade. I got my pirate rags over at the house and I slaps 'em on just to show the wife a good time.

"Well, Mrs. Kidd," I remarks, "how do you like me as a bold coarse hair of the Spanish mane? Does I remind you of a squashbuckler?"

"You reminds me more," says the misses, "of a quince."

IV

ALL of the beauty and chivaree of Doughmore crashes the Bijou on the big night, to see me and eleven other come-ons, that don't know how to act, act in a show that can't be acted. According to what Desmond says about the piece, you could put the whole Barrymore and Drew family in The Terrible Revenge, have Belasco stage it, and it'd be a flop before the orchestra got halfway through the overture.

"I got professional pride," says he to me just before we gets ready to do our mayhem, "but just to be a good feller to myselfs, I hopes the hens in the show forgets their lines, trips over their feet and gets hooted off the stage. You're the only one I'd like to see get by."

"That's nice," says I, "but the chances is I'll be the flumux that'll forget his feet, trip over his lines and get booted by the cash customers."

You can't hardly blame Desmond for the bum voyage he wishes us. The poor sucker's been worn to a whistle by the way them janes has razzed him. He must 'a' lost twenty pounds in the last month, and he's got the kinda what-in-hell-do-I-care look in his eyes that this boy Samson must 'a' had when he pulled the works down over his new haircut.

"You'll be all right," he assures me. "You can't act, and you look about as much like a pirate as a Maltese cat with the mange looks like a burned-down bottling plant; but you got nerve and brains enough to remember your stuff. Talking about nerve, look at Gracey over there. The bird's scared stiff. Instead of having one word to pull, you'd think he was getting ready to play both parts in Romeo and Juliet on five minutes' notice."

"You ain't gonna let him wear them Harold Lloyds, is you?" I asks, pointing to the cheaters the bozo's got on.

"Sure," shrugs Desmond. "He says he can't see without 'em."

"They didn't have those things in them days, did they?" I inquires.

"No," answers the actor, "but I've done arguing with that gang. They can do what they want. Meekins has paid me off. You can slap a phone in your cabin and be reading last week's copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST when the curtain goes up if you likes." And he ducks away.

I feels kinda sorry for Gracey and goes over to talk to him. I never seen a guy so nervous and frigidy.

"Has you got that 'yes' down the way you wants it?" I asks.

"I never knew," he sighs, "you could say a little word like that in so many different ways."

"Now, listen here," I tells him. "Forget it! Don't say yes a-tall. When I asks you about Magruder, just shake your head. They is only one way to do that."

"Yeh," he scowls, kinda mad. "I guess you wanna do all the talking in the show."

I advises him to go plum to, turns on my boots and walks over to take a look at the rest of the cast. They is all pretty nervous, but nothing like Gracey. Before I has a chance of saying anything to the boys and girls we gets the high sign to do our stuff.

I ain't gonna burden myselfs by telling you about the first act. Lizzie Magruder trips over her skirt coming on, and a piece of the scenery falls down showing a movie camera that the Bijou folks had stacked back of the stage, but we manages to get by. It's the second act I wants you to know about.

We gets to the part where I is supposed to have bumped off Magruder—Imajane Flum's husband—without hardly no troubles.

"Where is Algernon?" Lizzie asks me.

"Ha-ha!" I laughs. "I've sent him to David Jones' lock box."

"I don't believe you," comes back Imajane, alias Liz. "You is just trying to frighten me."

"You don't, eh?" I jeers, and then yelps, "Hawkins!"

That's Gracey's cue to come on. He does.

"Hawkins," I roars, "has you thrown Algernon's body overboard?"

Gracey's eyes go blank. I comes to his rescue.

"He's dead, ain't he?" I asks. "He's been killed. Yes?"

He hesitates a second and yelps out, "No!"

"What?" I gasps. "You mean yes, don't you?"

"No, I don't," hollers Gracey in a kinda shriek, and his eyes is wild. "I mean no, no, no! He ain't dead! You know he ain't!"

The poor guy's worried so much about the right way to say yes that his brain's skidded.

"I say he's dead!" I barks. "Ain't he?" And I grabs Gracey rough by the shoulder to make him come to. But he don't. Instead he makes a pass at me and clips me on the edge of the chin. Good night, show! I hauls out and slaps him one in the kisser that knocks him flat.

They is a lotta excitement; and, when it gets quiet enough to hear, the curtain's down and Old Man Meekins is making a talk about the play being called off for the present, on account of one of the cast taking sick sudden. I find Desmond in the dressing room, laughing hearty.

"Did you frame that?" I asks.

"No," says he. "You gotta hand it to Gracey."

"For what?" I wants to know.

"They has been a lotta surprising successes on the stage," answers Desmond; "but this is the first time a actor with one word to say has stopped a show. When do you think they'll play it again?" he finishes.

"With me in the cast," I tells him, "The Terrible Revenge will be shown the second time some rainy Thursday, some time between the twenty-eighth of February and March first when I'm outta town."

. . . . we placed the "Aristocrat" and an L.B. Mahogany cabinet side by side and challenged him to choose. "This is easy!" he said. "That one is wood," and he walked over and touched — the steel cabinet!

"Steel?" —he said

"I know a mahogany cabinet when I see one!"

He wanted steel files but was sure they wouldn't match his office suite of mahogany furniture. We told him the steel L.B. "Aristocrat" could not be distinguished from wood. He doubted it.

So we placed the "Aristocrat" and an L.B. Mahogany cabinet side by side and challenged him to choose. "This is easy!" he said. "That one is wood," and he walked over and touched — the *steel* cabinet!

The incident actually happened in our Philadelphia office. Under similar circumstances, anybody would have been baffled. Yet this informal test emphasizes, without exaggerating, the striking beauty of L.B. "Aristocrat" steel files.

This quality of beauty is peculiar not to mahogany finish alone, but applies equally to the L.B. "Aristocrat" in olive green. The soft tone is restful to work with, day by day, and harmonizes with the furniture in any office.

The "Aristocrat's" drawer strength
in comparison with 5 other steel files

And this outward beauty is the true symbol of inward perfection. For in strength and performance the L.B. "Aristocrat" sets new standards, as a recent test demonstrated:

Six rival steel cabinets were placed in a row. A drawer of each was filled with a typical load of correspondence. The loaded drawers were then pulled out and slammed shut, automatically; 16 times a minute until put out of commission.

Under this grueling abuse, one cabinet after another broke down. At the 37th hour there were left but two. At the 36,245th slam one of these collapsed. The relentless punishment was continued for 67½ hours to the amazing total of 64,800 slams before the lone survivor — the L.B. "Aristocrat" — finally quit, with a record almost twice that of its nearest competitor.

An exclusive process makes this L.B. "Aristocrat" as rigid as if forged from a single piece of steel. Yet the drawers slide as if upon air cushions, at the mere touch of a finger. Slam them shut — they cannot rebound — an ingenious automatic catch prevents.

Despite its proven superiorities in beauty, construction and finish you can buy the "Aristocrat" at the price of the average steel file. See it on display at our 47 offices. Or write for booklet and for information on the Six Big Divisions of L.B. Service. The coupon below is for your quick convenience.

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L.B. Reinforced folders
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Firm Name _____
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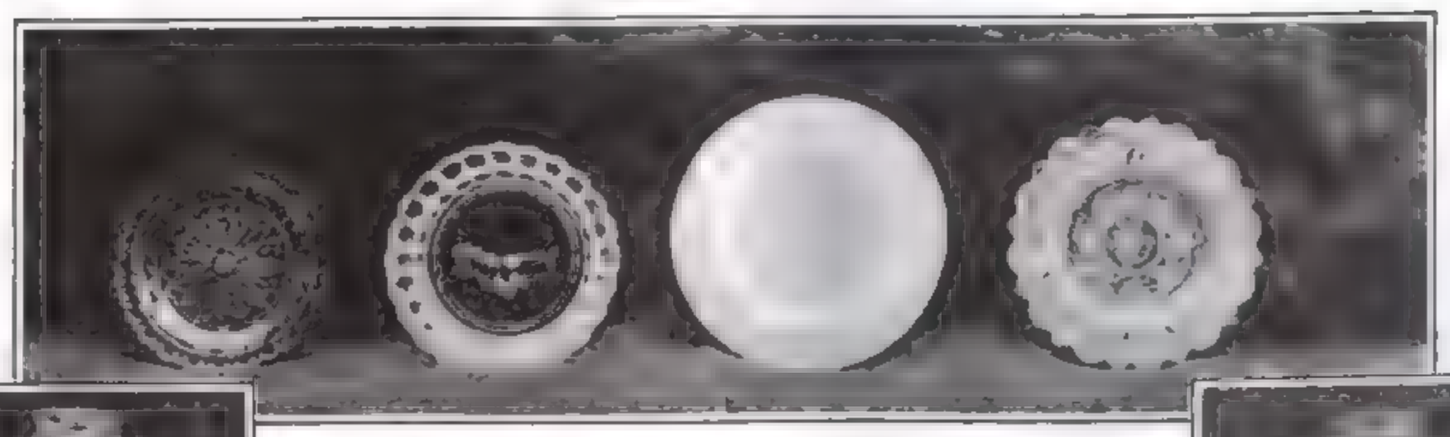
GLASS MANIA

(Continued from Page 19)



Rare Cup Plates, From Left to Right—Amethyst, Dahlia, Honey Dish, 1839, Bull and Man, Opalescent, Grapevine and Eagle

Sandwich-Glass Lamp

Sandwich-Glass Lamp

He advertised his wares as "made in Manheim, in the province of Pennsylvania," as equal to any flint glass in Europe, and appealed to those who wished well to the establishment of manufactures on this continent.

He had a shop in Broad Street, New York, agencies in Maryland and in Pennsylvania and Boston, a hundred workmen, and alas! a thousand debts; and the Revolution was upon him, and his market was going and his glassworks passed.

He lost his all and walks pitiful and needy, teaching a country school, through Pennsylvania history, and lies in an unknown grave.

His quiet Pennsylvania Dutch neighbors kept alive his story and handed down his wares to their grandchildren I remember seeing, years ago, several houses in Landis Valley, where in carefully unused parlors, furnished with painted-wood furniture, were rows of flowered-glass mugs and plain flip glasses, made by the baron.

They are great preservers of tradition and things in Lancaster County.

Collecting enthusiasm began to discriminate between the makes of early American glass in the 1890 s. Stiegel's account books, poor as specimens of bookkeeping, but full of notes of what was doing and who made this and what was bought and sold and borrowed, were carefully gone over, and his newspaper advertisements treated as records of what he made.

Today, elementarily educated by the Barber collection in Philadelphia and the Hunter collection in the Metropolitan Museum, and these two student-collectors' books on glass, collectors have made prices soar, specimens are competed for, the very earth is upheaved and forgeries are made to place examples in collecting hands.

High-Priced Sugar Bowls

Amethyst and green, blue and clear, chain pattern and ground with a wheel, painted in enamel color, flip glass, decanter, salt and sugar bowl—one wishes that the old baron might come back and hear what gold his wares command and in some ghostly way fill his empty pockets and feast and ride again. As collectors are now more numerous than possibilities for Stiegel glass, the collecting category offers pieces made in a three-part mold. Light, airy, patterned by being blown into a collapsible and releasing mold—quite different from later plunger and pressed glass - these three-part molds were a distinctively American-invented process and were made characteristically well in Southwestern New Hampshire at Stoddard. The industry survives in New Hampshire, for barometer tubes are still made there.

So keen is the interest in New Hampshire glass that an amber-colored covered sugar bowl has auctioned for as much as $180.

Absurd? Wait until the longing to possess old glass gets you. The beginner buys a piece with a nick, to hold flowers; the virus of old-glass collecting is then in the blood, and in a week he has given up golf and is putting in long motor runs to quiet little towns where favorite dealers in old glass live.

In winter he will sit in sales galleries in New York and blink his catalogue at the auctioneer for $105 for a Wistarburg milk bowl. Ah, well, you always had to work to find them; and now these things are out of original sources, they must be laid in wait for at collectors' sales and bigger pieces of cheese must be used for bait. I've seen the receipt for $250 for a single cup plate and know two blue balls that cost $140 at a famous glass collector's sale. A time to sell?

"No," says the collector, "a time to hold and gloat."

Emulation and quiet gloating are the basic emotions of collecting.

The American glass industry can be curiously annotated by looking at George Washington's glass. Patriotic and investigative by nature, he had to buy his glass from abroad, for he bought after Stiegel stopped and before Sandwich began, and thus missed the great American periods of manufacture.

Glass is a fragile thing to ask to survive the vicissitudes of 150 years, and it is to the glass of 1825, and on, that today's ardent collector turns—to the Sandwich glass, which should be seen in a discriminating collection of early lacy patterns to be appreciated.

Hens, lambs and tail-spread turkeys made to hold ready-made mustard may be quaint, but do not mark the possibilities of beauty in the Sandwich product.

Sandwich glass? Why Sandwich? The Cape Cod town gave its name to the product; but old Sandwich, Massachusetts, had its name from the old Kent port in England before its gaming earl ate his snacks of bread and meat in his all-night bouts with his cronies and thus lent his name to his culinary discovery.

Tradition preserves many stories of the Sandwich factory. They have a fine scorn of poor glass on the Cape and a love for the early wares.

"'Tain't from the factory at all!" you heard behind you at the South Yarmouth country auction I went to last summer.

Bidding was placid until some yellow-glass candlesticks went up, and then the auctioneer—the local member of Congress—had to beat on the table with a piece of garden hose to restore order and still the clamor of the summer folks' bids. Sandwich glass passed through an era of great activity and prosperity. Each glass pot held 800 pounds. In 1853 there was a weekly output of 100,000 pounds and 500 men were employed—$600,000 a year, and dollars were dollars in 1853!

The story of its end is that along about 1880 the workers wanted more of something. It must have been money. Strikes were then the new idea. The prosperous factory was there, so were sand and wood. There was no other place to work on the Cape.

The owners, so goes the story, said, "If you stop work you'll never work here again."

The glassworkers stopped. The fires were drawn, the doors were shut and the workmen's little houses, with their picturesque dormer windows, emptied one by one, and grew mossy and melancholy and decrepit. Sandwich glassmaking had ceased to be. So it stood for nearly forty years a romantic queer old place, and five years ago new owners tore down the dated chimney—and began some other manufacture. "Sandwich glass" is now a collector's term, a vanished industry.

It was in 1827 they began to cast, or mold, in glass here. The early molds were like fine engraved designs, with characteristically perfect and lacelike stippling, putting the picturelike pattern on the side not to be used. The molten glass was squeezed on with great strength, so says tradition, and then the glass was reheated to melt a light layer, a process called fire polishing. When the mold became worn, another was made from an earthenware model baked from the first sharp imprint.

Also, Sandwich long had the government contract for lighthouse lenses, in greens and reds and greeny-blues. Perhaps this led to experiments in colored glass. There are certain glass candlesticks in a color collectors call "vaseline"—it exactly expresses its greenery-yallery tint—most sought for, typically Sandwichian, with a nautical good-luck sort of an air, two tail-tilting, candle-bearing dolphins set diagonally on a square hollow base. But buy not hastily, O beginner! They are reproduced! The real ones are distinguished by the mold seam failing to cross a little plain ring of the same glass between fish tail and top. To know this is great collecting wisdom. The reason for it is more interesting than the fact. They were originally made in two parts and put together by a molten disk.

The reproductions are cast in one mold and the slight seam can be traced for the entire height.

This put-together process can be observed in other old candlesticks and camphine lamps. By knowing a hundred such small identifications does the glass sharp stand above his fellow men!

Glass collecting used to be pursued with difficulty. Country roads, little stuffy railroad journeys, long pursuits through New England and in Pennsylvania and New Jersey made a find a valued find; but those were the happy days of "Take any of 'em for a quarter!" Then the best-known dealer-finder in Pennsylvania had a standing order to ship all she could get at $1.50 a specimen to New England, and so many barrels did she send she expected to retire on her good fortune! She could buy a steam yacht were she selling those barrels now!

Cup-Plate Collecting

Sandwich-glass collecting is the zest of the day. It ranges through candlesticks and lamps and fruit dishes and plates to cup plates. Cup-plate collecting has a reason for being. They were an American specialty, very largely of Sandwich manufacture. Great attention was paid to their design. They were made on molds that were as carefully made as an old engraving. When placed against a black and satiny background they show in jewel-like beauty, like lace expressed in crystal. It is a curious thing that these should have been made on Cape Cod, where men have long made boats and quaint little houses, but have not expressed themselves in other arts.

Cup plates are as accurately classifiable as postage stamps. They are easily carried. You can carry twenty home in a shopping bag—if you can find twenty! An overcoat pocket could start you as a large collector, albeit it might empty your other pockets to fill that one. After you have them, they do not require an annex to be built to display them. They can be counted and ranged and fondled like gold pieces. The Constitution, with all sails set, is the most-to-be-desired specimen. Its beauty has to be admitted. It was made to stir the patriotism of men to preserve the Old Ironsides about 1840, when it was proposed

In Center—The "Unknown Color" Golden Amber Stiegel Glass. At Sides—Two Amethyst Stiegel Salts

(Continued on Page 97)

Merry Christmas!

Give her a HOOVER and you
give her the best

PALM

Where Beauty Begins

With thorough daily cleansing, as every skin specialist will tell you. The net-work of tiny pores which compose the surface of the skin must be kept free from accumulations of dirt, oil, perspiration and powder if you value a smooth, fine-textured complexion.

Look critically into your mirror and note what it reveals, just as if you were another girl. Don't condone defects or minimize imperfections; instead begin at once to remedy them.

Don't resort to medication, for this is dealing with the effect and overlooking the cause. Instead, learn the proper method of cleansing which will keep your complexion smooth, fresh and firm.

Solve the soap problem first

Beautifying cleansing depends on the use of mild, soothing soap, blended from the finest, mildest ingredients. These are palm and olive oils which make Palmolive the most perfect and the most popular of all soaps.

The mild, creamy lather is lotion-like in its action, soothing and beautifying as it cleanses.

Every night before you sleep you should give your face a beautifying treatment with Palmolive Soap. Massage the fragrant lather thoroughly into the skin, rinse thoroughly and dry with a soft towel. A dry skin will be benefited by the application of your favorite cold cream.

This nightly treatment gives your skin the opportunity to refresh and renew its smoothness overnight, free from any irritating accumulations of foreign matter.

Cleopatra's secret

Washing for beauty is an age-old secret practised by Cleopatra. She used the same palm and olive oils which are scientifically blended in Palmolive, prizing them both as cleanser and cosmetic.

The modest price of Palmolive puts the greatest luxury of all the ages within the reach of all and allows enjoyment of its use for every toilet purpose. Let it do, too, for your body what it does for your face.

Luxurious economy

The Palmolive lather is so profuse, so fragrant, so refreshing, that it is the most luxurious of toilet soaps, especially for bathing.

Such use isn't extravagant, because Palmolive is modest in price. At ten cents, the firm, fine grained cake which wears to wafer thinness, is an economy.

And remember, complexion beauty does not end with the face—shoulders, arms and hands are equally conspicuous.

Bathe daily with Palmolive if you would cultivate attractive smoothness. Let it also do for your body what it does for your face.

Palm and olive oils—nothing else—give nature's green color to Palmolive Soap

Volume and efficiency produce 25c quality for 10c

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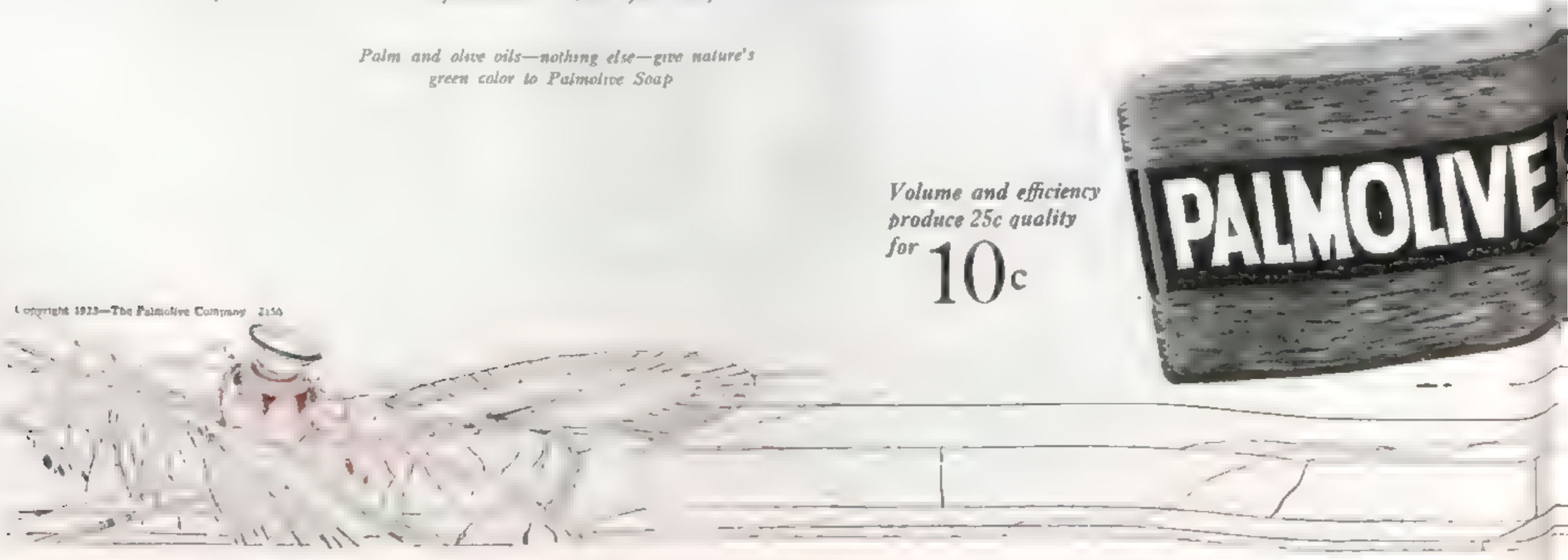


OLIVE

Colored by its ingredients

Palm and olive oils—these only—impart the rich, mossy green color to Palmolive Soap. The fine, firm, long-wearing cake is colored by its rare ingredients.

While the use of these rare oils as cleansers is as old as civilization, no more perfect soap ingredients have ever been found. Modern science has developed the blend to final perfection and established Palmolive the world over as the most popular and appreciated toilet soap. Look for the famous black-banded green wrapper.

Westinghouse Grecian Urn Percolator Set

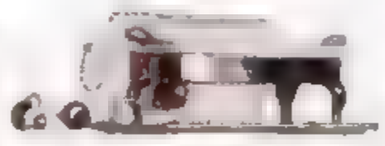
Combines real loveliness with every-day usefulness.

Westinghouse Curling Iron

What every woman wants needed most every day

Westinghouse Waffle Iron

One of the most popular Christmas gifts. Always useful



Westinghouse Table Stove

Its daily uses are many - broils, fries, toasts and grills

Westinghouse Motor

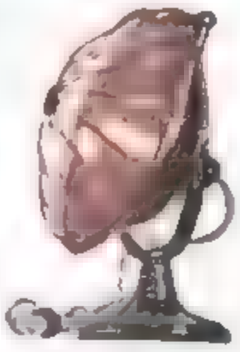
An ideal gift, for odd jobs around home—buffing, grinding, polishing, etc.

What a world of loving, kindly thought goes into the writing of that name on the Christmas label! The holly and the bright ribbon, too, express the pleasure of giving.

It will mean all the more if the gift is one really worth while, one that will be a reminder of you for many years—such as the beautiful and useful Westinghouse gifts shown on this page. You can hardly think of a friend or relative for whom these would not be appropriate.

Pictures don't half tell the story, but you can *see* them—and other Westinghouse Electrical gifts, too—in thousands of stores handling the Westinghouse Line.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING CO.
Offices in all Principal Cities *Representatives Everywhere*

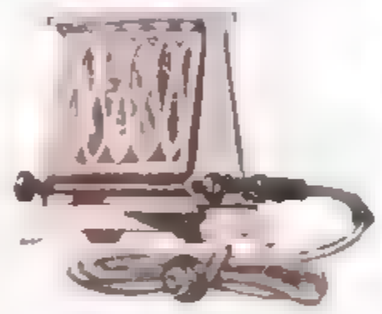


Cozy Glow

For warmth [illegible] it [illegible] portable heater [illegible] an ideal gift.

Westinghouse Iron

[illegible] It [illegible]

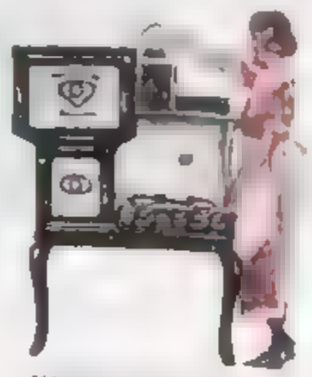


Turnover Toaster

Makes [illegible] turns it [illegible]

Westinghouse Mazda Lamps

For every home lighting purpose. Get them [illegible]



Westinghouse Automatic Electric Range

[illegible]

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC

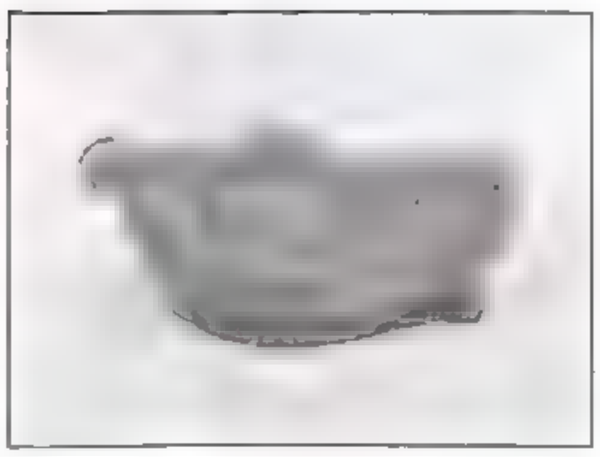
Westinghouse

© 1923 by the [illegible] Manufacturing Company

Continued from Page 92

to break her up, just as Oliver Wendell Holmes, then a youth, thrilled out his lines

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky.



Sandwich Salt. A Blue Boat in Honor of Lafayette

And that little Constitution cup plate has a thrill in it too!

The little thistle cup plate is a fine one. It was found on top of a jelly tumbler, but it took a gold piece to get it off. Such things as money have become a mere detail to a cup-plate collector nowadays.

However, be it said to their credit, collectors do not brag of prices, but express themselves preferably in terms of "rare" and "very rare." You find the dedication of a book on Sandwich glass to the "born collector whose love for old things is greater than their commercial value."

Sandwich Glass

In the superlative class of rare is the presentation plate with the three feathers. It was made in 1859 in honor of the Prince of Wales' visit. In this same category of rarity is the little quiet amethyst one with a dahlia on it. While the little honey plate, slightly deeper, with a Mother Goose pig going to market, was the result of a whole day at a country auction and a coldness between competing friends.

Really to understand the fervor of the cup-plate search you must know a live, active, industrious collector. One I know in Ohio has many hundreds hived in chests of drawers—quality and quantity. Another in Philadelphia has 300 and can't pass an antique shop without looking for more. Another in Wilmington has 200—but give her time!

A Stoddard Salt

And these are just the little three-and-a-half-inch plates of glass in common use before the Civil War, on which cups were set while tea or coffee was drunk from the saucer. It was the proper thing to do then, and these little glass plates were decorative and offered subjects for conversation at table, like the albums and gift books in the sitting room.

Sandwich glass is curiously abundant in Pennsylvania. Pennsylvania-painted settees are on Cape Cod. These two curious collecting facts are explainable when you see the Quaker meeting houses at South Yarmouth and Sandwich and realize that New Bedford prosperity was in the hands of the Friends. The yearly meetings at Sandwich had a Pennsylvania delegation, and the glass went back as gifts and its beauty introduced it as merchandise.

The old way of collecting was a grimy card written in purple ink, saying, "I got a little Sanwidge glass mebbe you'd like." Perhaps with a printed statement, "I buy anything but fish." But now it is a matter of careful annotation in a catalogue, and Pennsylvania scours the backwoods of Vermont; the Ohio collector calls that year lost that does not see her in all her haunts in nine or more states; shrewd Maine descends upon Pennsylvania; Worcester, Massachusetts, gets a notification that her four desired cup plates are in Pottstown; St. Paul gets a pickle bottle from Wareham by express. One dealer says she has averaged a mailed package of glass a day for four years!

Twenty years ago glass collecting was in the adolescent stage, and as a lifelong collector expresses it, "It has now passed from doubt and disillusionment to responsible maturity." The classifier is abroad in the land, and he has stopped to classify the paper weights! It is a serious hobby, seriously saddled and ridden. We can all remember those whatnot ornaments of bulby, heavy glass—always in the way. There are those who now own them in ranged rows. Not only the varicolored but curious and mysterious ones like the one with a little girl embedded in the glass whose little upraised umbrella saves her from the sifting and falling of mysterious dropping snow.

Stiegel Salt

And there are those glass-loving ladies who serve eggs at breakfast under white-glass hens, and who have a row of 'em varying in size. And there are others who have lapidaries cut their blue Sandwich glass, and their aquamarine and their opalescent, into cabochons and ear pendants and mount them in silver and gold.

Ah, but these are all quiet affairs compared to the bottle madness! Here is a collecting fever at its height. It isn't the age of them. No, the old, primitive fat ones, the huge, many-galloned ones, with the drappy lean of the 1700's, are what people want.

"Well enough," says the collector; "but give me a Sunburst or an Always Summer or the All-Seeing Eye."

The Jenny Lind is rare—don't be proud too soon!—the one must have a star on it, though to anyone not in the secret of it all, they're alike. O beginner, there are eight kinds! Millflora, Frederick Glassworks, with a wreath, and I suppose a man bottle collector—they're mostly men—can't rest until he has the eight for fear somebody will come along and say he has one with half a star and more ribbing on the side. The Indian Queen, 1862 on it, was a bitters bottle, standing high, in an ambery-colored glass, or blue or black, but when it is in grass-green it is a great find, a collecting happiness. Why? It certainly is not beauty. It is rarity. A curious thing when you think of it—rarity.

Kossuth, in a funny hat, must be canary-colored to produce the proper thrill with the collector; but he comes in green, amber and aquamarine. A curious little brown bottle with a clock face on it set at ten minutes to twelve is a patent-medicine bottle, but there are only four known. Up it goes on the very-rare-bottle shelf!

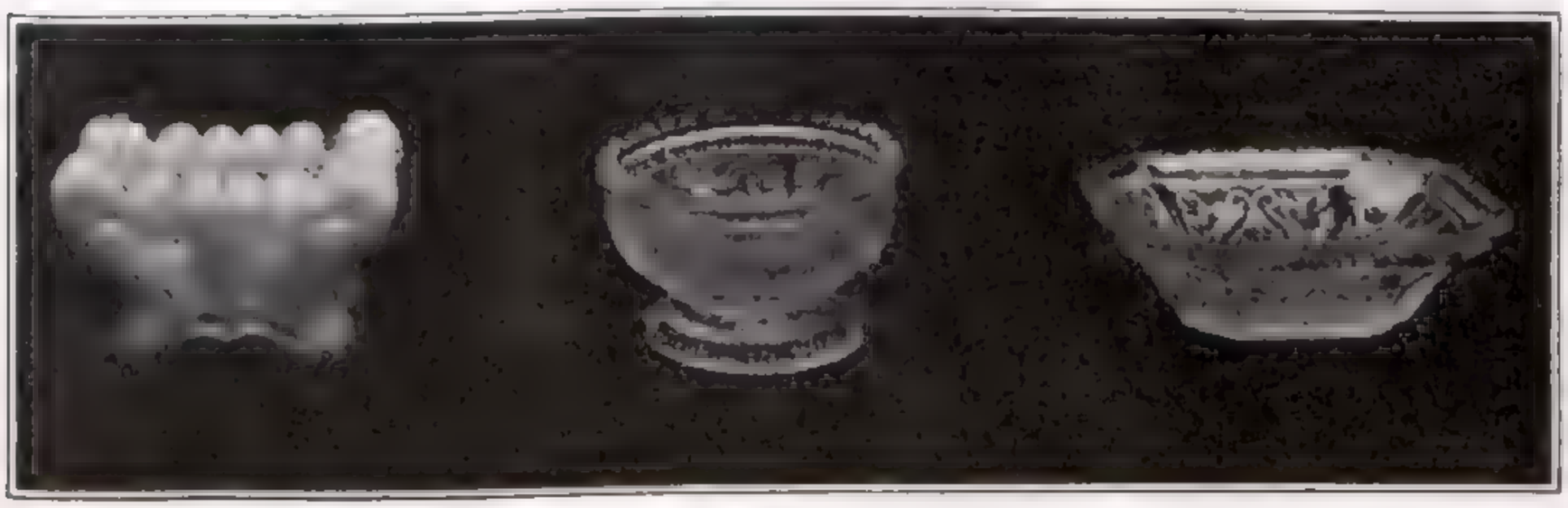
Interesting and sought for are the bottles of 1830 to 1865, such as Success to the Railroad—it's a horse-drawn one—and General Taylor, for these fix their own dates. While for sheer beauty a pint flask of deep blue, with Washington's head like a smooth, masterly cameo, makes anyone, collector or no, appreciative. These were the days when a bottle had individuality and interest and was not thoroughly commercialized, but yet standardized enough for classification.

All by itself in bottle collecting is the famous Booz bottle, a squat brown cabin with a door and windows and a chimney for a very useful purpose. It was made for a Walnut Street, Philadelphia, dealer at the time of the Harrison campaign, and on its face is E. G. Booz. So happy is an owner of one of these bottles that one could almost assume the bottle was full. This bottle's seller's name is supposed by some to have given the vogue to the word "booze," though Sir Walter Scott, dead before the day of the bottle, uses the word. So happy does a Booz bottle make a collector that money in three figures was paid for two I know of in Connecticut last summer.

The Way of the Collector

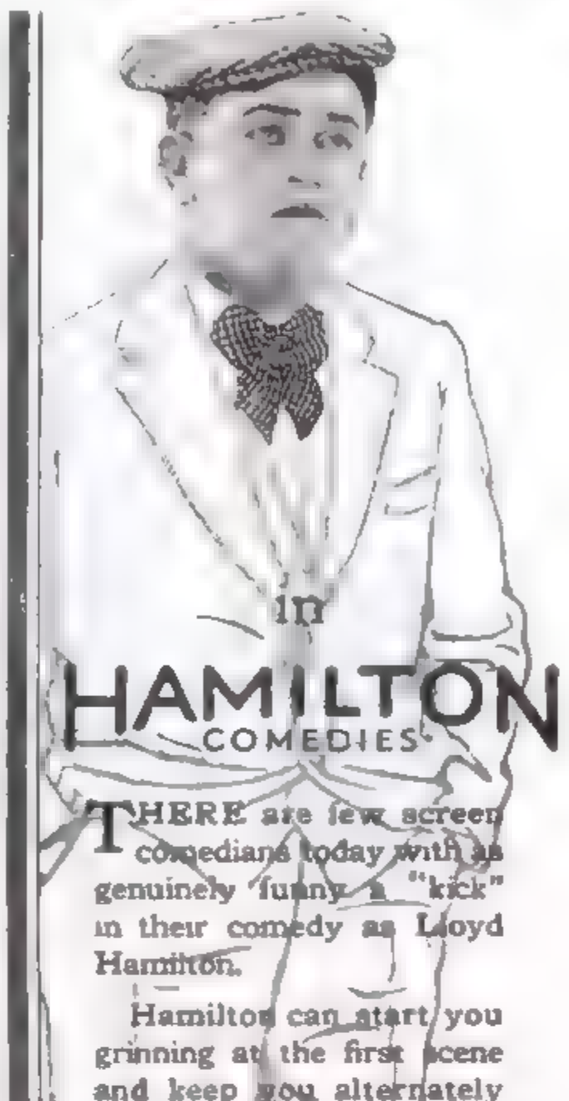
Collecting the rarest of these bottles is now largely a matter of telephone summons, and if the bottle is in the only-two-known class or only-one-known or the ultimate, the-lost-color, the speeding, hurrying, motoring collector is at the dealer's before the sun goes down. The prices in these ultimate and penultimate cases are too sacred to mention—the specimens will hold cabinet positions for all time.

So the bride spends her house-furnishing money for old glass, her mother and grandmother fill their tables and closets and cabinets with old glass, father specializes in old bottles, the newly initiated sister brings home a triumphant find, a five-dollar salt cellar like a pea pod or a boat—and finds a scornful husband who tells her every lunch counter used to have them with toothpicks in them. The way of the collector is hard. But that very man will be paying many times five dollars when he begins collecting blue glass balls and gets to thinking of himself as a distinguished and discriminating collector of rare old American glass.



Three Collector's Treasures, Eagle Salts: Sandwich Opalescent. Round Made in Western Pennsylvania Probably by Albert Gallatin. Rarest White Sandwich

Lloyd Hamilton



THERE are few screen comedians today with as genuinely funny a "kick" in their comedy as Lloyd Hamilton.

Hamilton can start you grinning at the first scene and keep you alternately chuckling and roaring up to the very last minute. He has a genius for extracting the last ounce of fun out of any situation.

There is an excellent story in each of the new Hamilton Comedies. Don't fail to see "The Optimist".

The theatre in your neighborhood that is striving to give you 100 per cent entertainment not only will provide the best in the longer features, but will also include in its programs such fine Short Subjects as the Hamilton Comedies and these other Educational Pictures: Christie Comedies, Mermaid Comedies (Jack White Productions), Juvenile Comedies, Tuxedo Comedies, Jack White Comedy Specials, Cameo Comedies, Secrets of Life, Lyman H. Howe's Hodge-Podge, Wilderness Tales by Robert C. Bruce, and the "Sing Them Again" Series.

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The Champion Single-Barrel Shot Gun has barrel and lug forged in one piece of high carbon steel; adjustable mainspring tension bar; compensating locking bolt which automatically takes up wear; piano wire heat-treated springs; genuine black walnut stock and fore-end beautifully finished; hard rubber butt plate. All gauges and styles.

For brother or sister— an Iver Johnson Bicycle

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MARK AND SIR MARMADUKE

(Continued from Page 9)

They looked at each other in infinite pity. The present was theirs. Could the future ever be?

"Mark," said his mother, "Patricia Ballister was over to know if you were coming to their party. It's for Sue and she particularly wants you to come. Didn't you get the invitation and didn't you answer it?"

Mark was embarrassed.

"Yes, I got it," he said.

"Didn't you reply?"

"I haven't yet. I—I—I've been intending to."

"Goodness, Mark, you mustn't be rude! The party's tomorrow night. Run right over and thank them and say you accept."

"Oh, no," he said in alarm.

"You must, Mark."

"Oh, no, I can't go."

"Mark, you won't stay away from Sue's party! She'll be hurt."

"I don't go to parties, mother. You know I don't. I gotta study. I haven't got time for idle frivolities."

"I don't want you to keep on being such a queer boy. Now you're just going over and tell Mrs. Ballister that you accept with pleasure. I'll press your new clothes and you can buy a new tie."

"Oh, no, no, no! Oh, I couldn't!"

"Right this minute!"

His mother took him by the shoulders and started him on his way. Disobedience to peremptory orders was unthinkable. As he crossed the street the familiar phenomena of physical scattering began and there were wicked eyes in the red balloon overhead, which mocked him ironically.

A strange congeries of miscellaneous parts, he drifted up the Ballister lawn, balked at the front door, drifted around to the side porch and a heavy ham came up from his side and sounded the door bell. Just as a speculation he wondered if his tongue would return from his right shoe if Patsy opened the door.

It was Sue who came and a miracle reassembled Mark.

"'Lo, Mark," she said; "you're coming to the party, aren't you?"

"That's what I came over to tell you," he said. "Forgot I hadn't written. Sorry."

"That's all right, Mark, just so you come. It would spoil my party if you didn't. It's my birthday. I'm seventeen. I'm only six months younger than you now. Isn't it nice?"

Mark smiled at this. Sue was a little girl.

In less than a quarter of an hour after he had gone home a sudden panic took him. It was all right to tell Sue he would be at her party, but the party wasn't to be merely Sue. He saw it imaginatively and almost shook with nervousness. He decided to get sick. He felt that he already was. Every time he thought of the party he was dizzy. Mark did not go to parties. Parties terrified him. The ease with which he had talked to Sue had not lasted ten minutes, but it seemed to him that the awful consequences might last forever. One thought of facing the gay crowd in the big Ballister rooms and Mark felt as if he were falling off the water tower. It turned all his world askew all day long. With nightfall he got a little more courage, even if it were fictitious.

Poplar and maple leaves were falling. The evening had turned chill. After Mark had finished his studies and when, except for him, the house was still, he went into the little parlor, lighted the lamp and the gas log and drew up a green plush chair in comfort. He had pretty well banished his dread expectancy. He had the Ebb Tide to read. The rising wind began to whistle under the eaves. He lighted his fourth Yoick. The Athenæum was his favorite club. Its exclusiveness was satisfactory because it was assumed and not asserted. Sons of members was its rule of membership. Marmaduke nodded to Arthur Balfour, who looked up from his volume of Elinor Glyn and smiled pleasantly. He passed on through the library, where not a footfall or the turning of a page could be heard, and into the smoke room. Squires, the fine old servitor, brought him his favorite Lorona Lorona. Lord Bolingbroke, entering, saw him and came over.

"I want to congratulate you on your game today, Marmaduke," he said. "Really you surpassed even yourself. I didn't think it could be done."

"Thanks, Bolingbroke," said Marmaduke. "I was afraid I was a spectator most of the time. Didn't seem to get going. Particularly rotten in the fifth chukker."

"My word, you were going, I'd say! Bad spill for Beauchamp, though."

"That devil swings his pony with his own body. Leans out and whirls around. Carries pony with him. This time pony wasn't carried. Beauchamp was, out into space. I dropped around to see him. Collar bone. He's out for a month. Rotten luck, he says."

Squires approached with a quizzical smile.

"I don't know what to say, Sir Marmaduke," he said. "It's most extraordinary, but Lady Diana has been put through on the wire."

"Eh?" Bolingbroke cried.

"Actually," said Squires, "her call has been put through, and she is waiting you, Sir Marmaduke, on the telephone. In my memory, sir, it is the first time a lady ever was put through to The Athenæum. Gave me quite a shock. But, of course, if any lady did do it, it would be Lady Diana, would it not, sir?"

"But, come, I say, even Lady Diana! This is quite too much," Bolingbroke exclaimed. "My eye!"

"Possibly," Squires suggested with his quizzical smile, "now that Lady Diana is through, Sir Marmaduke might reply."

"Quite so, Squires. By your leave, Bolingbroke."

"My word," said Bolingbroke, "this is a case for the governors! Sorry, old chap, but even Lady Diana—The Athenæum rules. Oh, come!"

Marmaduke went to the telephone.

"I'm so sorry, Marmaduke," said a delicious voice. "Truly sorry. Will you be suspended? I had to call. It's father and Sir Leicester—oh, quite determined this time—by special license—in two days. You must run away with me. Let me think. It should be tonight. Oh, Marmaduke!" Her voice became tense. "They're coming! See me tomorrow. We must run away. Good-by."

It had come. Marmaduke, with a serious face, walked back into the smoke room.

"I appreciate the situation, Bolingbroke," he said. "Even if it were Lady Diana and something a bit thick requiring action at once—Lady Diana is not lawless or thoughtless, even then, I repeat—in short, of course, I shall resign."

"Oh, if I may be permitted—oh!" exclaimed Squires.

"Oh, not that extreme," said Bolingbroke.

"I think it is required. Lady Diana was compelled to break the rules, but they admit of no excuse."

"Take a six months' suspension, old chap. I shall be obliged to complain to the governors, but I can keep it down to six months. Otherwise I resign with you. If it had been Diana's sister Celeste I'd have voted for boiling you in oil."

His smile showed his friendship. Marmaduke took his hat, coat and Malacca stick from Squires. Already the shadow of suspension was on him. It was a patrician code. It bound Bolingbroke. It bound Sir Marmaduke.

He went from the club, nevertheless, with quickening pulse. Tomorrow—the tomorrow.

Mark, awakening the morning of the day of the party, was light-hearted just one moment. Then the party dropped down on him. His whole being seemed to be a-groan. Many times in the course of the day he thought he must wake up and find that he had been squirming in a nightmare. The world was divided into two parts—himself, a condemned man, and everybody else, happy and normal.

By nightfall he had suffered so much that he was numbed. He was lethargic as he dressed. His new tie meant nothing to him, although it was a scarf of quality and distinction.

He heard his mother say, "You look real nice, Mark. You'll make the girls' hearts go pitapat. Have a good time."

He forgave his mother. She did not know what she had done. Those curious feet of his were taking him across the street. The Ballister house was all lighted up like a Christmas tree. Mark's feet were ruthless. He tried to stop them. At the curb he wanted to bolt, but his feet seemed to have orders from someone else.

(Continued on Page 100)

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Conklin

Pens - Utility Sets - Pencils

(Continued from Page 98)

At the gate he encountered another boy. It was Tubby Stubbs. Thus far in life Mark had regarded Tubby as a bump on a log. Anyone who had sat with Tubby in the Latin class would think of him with infinite pity. Now Mark felt as if a life preserver had dropped around his neck and he had it under his arms.

"Hullo, Ernest," he said. This was the easy manner of the society bachelor, but for once Tubby was not Tubby. "Going to Sue's party?"

"Yep," said Tubby in an easy manner which was real.

"I was thinking of going in now. Guess it must be about time."

"Sure," said Tubby.

"I guess it is. I guess I'll go in with you."

Tubby was on his way up the walk. Mark followed him. The lump pressing against his collar was his heart. It knew the way up there all right when it didn't go into his shoe. He wished his hands had some place to go inside of him.

A smiling colored man opened the door and motioned up the stairs—"To the right." Mark had glimpses of the rooms at each side of the hallway. Already they were well filled with young people, laughing and shifting about with swift, joyous movements. The girls were in pink, blue, yellow. Several of the older boys who were really young men wore Mark's ultimate ambition, dress suits.

He followed Tubby up the stairs and into the room where overcoats and hats covered the bed, the lounge and chairs. Mark, to come across the street, had not worn his overcoat. Tubby threw his on the bed and at the dresser mirror adjusted his tie. Then he started for the door.

"Going down now?" Mark asked with a quaver.

"Sure," said Tubby, and went.

Mark spent two minutes at the mirror. Then he walked up and down the room. He had hoped that it would be easier than his apprehensions had made it. Inconceivable as it was, it was going to be worse. He went into the hall and stood at the head of the stairs. Below was a swirl of color and sound. Someone was starting up the stairs. Mark hurried on tiptoe back into the room. He began to look at the pictures on the wall.

Boys, laughing, came into the room and threw off their coats. One of them said hullo. Three were from another part of town. Mark half turned to say hullo and returned to his critical examination of the picture. It was called Thoroughbreds; a girl in a blue riding habit standing by the head of her saddle horse as two dogs looked eagerly up at her sweetly solemn young face.

Mark's posture was that of a serious man of the world completely captured by a work of art. A flash of happier, confident hours came to him as he looked at the girl Diana Manners. But Marmaduke was far away in spirit land.

Other boys came in and Mark moved to another picture, The Man With the Hoe, and resumed his posture of critical interest. There were six pictures, and he calculated that critical interest could keep him in circulation about the room until all the hats and coats were in. Then he could sit down, and boys thereafter coming into the room would think he had just come up to smoke. He could hold a cigarette and a match in his hands and the naturalness of the situation would be apparent.

One of the young men of the neighborhood came in. He was Beatrice's accepted beau, a very nice young fellow, and he knew Mark very well indeed. He was one of the few adults or adolescents who knew what a self-conscious, timid, embarrassed boy could suffer.

"Have you been down to meet your hostess, Mark?"

"Not yet," said Mark.

"Would you like to go down with me and say your how-d'-do?"

"I guess it is about time. I was just looking at the pictures."

The nice young man took him by the arm and they went downstairs. Color and sound surged against Mark. How odd the faces were, mostly eyes, all looking at him. He lost his breath, as if he were under the waves. His insides all pulsed with a terrible beating of hammers. He was a boiler factory. Way up on a long string was his head, that ironic red balloon. His feet were on somebody's toes. Well, it was their business. They got there; they could get off

He was directed by the gentle compulsion at his elbow and found himself facing the pleasant Mrs. Ballister, putting a ham in her offered hand and hearing something, far off, which she seemed to be saying Then there was the glorious Beatrice She got the ham The wonderful Margaret, who accepted the ham, and the exquisite, maddening Patricia Was the ham functioning? Mark thought not It must be hanging as a dead weight at the end of his arm, but he only wished that he either could close his mouth or make some words come out of it.

Then Sue, but a Sue he never had seen before a radiant Sue, not a little girl. She grasped his hand it was a hand again.

"Oh Mark, I'm so glad you came! I was afraid you wouldn't come, after all. You're so late. You just wait till I get out of here."

Then he was on beyond and torn from all anchorage. He was separated from the nice young man. He was in a whirl. He was buffeted. He had no place to go. He couldn't stand still. There was no place to sit down. Everybody was looking at him. He knew they were. They were all wondering what he would do now. What could he do now? Beaten at by this surge, friendless and hopeless, he edged slowly into another room. It was worse than the one from which he had escaped. His refuge would be the coat room. He edged toward the stairs.

Then he saw his complete disaster. The stairs were filled with young people sitting down. He could not get up. It would be worse than an Indian gantlet. He found his way into the library. Everybody looked at him. He knew they were looking at him, wondering what he was going to do.

There Were Other Things the Three Other Ballister Girls Did to Him on Sight. They Caused His Head to Become a Red Toy Balloon at the End of a String

There were pictures on the wall. With the careless air of a person completely at ease, he went to the nearest picture. It was The Otter Hunt. Mark studied it. He stood with his back to the room, his hands behind his back. To the end of his days Mark would be able, if he had any skill with a pencil, to draw every detail of brook, bank, dogs and huntsmen.

He did not dare move from the spot. He could feel a hundred pairs of eyes on him, centering on the back of his head He thought he heard twitters and snickers above the tumult of laughter and chatter, and they could have only one import. He was becoming paralyzed. If he turned to stone he would at least be impervious to feeling.

It would be a lesson to his mother

He felt a hand on his arm. He turned and saw Aunt Lucy, the girls' Aunt Lucy. She was smiling and kindly.

"Have you had any refreshments, Mark?" she asked.

"Not yet," he said. "I was looking at the picture."

"Won't you have some ice cream and cake?"

"I guess not," he said. "I don't feel much of an appetite. I don't eat much."

"Oh, come with me and we'll have some ice cream."

She led him into the dining room. He braced up. He was not afraid of Aunt Lucy. With her, he would not be so conspicuously lonesome. The dining room was full of young people. They were sitting by the wall. They were eating and laughing.

"Wait just a minute, Mark," said Aunt Lucy. She left him standing two feet from the table. Presently she was back with a plate of ice cream and a plate of cake. He took one in one hand and one in the other.

"I hope you're enjoying yourself," said Aunt Lucy.

"Oh, yes," said Mark.

She smiled, gave him a little pat on the arm and went away. He thought she had gone for ice cream and cake for herself and would rejoin him. He stood a long time two feet from the table, holding a plate of ice cream in one hand and a plate of cake in the other.

Something was detaining Aunt Lucy, but it did not occur to Mark at first that she was not coming back. When that fear did come to him his misery arose to a monument. He did not know what to do except to stand rigid, holding his plates.

He was not mistaken now. People were looking at him, and no wonder. He was strange statuary in the middle of the floor, rigid body and pain-engraved face, holding ice cream and cake. Wet beads were on his forehead. The girls smiled. The boys grinned.

Someone laughed. The ice cream and cake carrier slowly came to life. How many hours had he stood there? He did not know.

He stepped to the table. His hands trembled as he set his plates down. He was hardly conscious as he walked out of the room. The stairs were full of young people, but he took the barrier. He worked his way up along the banister, looking down his nose. He made the cloakroom and sat down on the edge of the bed, faint with humiliation.

In some fashion he had to escape, but he could not go out by a door. A window was open. Outside was a waterspout. He put his leg over the window sill and reached for the spout. Voices were approaching the door. He swung out, with a firm clutch on the spout. He did not care whether he broke his neck or not, but he landed safely in a syringa bush. He went stumbling into the shrubbery and found a rustic seat. There he sat and put his face in his hands. He was ruined. He never has effaced the recollection of the ice cream and cake in the dining room.

The young people were beginning to dance. The orchestra was playing the Blue Danube. Mark, hatless, sat on the rustic seat. The harvest moon had come up. Poplar leaves were falling in little tremors of wind Some fell on his head. Harvest flies were in the oaks The waltz music seemed to come from the moon The flying poplar leaves were the notes.

Marmaduke rode Conqueror and led Emperor, his fleetest horses. Behind the

(Continued on Page 105)

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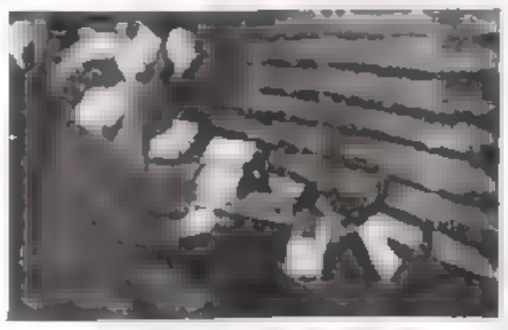

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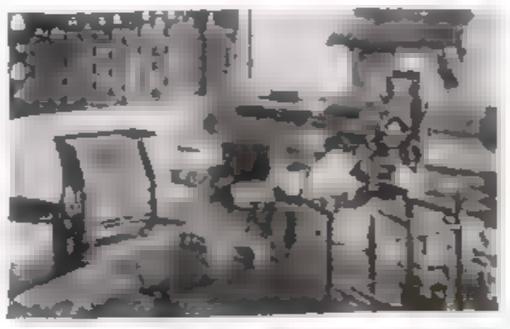

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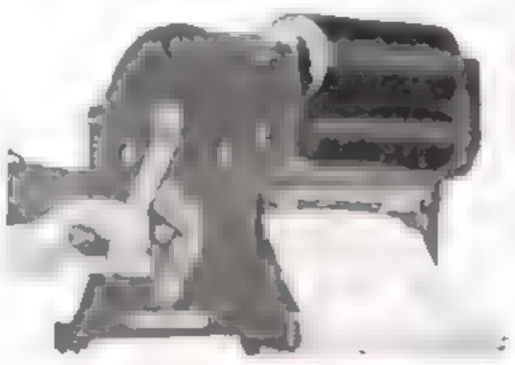

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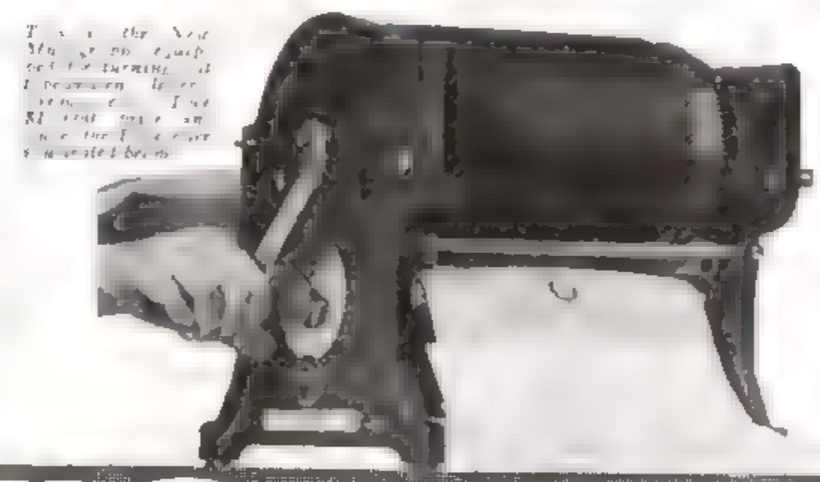

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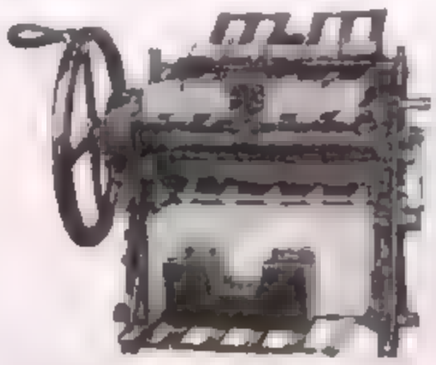

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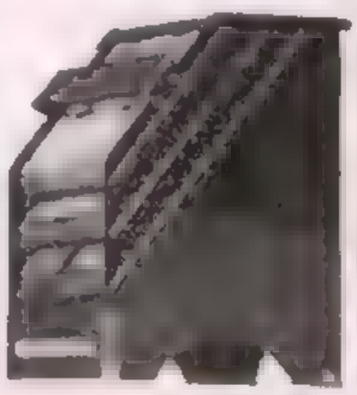

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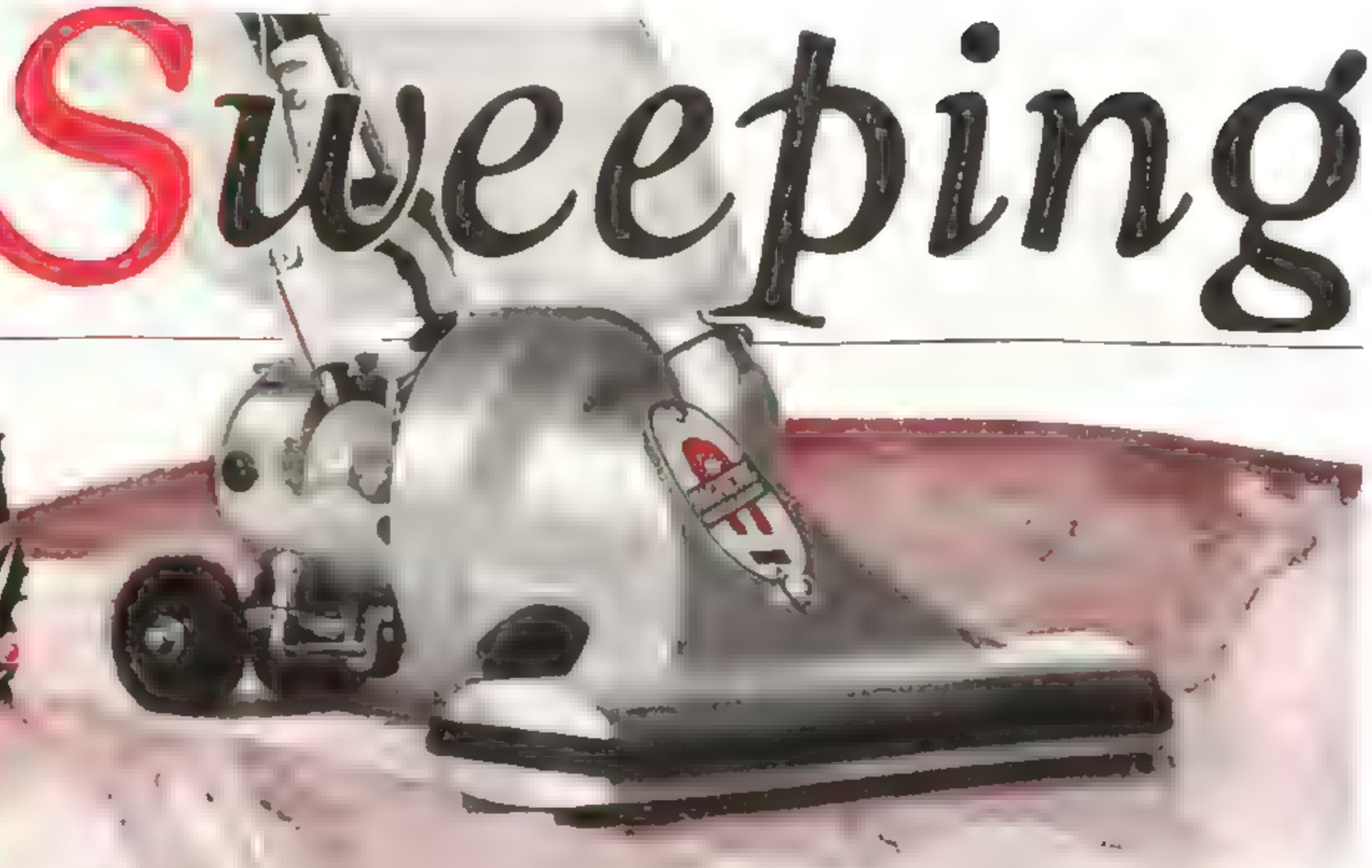

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The Magnetic Housecleaner is more than a means to a clean and sanitary home. It is the way to greater ease and leisure, an enjoyment that comparatively few housewives know. It will take the backaches and drudgery out of housekeeping's hard tasks

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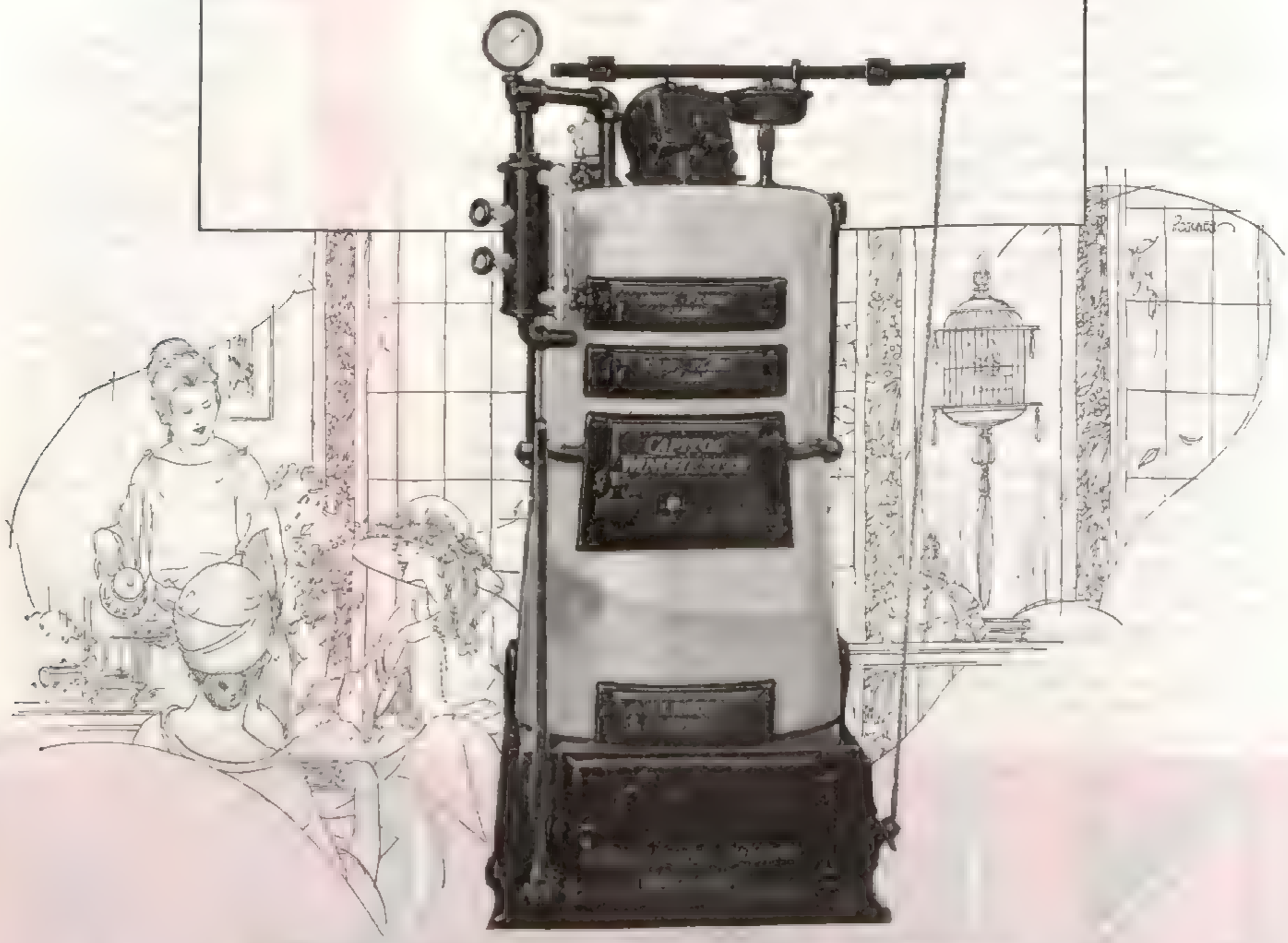

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(Continued from Page 100)

saddle, each carried a blanket roll with a few necessities. One roll had, in addition to tooth paste, a curling iron, face powder, talcum, toilet waters and other things which might have indicated the sex of the person for whom the empty saddle was intended. Marmaduke's roll contained a safety razor and other useful masculine articles.

He rode slowly so as to suggest, if he attracted attention, that he was returning rather than setting forth. It was dusk. The east of the abbey was in deep shadows as he approached. He stopped near the iron-grilled oak door of the Lady Chapel. A lone man, cloaked, bent and leaning on a heavy stick, passed by. Marmaduke waited impatiently but quietly until the man turned into a lane and was lost in the dusk. He then dismounted and, with the heads of Conqueror and Emperor stretched affectionately over his shoulders, he gave a low whistle. Instantly from the covert of one of the flying buttresses of the abbey a hooded and robed figure came running lightly. Diana pressed his hand quickly.

"We can count only on an hour," she said. "Then my absence will be discovered."

"That is enough," said Marmaduke.

He lifted her into the saddle on Emperor and mounted Conqueror.

"Lightly through the town," he said. "We should attract attention if we rode as if pursued. But once on the road ——"

Lights were in the windows. The townspeople were about their fires. The riders gained the road. Conqueror and Emperor were allowed their long stride. Diana and Marmaduke were wildly happy. In their young courage there was no fear of the pursuit. At Dover a sloop waited to raise all sails, and once they stepped on her boards Shadowcroft Hall would not see Diana until she returned as its mistress and mistress also of Huntinggale.

If the sharp, bad face of Sir Leicester barred their way he would be master of only six feet of turf.

Marmaduke's pistols were in the holsters. His sword was at his side. The road sped under them. The fleet horses were making no effort, but pursuit already was fanciful. Now and then the fleeing lovers could clasp each other's hands. A forest embraced the road, but in an instant they were clear of it. Broad fields swept by, with twinkle-windowed farmhouses. Far away dogs barked. A great owl hooted. The boards of a bridge rattled underfoot. A stream gurgled over rocks. They saw on each side the candlelights of a village and again the open moon-bathed countryside. They rode for hours and the fresh wind sung in their ears.

At the ruddy open door of a wayside inn they drew up. A pleasant fat host in velvet breeches and a white apron came into the frame of his cheerful lintel. Might they have ale? Marmaduke cried. Indeed they might, and the pleasant host was at their side with tankards. He had a quick eye, and, with one glance at the graceful figure and the sweet face of Diana, he knew why they rode at night.

"An' you go across Hounslow Heath," he said, "you may meet the Masked Horseman, but have no fear of him. I would not have the sheriff know, but the man and his story are familiar to me, and he is no foe either of the pure or of the poor. His heart is soft, the reckless gallant, so merely speak him fair."

They plunged ahead with the host's godspeed. As they crossed the Heath there appeared, out of the shadows, materializing from the dark elements of the night, the Masked Horseman with pistols leveled. Conqueror and Emperor were on their haunches in the abruptness of their stop.

Thanks to the pleasant host's warning, Marmaduke did not dispute the issue. He raised his hand in friendship. The moon flooded out from the clouds, illuminating the masked rider and also the sweet face of Diana. Her red lips were parted in a smile. The horseman bowed to his horse's mane and his plumed hat described a great arc in a gallant flourish.

"Ride on, friends in love," he said. He was gone as magically as he had appeared, a dark phantom of shadows.

They were on, faster and faster, with the sloop nearer every moment, when at a dark and wooded crossroads misfortune befell. Conqueror cast a shoe. Near by was an inn of ill appearance and close to it a smithy. Firelight glowered rather than glowed through the dirty windows of the inn.

Marmaduke dismounted and knocked. There was silence, then heavy steps, the drawing of a bolt and bar and the door was opened a foot, revealing a thin hawk-nosed man of evil portent.

"We want a smith," said Marmaduke.

"He is abed," said the ugly man.

"Get him up. We cannot wait."

"He will get up for no man till his hour."

"A gold crown will waken him," said Marmaduke, showing one from a heavy purse.

"Not for more of 'em than you could carry."

The man was no less surly, but there was a new glint in his evil eyes. Marmaduke had been indiscreet in disclosing his gold crowns. He was indifferent to that.

"How far to a decent inn?" he asked contemptuously.

"There is none other you could reach with a lame horse, but this one is decent."

"We must bide the night," said Marmaduke, assisting Diana from the saddle. "Have courage," he whispered.

A dirty, tow-headed boy, heavy with sleep, came to take the horses. Marmaduke bowed Diana into the inn. Its public room had a great stone fireplace whereat a kettle steamed. Its rafters were cobwebby and a rat scurried into a hole.

"My lady's room is here," said the villainous host, pointing beyond the fireplace. "Yours, sir, is above."

"I sit up the night," said Marmaduke, and laid his pistols and his sword on the long oak table.

The villain blinked. Marmaduke whistled the air of a little song and looked at the priming of his pistols. With a flourish he aimed at a candle as if he had only to pull the ready trigger to snuff the wick with a touch of lead. Diana's smile was confident and she tripped to her room. The host bowed low and respectfully.

Late and later into the night Marmaduke sat at the long oak table. The wind banged a loose shutter. Rats scurried. The candles guttered. The fire flickered. Mischief, murder was on tiptoe about him. Was that a ferocious breath in the dark beyond the hall door, or a breath of the east wind? Was that a stealthy step on the stairs, or had a rat run over a loose board? The night was grim.

Drowsiness, natural potion of the long ride, pulled down at Marmaduke's eyelids, but he shook himself and did no more than half dream, although his caution had this vent. He did not hear the door of Diana's room open, but he did feel the sudden pressure of two small, smooth, firm hands on his eyes and he heard a soft gurgling laugh.

"Mark—why, Mark!"

The hands and voice were Diana's, but it was Sue who sat down beside him.

"Why did you come out here, Mark?" she asked. "I've been hunting everywhere for you, and getting scolded because I wasn't dancing at my own party. And you haven't wished me any happy returns."

"I was just thinking," said Mark. "I do wish you happy returns—lots of them."

He looked at Sue, trying to find out just what had happened to her. Did a mysterious thing happen to girls on their seventeenth anniversary, or was it merely the pretty party dress, the flush of happiness and excitement? He did not know, but this was not the Sue who scuffed the toes of her shoes, climbed into apple trees and was forever yelling "Yoo-hoo!"

"You're a funny boy, Mark," said Sue, as Mark in perplexity observed a phenomenon he found fascinating; "but you're the nicest one I know and I wish you wouldn't run away from me."

Mark rediscovered his humiliation and he almost made a confession of it, but he could not quite.

"I don't like parties, Sue," he said. "I can't go to parties."

"Not even my parties?"

"If it was just you, Sue."

"I was going to ask you to come back with me. Don't you want to?"

"Oh, I can't, Sue. Say, let's go hickory nutting tomorrow."

"All right. Just you and me?"

"Yes. We'll go out Cherry Creek."

"I think that will be nice," she said. "I suppose I've got to go back or I'll have mother hunting for me."

"Sue, do you think you could find my hat? You know, upstairs."

"Sure, I know your hat."

"Toss it out the window, will you? And don't let anyone see you doing it."

They said good night, as Mark caught the hat.

The next day was Saturday, no school, and Mark and Sue clubbed hickory nuts out of trees. It was an escape for him. If he had been in town he would have thought everyone he saw on the streets was laughing at him. Sue got him over the worst day, but for weeks he suffered whenever he saw another girl.

The amazing thing to him was Sue. For years she had tagged after him. As a little girl she would have embarrassed him if he had not been able to order her about as if he were her elder brother. She wanted to play ball with him. Once in a while the other boys would have allowed her, but Mark objected. He wasn't unkind or rough, but he told her no.

She did not whimper or pout. She only smiled at him and waited her chance to chase after a foul ball and throw it in. If she were told she could not go fishing she would be seen following a half mile behind. She was difficult because she was so good-natured, and gradually she got a good deal of what she wanted, which was to be where Mark was and play where Mark was playing.

She liked to sit by his side and read the same book he was reading. People laughed at her, but that did not disturb her.

Mark had been sure that Patricia was Diana Manners, and that was why his knees were more wabbly when he saw her than when he saw any other girl.

A change more than in appearance was apparent in Sue. Ever since the birthday party, when she had been revealed suddenly as a filmy radiance, she had moments of reserve with Mark. Without changing her kindly manner, she would be far away from him, not at all the persistent Sue who candidly wanted to look over his shoulder at the same book.

Whenever Mark felt this he was uneasy, as if he were losing something he needed. He would make a conscious effort to regrasp it; but if Sue had put that strange distance between them he could not close the gap, and he would be uneasy and almost unhappy.

One evening after dark he was walking home when he saw, some distance ahead, dimly by a street light, a girl. Close behind her was a man who lurched and staggered on his feet. Mark, walking more rapidly than the two ahead of him, drew closer to them. The man lurched into the girl and she drew aside with an exclamation. He seized her by the arm and she cried out.

Mark ran forward, shouting. The man whirled about to meet him. He was a powerful man, drunk, but even more formidable for that, and his face was savage, as were his oaths when he saw Mark. Mark's ideas of using his fists were wholly primitive, but as he saw the man swinging a blow at him he swung a blow at the man.

A faint light had appeared in the east, and just as the last candle died in its socket the dark shadows of the room in the inn turned gray. Marmaduke pressed Diana's hand and went to the fireplace, to kick the charred logs into another flicker of flame. The anxious night had not touched the bloom on her cheeks.

"The smith will be up soon," said Marmaduke, "and then to Dover—and Dover to France."

He smiled and she smiled.

There was a light knock and a low cough in the hall. The host now appeared in the hall door. He was obsequious, after the night of foiled villainy, and could only hope to whine a gold piece out of Marmaduke's heavy purse for which he had intended to cut throats.

"The smith is at your service, sir," he said. "I got him up before dawn, which is a brave thing for any man to do. I hope it will meet your pleasure."

"Have him shoe the horse," said Marmaduke sternly.

"And will the lady and yourself have a rasher of bacon and some new-laid eggs?" the cringing rogue continued.

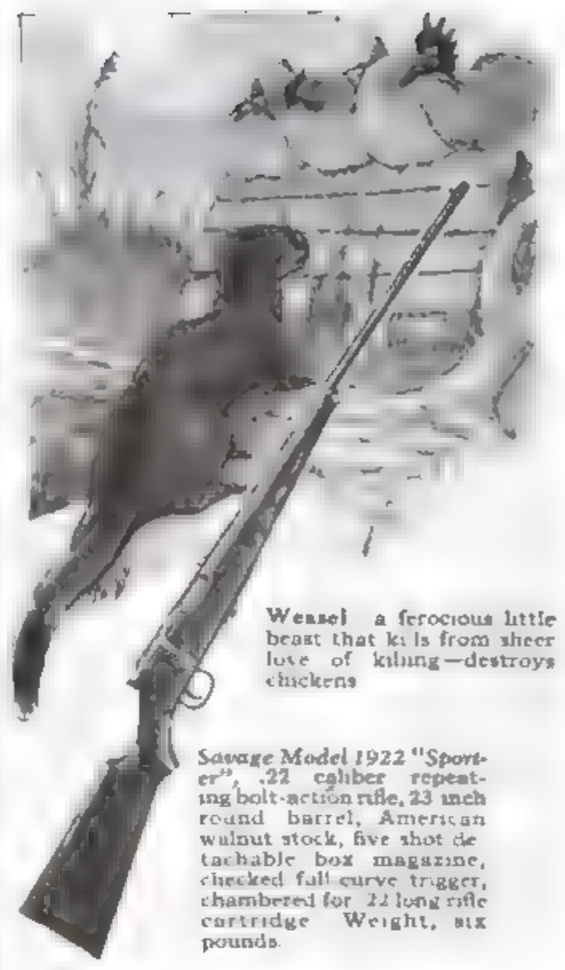
"Bring them," said Marmaduke.

A neat girl with a sad face spread cloths on the oak table. The sparks could be seen flying from the smithy, and soon the sound of the smith's hammer. The sun was up. The finches were singing. Diana and Marmaduke would soon be on the way to Dover.

There was a knock at the door. Marmaduke threw it open. In the doorway stood the evil Sir Leicester and behind him a score of mounted retainers.

"Run to earth at last," said Sir Leicester with a snarling laugh.

Marmaduke's pistols and sword were on the long oak table, but without an instant's hesitation he threw himself at the throat of the abominable nobleman. He could see the wretch's expression of pain and fury. There was an onrush of mounted men.



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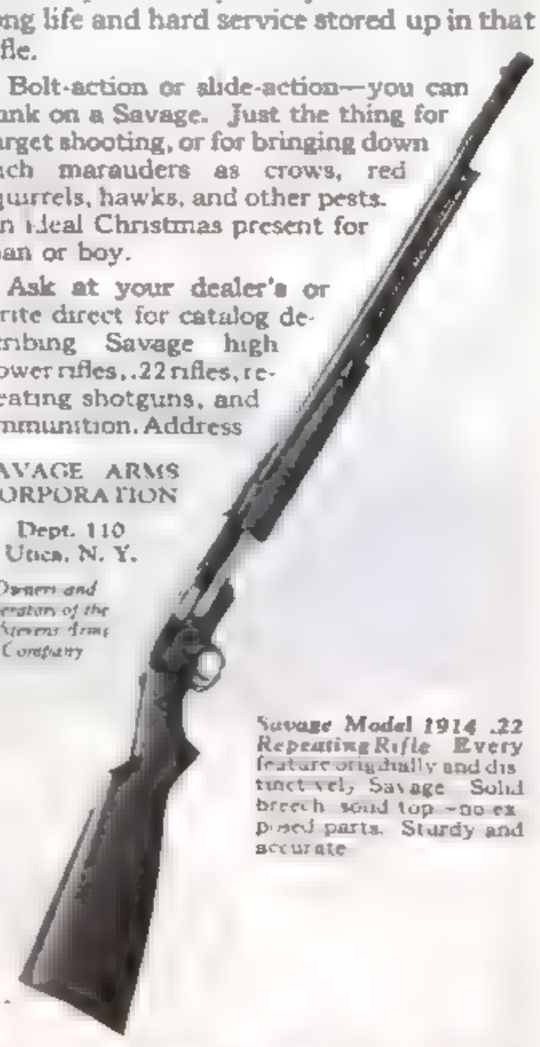

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Marmaduke sustained a heavy blow and consciousness left him

As he came back to life gropingly he was aware, in a misty, rosy world, that his head was softly pillowed and that tender hands were on his brow. It was a moment before he could speak

"Are you safe?" he asked.

"Yes," she said

He could not open his eyes

"Did Sir Leicester escape?" he asked, after another moment's pause.

"A policeman got him. Oh, Mark, you knocked him down and he couldn't move!"

Mark opened his eyes and he knew what he was to know all the rest of his life—that Sue was Diana Manners.

Mark was ten years older. He sat under a reading lamp with a table of books at his side. He filled a Barnstuble with Tidewater Mixture. Barnstuble was the rarest French briar fashioned by the famous English house of Barnstuble & Son. Mark imported his pipe with considerable meticulous correspondence with Barnstuble & Son. It gave him a seafaring feeling, and besides you never knew a pipe until you knew a Barnstuble.

Tidewater Mixture was the rarest of Virginias, to which was added perique, Latakia and Turkish, according to the formula of an old country gentleman possessed by Mark. It was known as the Marmaduke Variation, the one-time favorite of buccaneers, sea hawks, cavaliers, gentlemen who had been beheaded in the Tower, New England ecclesiastical aristocrats who imported negroes and rum, and of the Virginia plantation patricians.

When Mark smoked he could walk along the wharves at Gloucester, ride along the bank of the Potomac or saunter in Fleet Street or the Strand.

The pipe he filled was a shell briar recently obtained from Barnstuble & Son, and it was just mellowing and caking. Sue was putting Junior to bed—Mark Howe, Jr., aged six months. Five minutes ago she had stood before Mark, Sr., giving him the good-night look at his son—one of a dozen. Mark later would tiptoe into the room many times for other looks.

Sue and Junior, in her arms, made a picture the like of which was in no gallery, whether of Florence or Paris. Mark wished he could invite Raphael home to dinner and to see this good-night picture.

When he had lighted his pipe he took up a magazine and opened at the pages indexed as educational: Boys—East. That young fellow's education would be pressing on them the first thing they knew. Preparation for college, healthful environment, the beautiful Wataponka Valley, individual instruction, military discipline, famous Grays, champion football team of the section, preparation for Princeton, Yale, Harvard.

It was a warm day in late November. The sun had a dull red tinge in the haze of the afternoon. Sue and Mark sat in Section A of the Stadium. They had come early. Except for an occasional interchange of commonplaces, they were silent. Each was trying to conceal nervousness from the other.

Crowds trooped within the inclosure and section after section filled rapidly. It was an inspiration, the crowd itself. One looked at it and thoroughly believed in the human race. Colors everywhere, crimson and blue—colors pulsating with emotions, rippling with smiles, rent with cheers, tossing, swaying, waving.

Section A was solid crimson. Sue and Mark had crimson pennants. They had given up the interchange of commonplaces and were silent. In the seats next to Sue were a pretty girl and a nice-looking boy.

"Do you think we can win?" the pretty girl asked anxiously.

"To anyone else I'd say sure," said the boy. "I've bet a hundred to seventy-five. That was just bluff and bad betting. I got stung into it. We've only got one chance. That's Howe."

A quiver of emotion flushed through Sue and Mark, and the great walls of faces and colors dimmed in their eyes.

"He's the greatest player we ever had," said the boy. "He's the greatest back the game ever saw. I saw him just before they took the team away day before yesterday. He's the quietest man on the squad. Funny fellow. A girl scares him to death, but watch him play!"

Mark's hand searched for Sue's, found and clasped it, and thus they sat and for an hour and a half that titanic world roared, catapulted, shrieked, groaned, cheered and surged about them. All they heard distinctly was the great roar of "Howe! Howe! Howe!" all about them, now in exaltation, now in appeal, now in triumph, now almost in despair. They saw this Howe infrequently—once when he made that sixty-yard run and was wholly obliterated in a mass of blue.

They could not stand up with the shrieking crimson. They were numb. The roar ceased. The crimson was as quiet as the blue. Men with bags ran from the side lines. The players separated into groups. Someone was stretched on the ground. Sue's lips trembled. Her grasp of Mark's hand became a tight clutch. Neither moved. The prostrate figure arose and limped about, with an arm over another player's shoulder. The crimson was up again.

"Howe! Howe! Howe!"

But what avail that great run? Six to nothing against the crimson! Two minutes to play! Ten yards to go! The lines snapped into position. A quiet as of a northern forest in the heat of an August noon was in the Stadium. A bewildering flash of shifting players. A direct smash. A mighty impact and a surge. Another instant of silence and the crimson was up and frantic. Six to six! A leisurely regrouping on the field. The crimson silent, the blue in a frenzy.

It was Junior who measured his distance from the ball. It was Junior who walked, then ran and kicked. Between the uprights, above the bar, went the ball. Seven to six!

Sue leaned towards Mark and buried her face in his overcoat. Mark's face was wet from overflowing eyes and he trembled. On the field and in the Stadium was a crimson delirium.

The nice boy by Sue sat down exhausted. The pretty girl was sobbing with excitement. The nice boy saw Sue's position.

He shouted to Mark, to be heard above the uproar, "Has the lady fainted?"

"No," said Mark. "She is his mother."

"Oh," said the boy in awe, and the pretty girl did an impulsive thing. She leaned far over and kissed Sue on the cheek.

Mark looked out on the field. The crimson crowds were parting, as if in obedience to a forceful wish, and Junior, all torn and limping, was making his way towards them.

When Sue came from the baby's bedroom Mark was puffing at the shell briar so that great clouds floated above him. The magazine had fallen to the floor.

"As usual, he went right to sleep," she said. "He is a splendid baby."

"Isn't he!" said Mark, and was silent an instant.

"Patricia's husband went to Princeton, didn't he, Sue?" he then asked.

"Yes," said Sue.

"And your brother went there, and Beatrice's and Margaret's husbands went to Yale."

"Harry went to Yale, but Charlie went to Wisconsin."

"Oh, yes, I remember. I wonder if you'd care if Junior went to Harvard."

"No, of course not," she said, laughing, "if you'd like it."

"I've always thought it was a good college," said Mark. "I think I'll go out and look at the stars a minute."

He went out on the lawn. The poplar leaves were falling in the wind and they fell on his head. Out of the shadows of the shrubbery came a dark, graceful figure, courteously bowing.

"He is a great boy," said Sir Marmaduke. "A wonderful boy. A great credit, sir."

Mark and Sir Marmaduke shook hands on this.

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THE OTHER DAY

(Continued from Page 14)

Extremely poor, they held life together from day to day, owning a hut, almost empty, on the outskirts of Kow Kong, the village of the Nine Streams, where fishermen dwell. The girl, of her own beauty, was adornment enough for their house, and she laughed at poverty; but Mr. Chan himself, when he went out to work and left her indoors with nothing but her own shadow, endured remorse.

"Sometam he plenty cly. What he doing if she no can eat tomollow? Sometam he's heart almos' bloke-im fo' her, almos' bus'. He wukking lek a deffil."

So Chan carried his nets or his delicate plaited scoops of basketware out from Kow Kong, its huddle of old brick and weather-darkened stucco, faded rose tiles, gray-brown masonry blotched with age and the greenness of creeping damp. Everyone there knew and liked him. It was part of his destiny to have many friends, none so learned as he, none so ill-starved, but all as poor. Had they been rich and great they would have delighted to honor him. But the rich and great, being shut up, never hear of such neighbors or begin to play with them until the time has gone by, so Yi Tao says; it is part of their destiny. Mr. Chan, the scholar without advancement, had what a man of science, a writer, not long ago called the Blessing of the New Testament. In all weather he trudged off, a lean spidery bronze figure of youth, wearing some faded blue rug round his loins, for hat against rain or sun a golden shield of oiled paper and rattan. He walked across flat country to one of the Nine Streams, took passage in a fishing boat, and after slow voyage for many miles, gained the East River, where an old family who eyed every man with suspicion but knew Chan for one sure if late in payment, allowed him to gather spawn, "littoo feeze-ekk," from their hereditary cove of mud.

"Not ease to ketchem. Welly few man knowing how. Hart to do."

At the right season and the favorable hour he waded craftily in the proper shallows, plying a net as fine as cheesecloth, keeping the mesh flat while he made it glide underneath a scum of spawn to be lifted from the water unbroken, carrying this gluey sheet of lives up the mud bank and transferring them to a plane surface of wood or wicker skillfully prepared. The nature of the preparation is a trade secret. If Chan's fishing prospered, then two or three weeks later came the weary trot home from the boat landing toward Kow Kong, with his perishable catch to be nursed, guarded at every sway of his *piculas*, the carrying pole balanced on one shoulder like scales of justice.

"Some day he ketchem not'ing. Some day almos' worse."

If so, if he carried back his gear well-nigh empty after a fortnight's absence, the girl nevertheless had her welcome for him, with bright eyes and laughter and jokes, and their evening rice made ready. Even the best of catches meant work and care. When he brought home plenty of eggs he toiled far into the night by the dim glow of his paper lantern, with infinite pains laying out the spawn on water and covering it under green grass just so thick, just so thin, all fingered as tenderly as a game of jackstraws, not too much here, not too little there. It was back-breaking labor in the wet. Next day with sore muscles and red eyes Chan returned before dawn to his hatchery—a pond that he hired, a checkerboard of puddles marked off by narrow dams, each dam a path as well, patted smooth on its top by his bare feet trotting back and forth.

"I wonder," his thought meanwhile continually ran—"I wonder how she makes our food go so far?"

Chan Lifted His Pan and Struck Her Lightly Across the Knuckles. "Open Your Hand!"

The puzzle harried him. They came so near starvation, yet always had a bite to eat, a handful more in the cupboard. How did she manage? Whenever he asked, her lovely face grew demure, her black slant eyes darted mischief.

"Do not fear," she laughed; "I am neither a fox girl nor Miss Lü, the Rat-Wife. You have only married a good housekeeper, no more."

In laughing heartily she made an adorable set of tiny wrinkles curl and chase along her nose, playing upward.

"Oh, sly as many mice!" cried Chan, and felt younger at the sight of her.

His question was not answered, however, for it often rose in his mind. How could their food last always? While freshening the water in his checkerboard pools, 'th muddy feet climbing the paddles of his treadmill pump, Chan thought and thought. No, she could not be a rat wife who prowled out to steal for him after dark or while he traveled from home. All that he believed to be nonsense—a child's tale from the Liao Chai, the Chinese Nights' Entertainment. This was a daytime affair of cold cash, the greasy round cash with the square hole; of how much rice a Mexican dollar will buy—how many pounds; and of how many ounces go to a meal. Chan worked, sweated and pondered.

"Something bad fights against us. This is a miracle contrary to Nature."

Here lay the hatchery pond, brown on the mud, blue under the reflected sky, with rent to be paid for all; off by the East River there was rent to be paid for the cove whence the spawn came; sometimes it did not come, or when it did, failed to live and grow in this costly, ever-to-be-paddled water. Money flew before alighting, yet he had food in his house. But yet again, his wife grew thin, pale, the oval of her face too sharp, refined like the face of a spirit. It was not right.

"What is not right? We are happy. Why does my blossom fade?"

Something evil fought against him. Chan did not lose courage, but carefully tended the eggs, watching every change in them till the great change, till their surface, like swollen grains of rice, melted away, crumbled, became a helter-skelter of black sparks that wriggled and flew asunder for dear life while the fish were born.

Meantime every day he pumped his treadmill. When the sparks, the living midges, had grown each as long as a finger joint he caught them again with another kind of net, sorted them, handful after handful of baby fish, and divided them by families to be reared apart. Many died. If the rest became longer than his thumb Chan took them to market. The pole bent over his shoulder like a bow, sagging with the weight of terra-cotta jars, one before, one behind, that splashed water through their broad mouths of netted rattan as through a cane-bottom chair.

"He not know how sell 'em. He too genilman."

To be a gentleman—that, if it is possible, was Chan's failing. Every peddler of young fish knows that when you dip them from the jar you must dip out five at a time and count aloud by fives; but that a sleight of hand will make four, or even three, silvery flipping bodies cheat the eye as your scoop tosses them into the buyer's pond. Once there, the fish are his to count if he can. This handling is Lesson 1 of the Salesman's Primer, the first trick in the trade. A gentleman and a scholar, Chan could not learn it. The Nine Streams people to this day tell funny stories of him, and laugh at many a standing joke or byword taken from his awkward career. At the outset he could not find a buyer till, wandering helpless, at his wits' end, he met a man and asked him: "Sir, if it please you, how does one go about to sell these?"

The man stared at a figure of innocence bowed between two slopping jars.

"Those? Here?" The stranger chuckled. "It cannot be done, for here all are fishers."

"Then I am lost," quoth Chan.

His chance friend—the cook and porter of a street kitchen—was a good-natured fellow, who took pity on his despair.

"Go out," said he. "Go out anywhere from town. Look abroad for smoke. Where smoke rises, there men live. Travel thither and you will sell your fish—I hope. Walk safely, sir."

Chan thanked him and went on. Outside the village was nothing but flat green country, cloudless blue air, and a millionfold trill from little frogs, like the ringing of dollars told and tested by all the bankers of fairyland hidden in the reeds. Chan was lost again. Then he saw far away, on the violet haze of hills, a dark thread twining toward the sky. All day he plodded to reach this, the only smoke, for which he blessed heaven and the kind cook's wisdom. It was a hot day, very long. At dusk, as he climbed, the smoke became a glow, a fire, which led him up and up till he came to the men who lived beside its redness. They were poor, wild, blackened fellows, charcoal burners, who had no money. Chan going home downhill in the dark, stubbed his toe, broke both jars and spilled his fishes, to die all along the rocky path. A Nine Streams man today can hardly tell this anecdote for laughing.

In time Chan learned his way about, and had his own circuit as a peddler. Though honest, he was no fool. A wide ring of villages came to know him, at first as a humorous character, then as a plain dealer who drove bargains with moderation and sold healthy young fry.

"He is a man of books," people said indulgently. "He will never grow rich."

He had grown so far from rich, and the sole ornament of his house now so pallid and frail that he could not bear to see her smile. At last one day, when they sat down to their evening rice, Chan lost heart altogether and refused to eat. He was well, strong, hungry; he saw both bowls heaping full, as always, and heard her pleasant voice telling him some trifle gayly; but with chopsticks idle in his hand he neither answered nor looked up. She was too like a spirit.

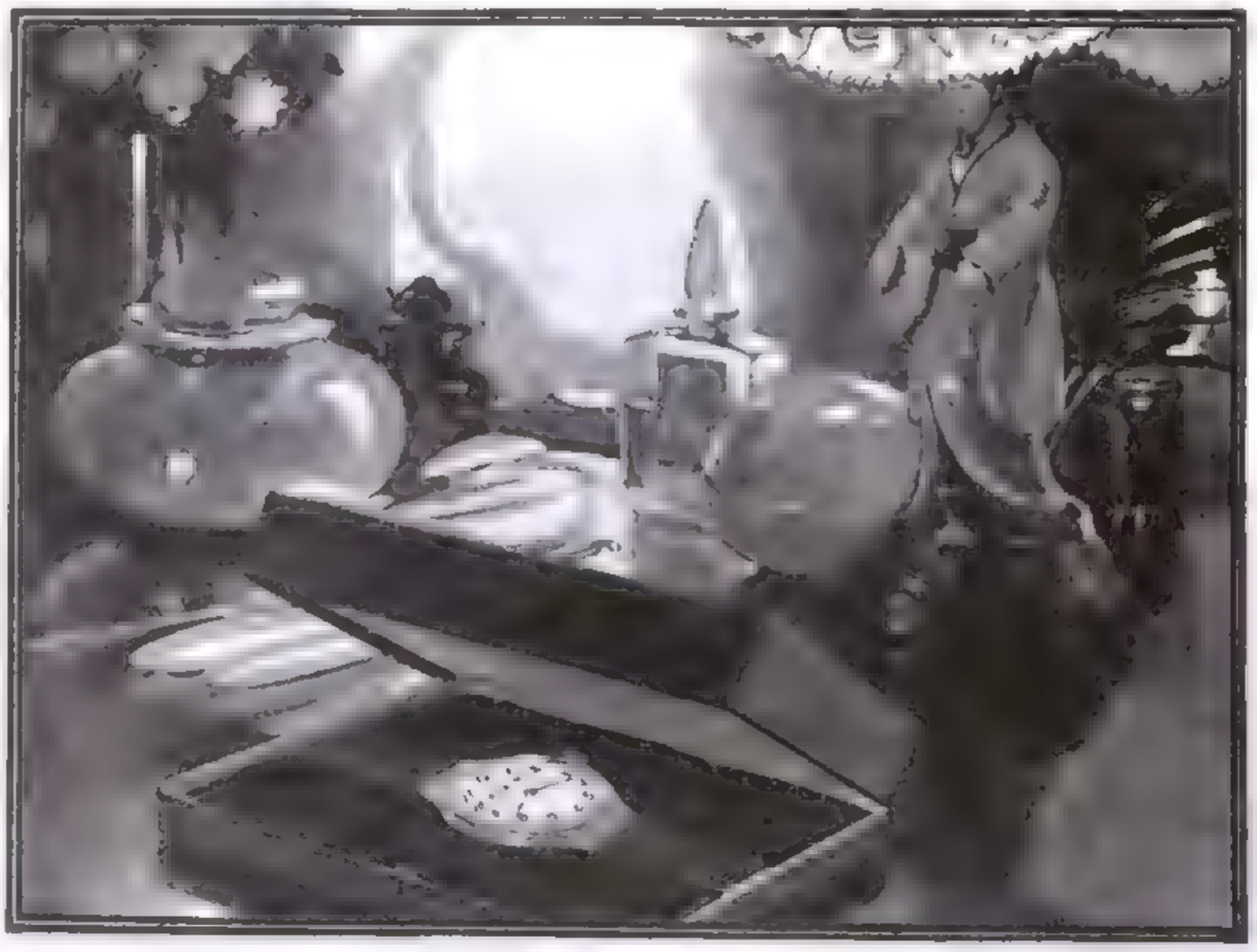
He stared at the food. Both bowls heaping; that was impossible, for he knew how much rice he had bought, and when. It should have been eaten three days ago. He had gained no money since.

"Why do you not eat?" she coaxed.

Chan continued to stare downward. He thought and thought. A new suspicion was mingled in his grief. It had become her

(Continued on Page 117

The Elgin Time Observatory takes the time from the stars and transmits it to the Elgin Laboratories and Timing Rooms. It is the only observatory operated by a watch company in practical timetaking service everyday.



No gift so fine in sentiment as a good, true watch

THERE has been many a Christmas Watch given that was regretted at the moment of presentation.

When the thought swept over the giver that a few extra dollars would have made the watch positively good for a lifetime.

A tiny tragedy, perhaps, but counting heavily in the memory and a hurt commonsense.

* * *

When you choose a watch remember these seven points:

1. Don't buy a watch that neither you nor the recipient knows about.
2. Don't select a watch for looks unless you know who is responsible for the movement.
3. Guard against the cheap watch.
4. Bear in mind that women today want *correct* timekeepers more than they ever did.
5. If you decide on an Elgin, be patient about getting the model you want. Order early and you will be served in spite of the Elgin shortage.
6. Take Elgin as your standard even if you don't buy one. At least you will have a helpful guide.
7. Elgin is the professional timekeeper and as such makes the most unquestioned gift of its kind. Today an Elgin is a universal gift for Christmas and at other special times.

Elgin watches are always at a premium—particularly at the holiday season.

It will be best for you to make your selection as soon as you can. Your jeweler will undoubtedly be glad to hold it for delivery until just before Christmas if you wish him to.

Elgin Wrist Watches, cased in Gold, Platinum, Jewel-set, and Gold filled may be had from your jeweler at a wide range of prices.

The "Presentation" Elgin — extremely thin and the finest watch ever presented to the men of America; hand-made engraved case of either 14-karat, 18-karat Gold or Platinum, $300 — $750.

Elgin Time is broadcasted three times daily, at 12 noon, 6 p. m. and 12 midnight, Central Standard Time, from the Elgin Time Observatory through *Station WDAP*, the Drake Hotel, Chicago.

ELGIN

The Professional Timekeeper

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH COMPANY, ELGIN, U. S. A.

Since 1861
—a name that has stood for utmost service and satisfaction in ready-to-serve foods

Van

Van Camp's Pork *and* Beans *with* Vegetable Luncheon

Camp's

BAKED Beans for supper tonight: The pleasing, appealing aroma of piping hot Van Camp's Pork and Beans invites your appetite and promises good things to come.

When the children come home from school—when the grown-ups come home from work—cold and hungry—this appetizing, wholesome food satisfies their craving for something substantial and sustaining.

All the delicious flavor of old-fashioned, home-baked beans blends with a rare tomato sauce of appetite-provoking tang and zest in Van Camp's Pork and Beans.

You never tasted such Pork and Beans!

If you prefer them plain—Van Camp's Pork and Beans are prepared without the Tomato Sauce.

"Something Good for Every Meal"
Van Camp's
Since 1861

Van Camps Pork *and* Bean Sandwich

Van Camps Pork *and* Beans *with* Tomato Karebit

A Hostess Book You'll Want

Let our new book "What to Serve and How to Serve It" help you plan meals, chafing dish suppers, and suggest new and interesting dishes. Just send us your dealer's name, and enclose 10c to cover postage and packing, and we will gladly mail the book. Edition limited. Address Domestic Science Kitchens, Van Camp's, Indianapolis, Indiana.

Van Camp's Evaporated MILK

CHILDREN like Van Camp's Evaporated Milk on cereals.

Mothers do, too, so they use it in cooking and baking as well.

It makes wonderful puddings, pastries and cakes, creamy cocoa, toothsome, home-made candies.

Van Camp's is pure whole milk—cream and all—evaporated to twice its original butter fat content and food value.

It's as safe, convenient and economical to use as it is pure and wholesome.

Wise mothers always keep a supply of Van Camp's Milk on their pantry shelves.

Are you going to build or to make some other investment—

Talk things over with your banker

ONE man decides to build a house or an addition to his plant. He talks things over with his banker. Another doesn't and possibly gets into trouble.

Perhaps the banker points out that a certain part of town that his client has not considered is situated more in the path of the city's growth.

Or perhaps he advises a postponement until times are more propitious or there is a bigger surplus capital as a margin of safety—and so he safeguards his customer's interests.

There are so many things that a banker is in a position to know that it is easy to understand why so many sound business men and women go to him for advice ***in advance*** of their actions.

This is right in line with the remarkable advance our country is making in sound business and sound banking.

Your local banker is glad to assist those who have the foresight to seek his coöperation.

Not the least of his services is his ability to execute your personal and commercial banking business in New York.

THE FARMERS' LOAN AND TRUST COMPANY

16-22 WILLIAM STREET

FIFTH AVE. OFFICE, 475 FIFTH AVE.

NEW YORK

CHARTERED IN 1822
"FOR THE PURPOSE OF ACCOMMODATING THE CITIZENS OF THE STATE"

Continued from Page 108

habit to talk during meals and eat nothing until he was gone back to work. Why, then ——

"I am ill," he growled, and jumped up. "I must breathe air."

Rushing outdoors, he went noisily away as though to the pool, then halted, watched the house, listened, and crept back like a thief. In a corner of their crazy old hut he knew there was a chink. To this he drew near, crouched, and put one eye.

The reflection of sunset through the open door cast a dim glow upon her. Chan was prepared to see her get on foot, carry off her bowl and hide it. She did nothing of the kind, but sat weeping quietly, and from time to time, with a feeble tired hand lifting a few grains of rice to her mouth.

"Ah!" Suddenly Chan guessed. He fell back as if a spear darted through the chink, and ran. "Oh, fool!"

Into the house he came storming. She looked up, and leaned away, frightened. Chan, who had carried his chopsticks all this while without knowing he held them, bent down and plunged their ends into her bowl. The little black rods brought up with a click, in rice not deeper than his finger nail.

Chan dropped them, turned her bowl upside down and lifted. Out fell clattering a shallow saucer. Her poor miracle had a false bottom, and the bowl itself was empty.

"Beloved!" said Chan.

Their eyes met. They could not speak another word.

That night before dark he left the village to try fortune again, taking his hardwood yoke and pair of jars, with the last few dozen fish. He might sell them and buy a little more food. There was nothing left in the house to pawn.

"You go out after money, hart to ketchem," runs a maxim of Yi Tao's. "Money come fin' you sitting down in chair, sometam welly ease."

Chan caught none. He lugged his jars day after day from one market to the next, counted a week slipping by, ate scraps given in charity, and reached a town where nine days ago he had sold the best and most promising lot ever hatched. Their buyer hailed him in the street.

"Come here."

Chan followed the man home like a sleepwalker, and saw him point down at his fishpond, a muddy fallow corner in the rice fields.

"Look," said the man. "Gone. See their white bellies uppermost. They all died."

According to peddler's rule Chan always guaranteed his fish to live ten days.

"It is fate," he answered, peering at the muddy water. "You speak true. Exactly. I have just enough here to make good."

He emptied his jars into the pond, letting the buyer count, and turned away with a laugh and a stagger. He went home fasting, while wet gravel cut through his ragged shoes, and the yoke galled his neck. A waning moon hung over him, behind, like a curse, when he came to her door.

"She had better go on sleeping," he thought. "I will not knock till tomorrow."

Laying his pole and crockery against the wall of the house, he sat down to rest; but as he leaned back on it the door would not let him remain there, and swung heavily in.

"She has not barred it?"

Chan rose and entered. Sickly moonlight painted a ghost of his thin legs on the floor. He stopped them, waiting, frightened.

"It is only Chan," he called. "I have come home."

Nothing breathed in the dark, or came near the green wedge of moonshine. If awake she would have jumped up and spoken, laughing. She did not, and the air of the room told his nostrils that here was death.

"I have come home!"

Loud voice would not help. Chan went shuffling to the place where they kept a tumbler of oil and a wick, which he lighted, praying as well as he could remember to do by heart. The wick burned blue, crackled, and with its point of flame cast a shuddering glow that by and by swam steady, like a little votive lamp on an altar. He turned.

In one corner of the room she lay dead. She had been there for some days, alone, so that Chan, as soon as he could move, drew a cloth over her eyes and face.

When he was able to see or think, Chan did all he knew how to do in her honor. For lack of a costly tomb or any memorial, he got out his old writing brush and cake of dried ink with a hole worn through it.

In the palm of her left hand, summoning all his forgotten skill, he wrote:

"*The Happiness of Chan Man Nen.*"

Upon this he shut her cold fingers. Whether it was the same night or another day, he did not afterward recall, for sun, moon, darkness, candle shine were all one, all black now.

Later a man sat with him under a bamboo while the heat of sunset faded into cool dusk, the evening breeze came, and stars winked like fireflies through the shadowy whisper and sway of pointed leaves.

"For we were sorry," concluded the stranger, "that we did not know."

"Thank you," said Chan. "You were patient, sir, to listen so kindly to my grief. She was buried yesterday. How long have I been talking?"

The man stared. It was he who had talked all the while, without a sound for reply, without yes or no, shake or nod of head from this companion. A distant cousin of Chan's, he had come to the funeral more than a fortnight ago.

"I will return," said he, and rose.

"You are kind."

"Will you then go where we ask you to go, and try?"

"I will go anywhere, sir. It does not matter at all."

The cousin wondered, left him sitting, a graven image, under the bamboo, and carried home an ill report. The head of the family, calling the elders into council, had urged and by their vote carried a resolution that Chan Man Nen, the unlucky, should be given a fund from the tribal coffer and sent up to take, if he could, his master's degree. He could not. The cousin, a worldly wise young merchant, said so in brief.

"Too late now. The man did not grasp our offer. He is worn out and stunned. His head has grown old."

Fortune, says Yi Tao, if she is once on the track, will come whether or no, especially to a man who does not want her and does not care. This, like our Western proverb that heaven sends chestnuts to those who have no teeth, may be true or false. But what next happened is well known.

The head of the clan, a venerable shape in a claret-colored robe, heard his messenger's report without blinking. Throned on a blackwood chair against the wall, his feet resting prominent on a stool of camagon, he smoothed his gray grandfather's mustache, and remarked: "To bear sorrow properly a man's heart must be good. Our vote therefore stands. It is not a deep investment, and it may bring honor to the family."

Up for his master's degree Chan went, not like a person alive, but as a man cut out of paper, a sending, goes when bidden by a magician to perform dreams. He would go or stay at a breath. Nothing mattered. Locked in a cubby-hole for three days and three nights, he painted long essays with his brush and cared no more for what his memory supplied than a dictionary cares for its knowledge. Again he sat in this jail, then once more—nine days and nights to all the examination—painting delicately by bad light, and toward the end smiling, because here alone with a lamp the movement of his hand and the words growing under it came to resemble a talk with her, a long, silent game. Jokes popping up, allusions that her quick spirit might have caught, he wrote them boldly or twined them with a laugh among the characters of a most antique solemn history.

He came out at the top of the bulletin, first, above all other candidates.

Then as if the tide of his life turned to flood, began a stream of people, some known, most unknown, bringing felicitation or desiring a favor. One among these, a jolly gross fat man, waited to have Chan's ear in privacy. He carried a bag which he dumped on the floor, sighing with humor.

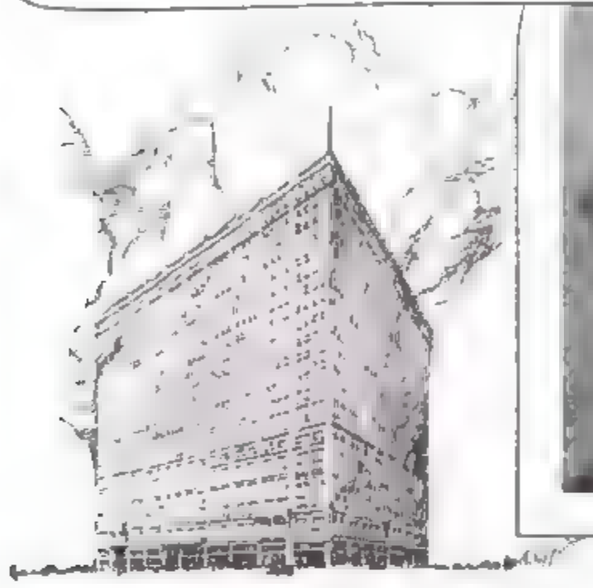
"Sir, I have come to pay my respects," he laughed, "and my debts."

Chan replied to him as to all, politely, but could not remember this tun of flesh in its grand silk robes. The fellow was a rich man, his nickname Chubby Little Plum; a loose liver, much too fond of wine and comforts, a tremendous, hair-raising joker, yet one who during famine placed jars of thick gruel in the streets, bought rice at wholesale and let the poor have it for half what he had paid. He gambled at everything from a fight between crickets to the inches of rainfall in a shower.

"I bet on you," he chuckled, "and you did not fail me. Here is a trifle to keep our luck even."

(Continued on Page 114)

Astonishingly easy to Vacuum clean the Wire-less way



In the great office building of the Equitable Trust Company of Baltimore, Maryland, the Vacuette is used for the nightly cleaning of all rugs and carpets in the Company's many offices.

Thousands of women will be made happy this Christmas with a Vacuette, the wire-less vacuum cleaner

THIS modern vacuum cleaner automatically creates its own suction. It requires no electricity! It glides along over carpets and rugs so freely, so easily, that daily vacuum cleaning seems no effort at all.

Of course the Vacuette is simple to use—it's always ready and can be taken from room to room without making or changing electrical connections.

Used for Daily Cleanings

Simply gliding the Vacuette over your rugs creates the suction—a ball-bearinged worm gear drives the revolving fan.

The Vacuette is surprisingly light, it only weighs seven and one half pounds—women find this automatic cleaner so easy to use it quickly becomes a daily habit. In countless thousands of homes the Vacuette has ended dusty surface-sweeping and eliminated the tedious once-a-week cleaning.

How the Vacuette saves rugs

Much of the daily accumulation of dust and dirt settles down into the nap of your rugs. It is this hidden dirt that ruins rugs by cutting the fine nap.

Daily surface sweeping does not remove this buried grit. With the Vacuette your rugs are thoroughly suction cleaned each day—it's just as easy as using a carpet sweeper.

Rug manufacturers recommend it

The Vacuette method combines the gentle surface sweeping of a revolving bristle brush with the deep cleaning action of powerful air suction.

Both because of its convenience and because of its thorough rug cleaning service many of the best known rug manufacturers are recommending that women use the Vacuette for the daily cleaning of their treasured floor coverings.

A Vacuette for Mother's Christmas

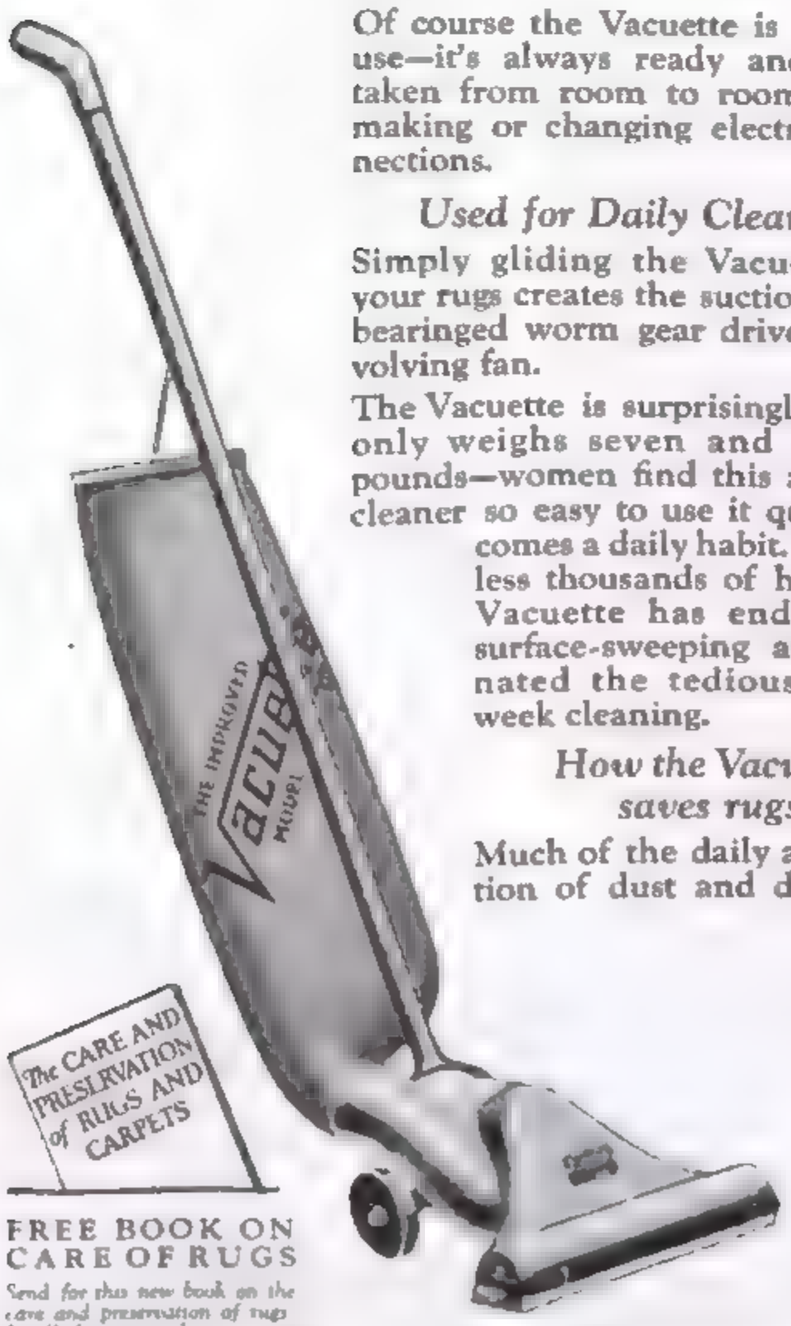
What would make a more lasting, more useful, more appreciated gift for Mother's Christmas than a Vacuette? It will help so much to lessen the burden of each day's housework.

With all its advantages—its ease of use and its convenience, the Vacuette costs only about half what you would expect to pay.

Free Demonstration

A demonstration in your own home will not obligate you in any way. Look in the phone book for Vacuette or—if there is no branch in your city—write us for the address of our nearest representative.

When you see how easily the Vacuette cleans, how much simpler it is to handle, you will understand why women everywhere are enthusiastic about this new cleaning method.



FREE BOOK ON CARE OF RUGS

Send for this new book on the care and preservation of rugs. It tells how to make your rugs last longer—how to remove all kinds of rug stains.

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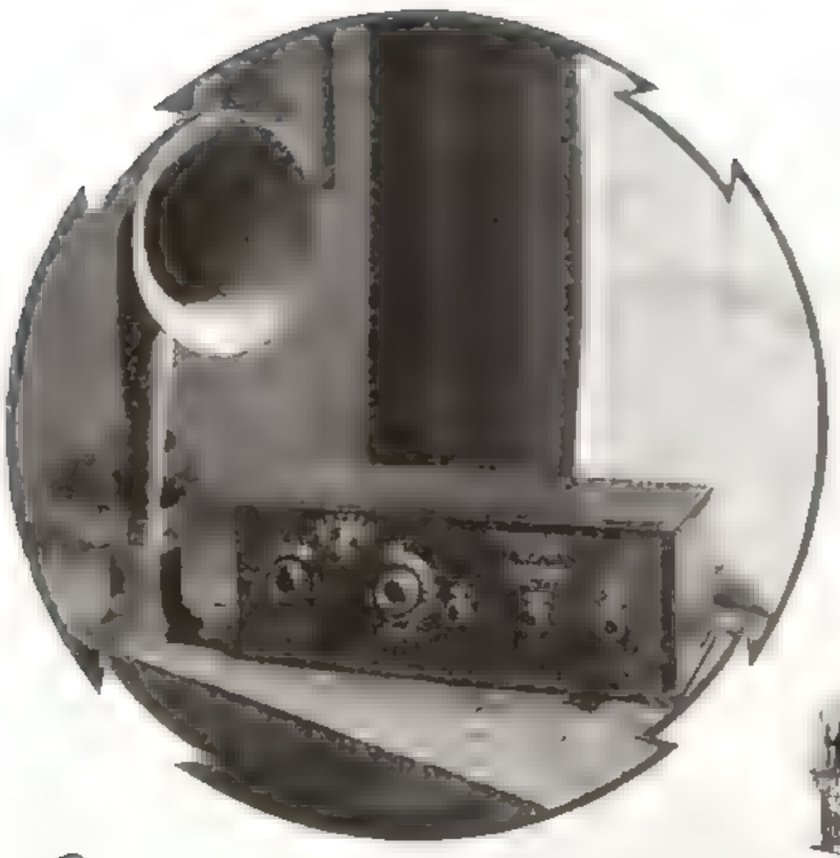
Cleveland, Ohio
Largest manufacturers of Automatic Vacuum Cleaners in the World
Also manufactured in Canada by
Vacuettes, Ltd., Miller Bldg., 48 York Street, Toronto

★ *Approved by Good Housekeeping and Modern Priscilla*

Vacuette

non electric VACUUM CLEANER



Tuska Popular No. 225

3 bulb Regenerative Receiving Set. Piano finish mahogany cabinet Amplifier switch. Concealed binding posts Armstrong circuit, licensed under Patent No 1,113,149. Price $75, without bulbs, batteries or loud speaker

Ask for special circular No 21 C, describing this set

Your entertainers are ready

SINGERS, bands, orchestras, speakers, organists, humorists—an unlimited host of performers are yours to command when you own a Tuska Radio. A simple adjustment of dials, and you can choose between them. Dozens of programs are in the air. Your Tuska will bring in whichever entertainer pleases you best and shut out all others.

Tuska owners are not obliged to tinker incessantly and add devices to correct construction faults. Their pleasure is unmarred by troubles. Every Tuska set is finished with exacting care by painstaking New England workmen—the best that live. Then it is examined and tested on distant signals by inspectors who are keenly critical. Both manufacturing and testing are under the personal direction of C. D. Tuska, a pioneer radio engineer.

For a dozen years before general radio broadcasting began, Tuska-made instruments were famous among radio experimenters for skillful design, superb workmanship and high efficiency. In the past two years, the demand for Tuska Radio has grown enormously. Each set in this increased production of to-day is as perfectly built as the finest Tuska instrument ever made—and yet, the prices are remarkably moderate for high-grade radio receivers.

Ask any first-class radio store to show you one of the models of Tuska Radio, priced $35 upward.

THE C. D. TUSKA CO., Hartford, Conn.

Ogden, Utah, receives Troy, N. Y.

"In one evening, using Tuska 225 with one amplifier only, I received 19 stations, including San Francisco; Calgary, Alberta; and Troy, N. Y. Conditions were not abnormal, and the same stations were received again last night.

W. D. GARNER"

TUSKA RADIO

Picks up Davenport the first time he tunes.

"I never had my hands on a set until my Tuska came Saturday. First evening, I tuned in Pittsburgh, New York, Richmond, Ind., and Davenport, Iowa. It certainly was great

WM. PARSONS,
Salisbury, Conn."

TUSKA RADIO

Continued from Page 112

Lifting his bag he emptied on the table a clump of silver ingots.

"We do not know each other," Chan protested.

"All men of wit are friends," puffed the notorious Little Plum. "I have heard you talk, cracking jokes with the heartache, holding your own in a bad market. The bet was therefore no risk."

He waddled from the room, leaving more than a hundred ounces of good sycee behind, and a dazed man who did not want them.

Once turned, the tide came in, rising week by week, month by month. Chan took another first with his doctor's degree. Fifteen years passed, while fortune walked humbly after him, courting him with gifts which he never looked round for. He prospered, won friends everywhere, might have been wealthy but for his extravagance in giving away, and even refused to be an academician of the Han-lin.

Thus, when about thirty-five years old, famous and powerful, he happened to be the chief examiner at Nanking. The second period of three days and three nights had closed, and a multitude of pale worn youngsters gone scuffing wearily out from the stone-flagged courtyard to take recess. Chan watched them go. He smiled, for the procession of youth, with slim backs bent under their long gowns, and queues languidly swaying, made him pity the ambition of men. He thought he understood how life in this world is repeated, over and over. He did not know.

The day had been hot. When the crowd was gone, and evening began to cool the city, Chan prepared for work; but finding that he should need paper, new brushes and ink, he, too, went forth from the courtyard. It was a pleasant hour. He strolled, enjoying, for want of company, the talk and movement of traffickers up or down one street after another.

He had walked a long way roundabout, meditated, forgotten the errand, and passing among his fellows like a kindly ghost, wandered all through Nanking till checked by the city wall. Here an alley squeezed itself like a cat along the old masonry, in gloom, overhung by lattice awnings of oiled paper. The shops, little and obscure, had not yet lighted their lanterns.

"I have gone astray," thought Chan with amusement, for he was always going so. "I came out to buy something."

Just ahead in the dusk, on his left hand, a door glimmered. Chan felt his way toward it.

"Ah! This will do as well as a better."

By the dim light it was the door of a stationer's, a narrow shop elbowed and pinched by poverty. Chan stumbled in.

A weak lamp, burning low, reddened the room and made things tremble—half seen, a few plain wares neatly in order, watched by a young girl standing behind a table.

Chan greeted her.

The girl smiled, but did not speak.

"I wish to buy paper," he said, "and brushes and ink, if you please."

Gliding quickly without a word, she collected and brought him what he wanted. Perhaps it was a trick of the lamp, but her motion, her slant downcast look, a gleam as if roguery played under her shyness, made Chan's heart leap; for though he had never before seen this young beauty, he remembered even her finger tips resting on the parcel, and was frightened by something long ago.

"How much?" he asked.

The girl shook her head, and made a sign to tell him that she could not answer, being dumb.

"Ah," said he, "that is great pity."

He bowed, and turned to go without his purchase. Memory haunted this room which he had found by chance. He could not bear it.

"I wish you good evening."

As he turned, the girl ran away into the darkness at the back of the shop.

"Father!" she cried aloud. "Here is a gentleman to see you!"

A chair overturned, crashing.

"What?" shouted a man's voice. "Who called? You?"

From some inner room the man came headlong—a sober merchant, pale with alarm, thrown into consternation, as if the shop were on fire

"You called? What is here? Do the dumb speak?"

He ran forward past her, babbling.

"What have you done to my daughter?"

Chan, with all the dignity of a provincial examiner, drew the strings of his purse open. He was not one to be bawled at so rudely.

"I have done nothing, sir, but ask her how much these goods are worth."

The merchant remained staring. He named his price and took his money like a figure in a vision.

"Your pardon, sir," he stammered, "I—you have my daughter was born dumb. In all the fifteen years of her life she has never spoken, till now."

The three gazed on one another. Chan felt his knees quake.

"It is plain," said her father, "that you possess the gift of healing."

"I? No," replied Chan hoarsely. "If your daughter has been healed tonight it was by chance. I have no gift."

"Who can tell? Try it," begged the shopman. "Try it again, sir. Look!" He turned, and seizing his daughter by the wrist, drew her left hand forward under the lamp.

"See. That hand is tight shut. Never since her birth, never, has it been able to open. Heal that also. Who knows his own power?"

Chan looked in silence at the closed hand with its finger nails in a row, like four pink jade ovals, pressed to the ball of the thumb.

"Who knows?"

At first he could not utter a syllable. His throat was dry and aching, his pulse hammered so that he shook.

"Oh, sir, put forth again, in kindness!"

Chan lifted his fan and struck her lightly across the knuckles.

"Open your hand!"

The girl glanced at him and laughed. An adorable set of tiny wrinkles curled and chased along her nose, playing upward. Her hand opened.

The rosy palm of it had a birthmark, faint, intricate, like written characters almost rubbed out:

"The Happiness of Chan Man Nen."

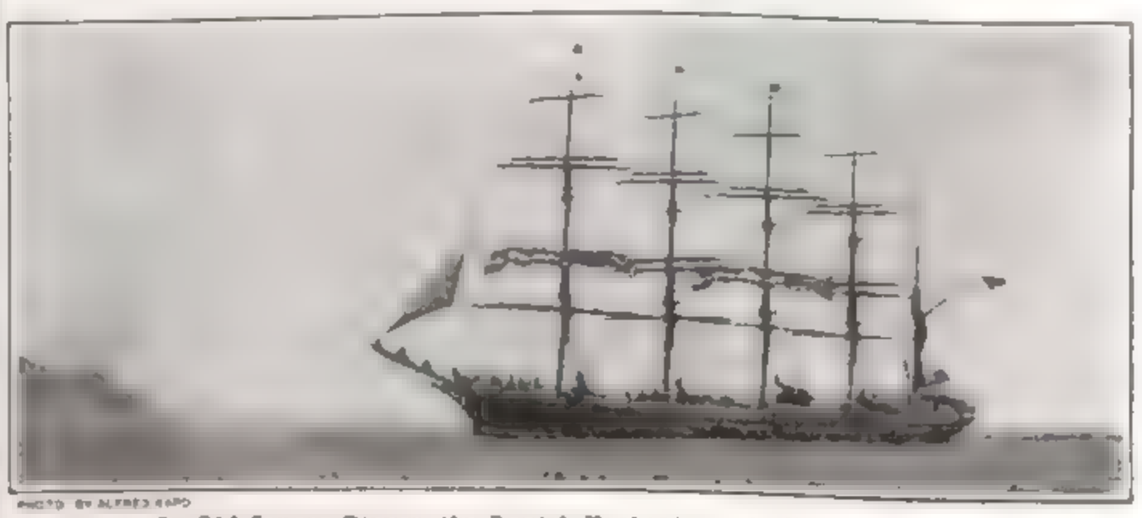
Yi Tao shut his own hand, laughed, then scuffing across the floor, removed his kettle to the back of the stove and clanked an iron lid over the fire hole. It was time to put the kitchen to bed.

"Do you believe that, Tao?"

The question expected the old formula—"Hart to say." Instead, came an emphatic: "Shu."

Swallowing his powdered unicorn, Tao drove the dose home with a gulp of thoroughwort tea. He drank from the spout, lowered the brown pot, wiped his mouth on the back of one fist, and blew a great contented sigh.

"Shu. Happin not long 'go. All my farminy they know him, that man. Ewelly botty know him. He happin not long 'go. One hunder' sissty year, maybe. Jixy odda day."



An Old Square Rigger, the Danish Koebenhavn, in Hawaiian Waters

THE WILD AND WOOLLY VEST

(Continued from Page 17

wore on. For the first time in a shrinking, retiring life he was attracting public attention. Too, there was intense satisfaction in the terror which he saw reflected in the eyes of those who paid a dime each to gaze upon him. Never before had Asia Salmon inspired fear in the bosom of anyone save himself; it was a unique and thrilling experience, and that night he found himself eager for the opening of the midway the following day.

Thereafter it was easy sailing. Mr. Salmon had fallen in love with his job. Innate histrionic ability blossomed forth, and Asia studied the art of wilding with meticulous care. He practiced assiduously new and terrible steps, and shrieks which were even more bloodcurdling than those which were inspired by the pointed prod of his keeper. By the end of the week Mr. Johnny Jazz proclaimed unanimously that Asia Salmon bade fair to become one of the wildest wild men in captivity.

And in the glory of achievement memory of Alley Tanner grew faint. It seemed as though he had always wilded, and somehow the mere thought of Mr. Tanner was not sufficient to make Mr. Salmon cower in fear. Not that he was unafraid of Alley, but a menace in Memphis and a menace face to face are different things, and in the glory of accomplishment Mr. Salmon was fairly well content to let the future take care of itself.

They moved on to Columbia, Tennessee, and from there to Decatur, Alabama. From Decatur they went to Gadsden and from there to Anniston and thence to Rome, Georgia. After Rome there was a glorious week in Atlanta, where the wild man wilded his wildest and frothed at the mouth in his cannibal desire to masticate a few of the cash customers. Saturday night they closed in Atlanta and early Sunday morning entrained for Birmingham. Asia Salmon curled up in his seat and meditated happily.

Asia's feelings concerning Mr. Tanner were less distinct than they had been. He knew that a meeting with the ex-wild man boded considerable bodily evil to himself, but the fear was not so tangible as it had been that first day. For seven weeks now Mr. Tanner had failed to appear in his scheme of things; the wild-man job had become a status. Mr. Salmon thought of Alley Tanner seldom, and then rather indifferently, just as he would think of smallpox or diphtheria or an operation for appendicitis—one of the manifold ills to which he was naturally heir, but not necessarily victim.

The show arrived in Birmingham late Sunday night and immediately commenced the trek to the show grounds. Heavy-eyed laborers bent shoulders and strained muscles to the task of building the midway. Asia Salmon strolled importantly up and down the thoroughfare, gazing disdainfully upon those who earned a living by the sweat of their brows; he felt for them the fine disdain of the professional actor for the stagehand. He lived upon a different plane; it was not for him to soil his hands with menial tasks; folks paid dimes merely to gaze upon him.

He dropped in that night at Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room & Billiard Parlor, an odoriferous but highly enticing establishment on Eighteenth Street. The pool tables were decorously covered, but hot barbecue meat sizzled on the skewers and the aroma of steaming coffee assailed the wild man's nostrils.

In Bud's place Mr. Salmon met several notables of Birmingham's Darktown: Florian Slappey, the foremost fashion plate; Boston Marble, the dour and uncommunicative agent for a lottery house; Dr. Brutus Herring, the genial and strong-armed dentist; and a host of others. Beyond informing them that he was a carnival performer, Asia did not disclose the nature of his work. They made much over him and he found himself liking Birmingham tremendously. They took him for a ride in Doctor Herring's car; he thrilled to the broad spreading vista of Birmingham's colored colony; the massive bulk of the Penny Prudential Bank Building; the darkened portals of the three theaters on Eighteenth Street; the wide, tree-lined, paved thoroughfare of Avenue F leading to the negro town of Titusville.

"Dawg-gone!" enthused Mr. Salmon. "If I wan't an actor I'd sholy like to live in this heah city."

Opening day was a gala event. Mr. Jazz discovered early that the colored population of Birmingham was unusually blessed with money and that it had been educated to liberal spending. He experienced one of the best first days in months, and that, coupled with a forecast of fair weather throughout the week, sent a lilt of joy to his avaricious heart.

Never before had Asia Salmon risen to such heights of dramatic achievement. His screams of mortal agony rent the air above the fanfare of jazz bands and the bellicose bellowings of ballyhoos; he strained at his chains and foamed fearfully in the effort gastronomically to absorb some of his visitors; he leaped and twisted and squirmed and altogether made of himself one of the big midway features.

He slept deeply and peacefully that night, but was up early the following morning. His first thought on arising was that he was unduly tired. The labors of the previous day had been strenuous, but somehow he was unable to shake the feeling of discomfort with which he arose from his couch. The clear morning air seemed pregnant with unpleasant possibility, surcharged with menace. Asia shook his head and told himself that he was blue, but the premonition persisted. It was not at all pleasant, nor was it accountable.

Breakfast seemed a pallid and tasteless thing. The morning brought little relief. He wasn't ill, but he most decidedly had lost his pep. He found himself shaking his head.

"'Tain't nachel," he told himself. "I feel just ezac'ly as if an accident was gwine come rollin' along an' happen to me. It's plumb embarrassin'."

Noon—and no accident had yet put in appearance. Shortly thereafter the crowd started drifting to the midway. Asia retired to the privacy of his tent and commenced the labor of making up. He worked slowly and uncomfortably. Instinct warned him of danger. One of the employes poked his head in at the flap and urged haste; Asia gave him an irritable answer:

"Leave me be. Ise hasting all I can."

Eventually he went to his post of duty, but this afternoon his savagery was far from satisfying; for the first time in his professional career the spectators were skeptical.

"Don't b'lieve tha's a regalar wil' man a-tall."

"Huh! If he's wil', Ise furious!"

Nor was Asia's premonition of disaster entirely unfounded, for at that moment a train was pulling under the enormous shed of the terminal station, and foremost in the line of passengers emerging from the Jim Crow car was a large, bulky, heavily muscled negro gentleman who until quite recently had been in the wild-man profession.

Alley Tanner's chase had been long and tiresome—and unremitting. It was not easy to trail a colored carnival, and it was quite by accident that he learned of its one-week stand in Birmingham. Whereupon he moved east from Amory, Mississippi, where he had been temporarily domiciled.

He carried with him a paper suitcase and a menacing expression. He traversed Fifth Avenue with long, space-eating strides. His jaw was set at a grim angle and thoughts of mayhem and annihilation seethed within his soul.

Mr. Tanner strongly suspected that he had been done dirt, and the primitive soul of him cried aloud for vengeance. Instinct carried him to Bud Peaglar's place—fountainhead and clearing house for the news and gossip of Darktown. From that slab-sided gentleman he learned the location of the Johnny Jazz Greater Carnival Exposition Shows, and half a minute later he was en route to the scene of action.

Silhouetted against the fiery setting sun gleamed the canvas tops of the carnival tents. The rickety Ferris wheel reached gauntly into the evening breeze. Lights appeared on the midway, flaring dully in the gloaming. About the carnival hovered an atmosphere of financial well-being.

But sight of the merriment merely deepened the vengeful frown which creased the forehead of the former wild man. He swung past the hot-dog stand which was calculated to lure the appetites of the newcomers, and made his way directly toward the tent which served as executive offices for Mr. Jazz and his staff. From the other end of

Continued on Page 118

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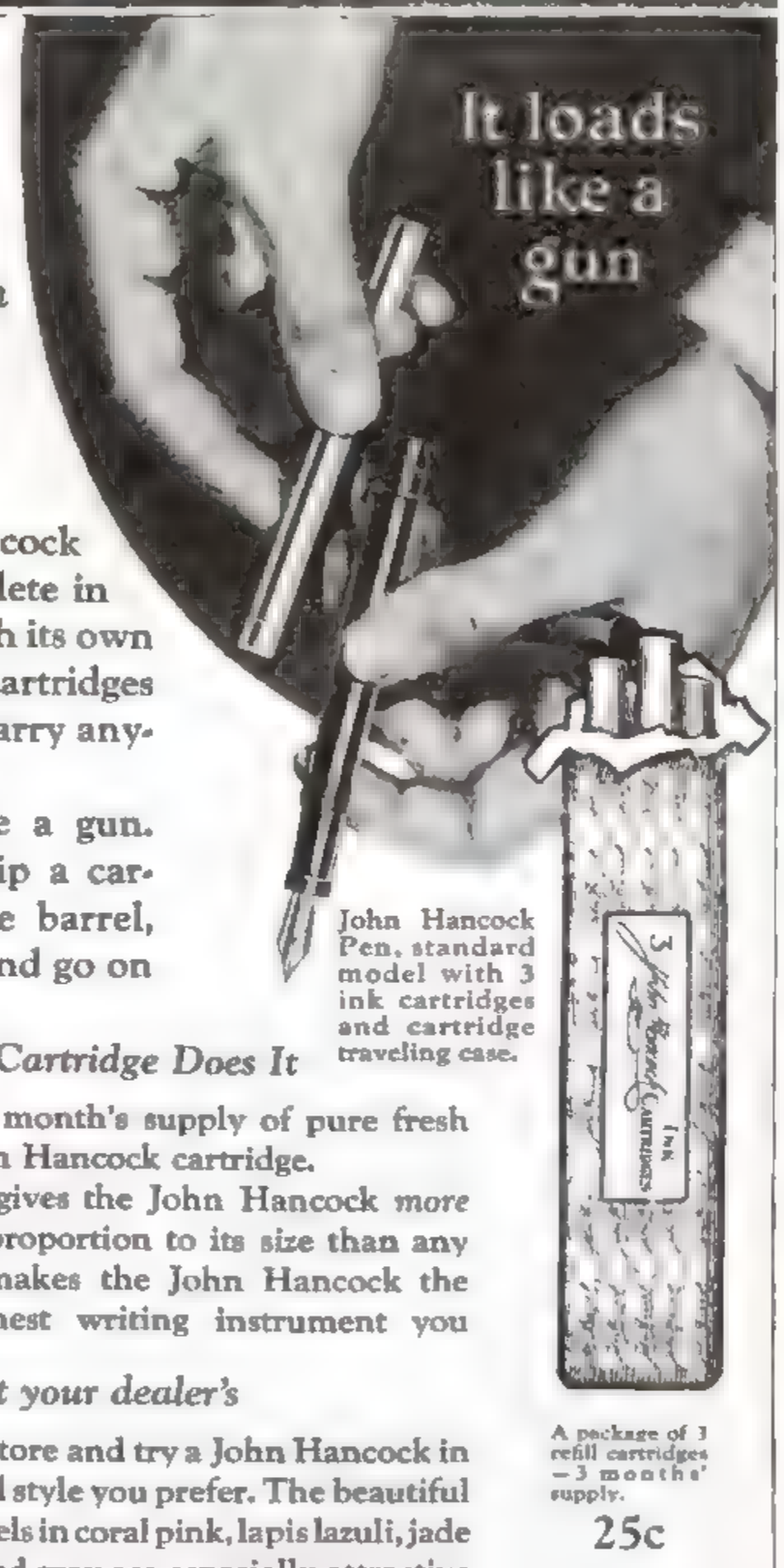

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Chosen thoughtfully to fulfill the need of some dear friend, it can become the perfect and lasting expression of your regard.

Let it be, first of all, a timekeeper of unquestioned performance. And then, so that it may impart a full measure of pride to its owner, let it be dressed irreproachably in a case of Wadsworth artistry.

The quality of the case is the stamp of the whole watch. For the finest movement, if cloaked in a poorly fitting case of doubtful taste, instantly becomes an undervalued gift, a subject of regret.

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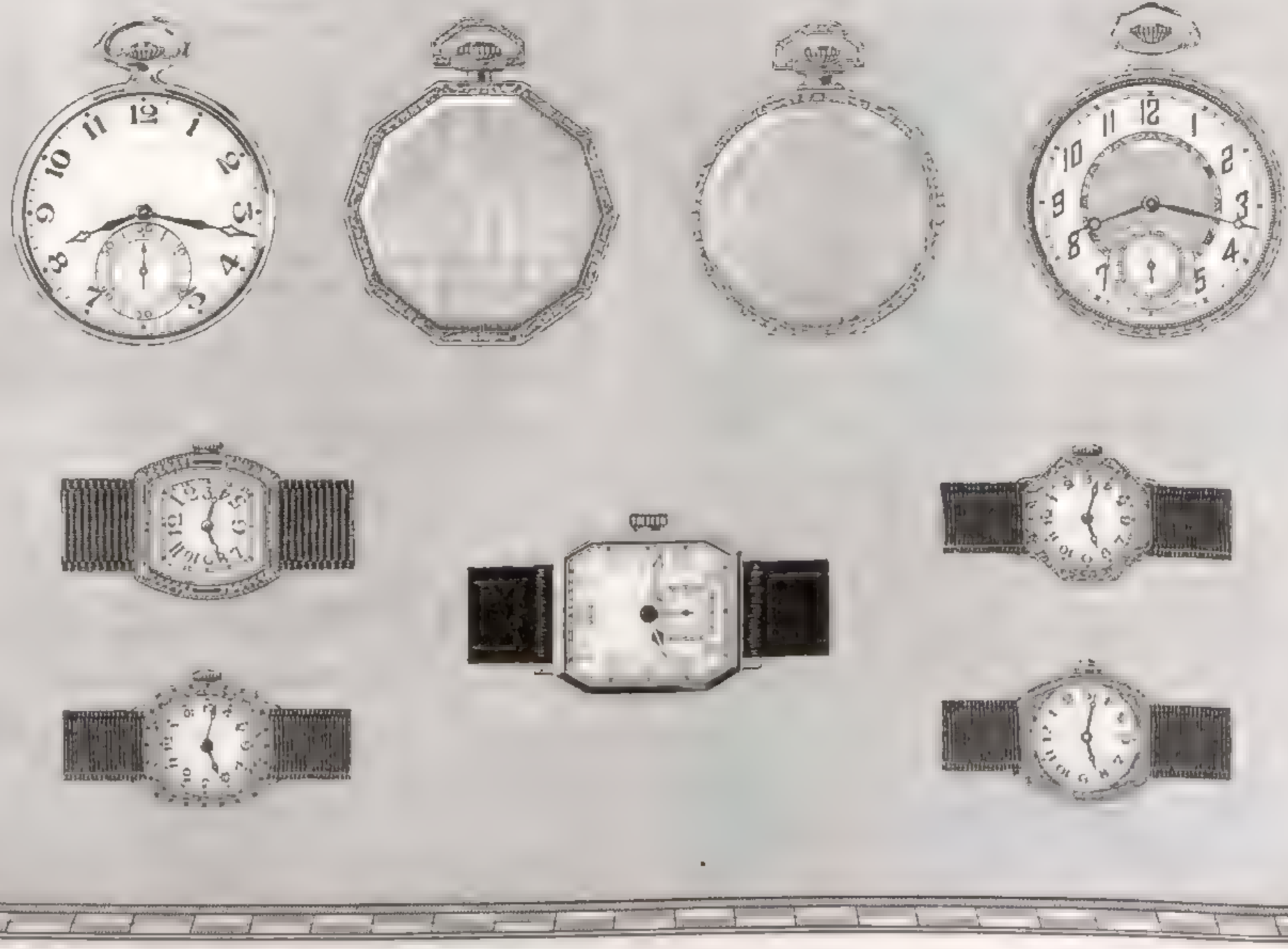

exactly fitting, they offer the highest possible protection to the watch movement. And each is from the hands of the Wadsworth artists.

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Case makers for the leading watch movements

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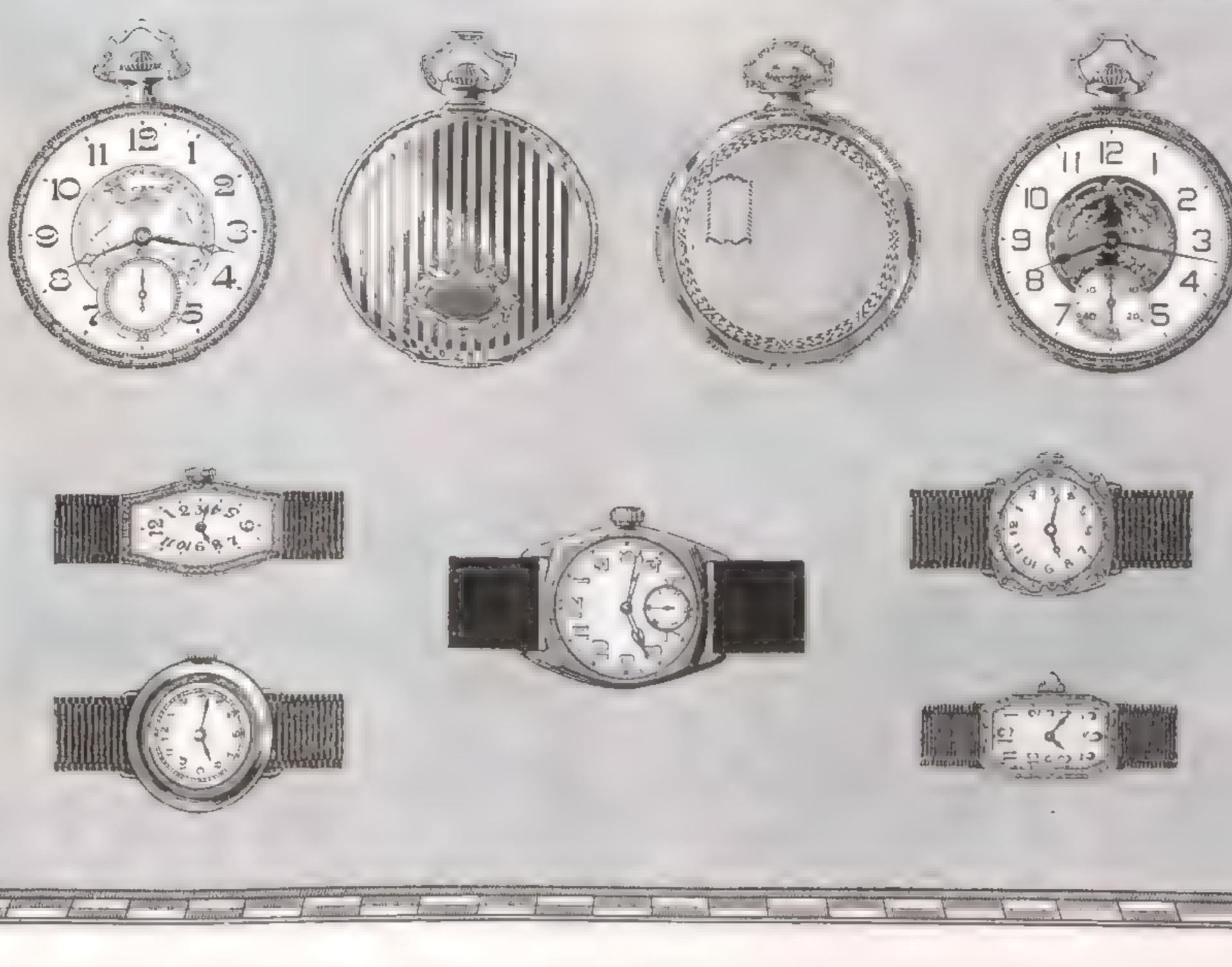

Electrify Her Sewing-Machine for Christmas

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You can give no more pleasing present for Christmas. This amazingly simple motor takes the weary foot pedaling and back-ache out of sewing. Even those to whom doctors have forbidden the drudgery of the treadle may now enjoy the pleasure and economy of the home sewing.

No tools, screws, clamps, or belts are needed. The machine is absolutely unmarred. The wheel always starts the right way, and never breaks a thread. Heavy materials, thick seams, many plies, just as easy to sew as the sheerest silks, any speed from a stitch at a time to 800 a minute, controlled by a light pressure of the toe on the speed pedal. And the cost for electricity is less than one cent an hour.

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Hamilton Beach *Home Motor*

HAMILTON BEACH MFG. CO., *Racine, Wis.*

Continued from Page 115

the tented city came the eerie yowling of a wild man. Alley Tanner turned a trifle pale. So someone else had usurped his place!

White teeth clicked firmly; Mr. Tanner was in an exceedingly ugly mood.

Mr. Johnny Jazz was seated at a battered desk, checking over the receipts of the previous day. No foreboding of evil was with him, and it was therefore a distinct surprise to look up into the baleful eyes of his late employe.

Quite suddenly the Jazz backbone wilted. His jaw sagged. He half rose from his chair, and then, finding the effort too great, sank back limply. Flaccid lips formed a half-hearted welcome:

"Evenin', Alley."

Mr. Tanner's eyes narrowed. He crossed the tent and permitted one heavy hand to fall upon the managerial shoulder.

"I craves to make talk with you, Mistuh Jazz."

Johnny conscripted a sickly smile. "A' right, brother. Talk is the one thing we won't indulge in nothin' else but."

And for twenty minutes they talked earnestly—and rather passionately. Finally Alley flung his chair violently from the table.

"You says Asia Salmon has got my wildin' job?"

"Yeh."

"Hot dam! Where is he at? Lead me to him."

There was no single task which could, at the moment, have been more welcome to Mr. Johnny Jazz. He escorted his ex-employe to the midway, designated with his index finger the tent which housed the temporarily subdued Asia Salmon, and then—quite deliberately—Mr. Jazz permitted himself to be engulfed by background.

The carnival dozed. Save for the vendors of the cozy wiener and the fragrant hamburger, concessionaires were resting, against the rush of night business. Within the wild-man tent, Asia had unlocked his shackles and now stood staring over the edge of his inclosure, chin resting on crossed arms, a pained thoughtful look in his erstwhile savage eyes.

A few visitors passed on lagging feet. One or two bestowed glances of curiosity upon the languid and indifferent wild man, but the ballyhoo was in the mess tent inhaling his evening meal and there was no one to exhort dimes, so that Mr. Salmon was left in single blessedness.

Unaccountable melancholia had seized upon the man of the African jungles. He had a strong desire to crawl off in an obscure hole and pull the hole in after him.

"I has got a hunch," proclaimed Mr. Salmon to himself, "that somethin' terrible is gwine happen pretty sudden, an' I ain't gwine be ve'y far away when it does."

His eye quested nervously the patch of midway visible to him. All was peace and quietude—and multifarious odors. And then, large and muscular and menacing, a figure bulked into view—a large, broad-shouldered figure which looked to the wild man like a sudden and complete death. Across a distance of perhaps a hundred yards the eyes of the two wild men clashed.

For a split second Mr. Asia Salmon remained riveted with horror. So this, then, was the disaster about which he had been premonitioning all day! There was no mistaking the eager and merciless gleam in Mr. Tanner's eye nor the avidity with which he lengthened his stride and quickened his step. The broad shoulders swayed rhythmically as he plunged toward the wild man's tent, lips drew back over gleaming white teeth.

"Ooooooow eeeeeee!"

With that piercing and unearthly shriek Mr. Asia Salmon qualified once and for all for the title of world's premier wild man. It was an epic and soul-stirring thing which reverberated the length and breadth of the midway and went echoing weirdly down Jones Valley toward distant Bessemer.

Nor did Asia confine his sudden wildness to a mere vocal explosion, for, quite abruptly, Mr. Salmon became wild—wild with fear, frantic with terror. Regardless of costume and condition of servitude, without reference to the attention he might attract, with his single-track mind intent only upon responding to the instinct of self-preservation, Mr. Asia Salmon vaulted his inclosure, spurned the ballyhoo platform with the toe of one foot, hit the midway briefly and ricocheted in the general direction of anywhere.

Alley Tanner stopped in his tracks. Then, as the intent of the fleeing wild man became evident to him, he loosed a wild command:

"You, Asia—come heah!"

Coming here was the one thing which Asia had no intention of doing. If here could catch him—all sad and sorrowful! But as for obeying the Tanner mandate—Asia Salmon leaped and zigzagged toward oblivion.

Then Mr. Alley Tanner swept into action. He hunched his tremendous shoulders, bulged the muscles in calf and thigh, and leaped in pursuit. His throat gave to the world a screech such as he had used when in the wild-man profession. Over his left shoulder Asia Salmon glimpsed the sprint start, and Mr. Salmon then proved that theretofore he had been merely loafing on the job.

From that moment Mr. Salmon traveled!

The few spectators at the end of the midway gathered into a pop-eyed, horrified group. A howl went up, proclaiming to all and sundry that a wild man had gone berserk. Some misguided gentleman produced a large revolver which he emptied in the direction of the speeding Mr. Salmon. That person heard the shots, but passed the echo. Far back on the midway Mr. Johnny Jazz watched the commencement of the chase; his eye lighted in approval as he visioned the amazing speed with which Mr. Salmon chewed distance.

"Stay wil', little one!" breathed Mr. Jazz. "Stay wil'!"

Whether or not Asia heard the request does not matter—he didn't need it. He was entirely frantic as he plunged into the night. In the space of two hundred yards he was covered with profuse perspiration which caused the heavy woollen vest of his trade to cling more tenaciously than ever. The canine hair strung out straight in the breeze and the unaccustomed bare feet became painfully sore after a few ardent caresses from casual stones.

But Asia had no thought for these minor details as he flashed past an automobile which was speeding in the same direction. The drum-drum of Alley's pursuing feet was plangent in his ears, and already he could feel iron fingers clutching his gullet.

Dusk was merging swiftly into a night which mercifully helped to conceal the bizarre costume of the fleeing wild man. Once or twice he glanced rearward and found slight solace in the knowledge that the distance which separated himself and his pursuer was growing greater. The hoarse voice of Alley Tanner was occasionally wafted to his ears:

"You, Asia! Hol' still a minute! I craves to make talk with you."

The desire for conversation was not at all mutual; each exhortation from Alley served to accentuate Asia's speed. He was running mechanically, hitting an occasional high spot, but missing most of them. A great and consuming terror gripped his soul and completely obliterated the physical agony of this unusual exercise.

Two colored children playing contentedly near the curb saw the leaping figure of the wild man with his hairy skirt, his woolly vest, his white-streaked face and the flapping rings in ears and nose. Wild cries of terror burst from their lips as they streaked into the house.

Far back toward the midway a crowd was forming. Mr. Jazz held a consultation and organized a chase. Johnny was entirely too clever a showman to miss this glittering opportunity for publicity. One of the daily newspapers got wind of the occurrence and sent a reporter down to interview the carnival proprietor. And that gentleman, safe in the knowledge that Asia would first of all shed the habiliments of wildness, offered a one-hundred-dollar reward for Mr. Salmon's capture.

Word spread like wildfire. The outlying districts where negro houses were thick crept behind locked windows and barred doors. Shotguns were rescued from dusty corners. The colored village of Tittisville withdrew into its shell—and shivered terrifiedly.

And Asia ran, and ran, and ran. And the villain still pursued him.

The chase was toward the spot where the sun had long since set; Asia's destination was some place a trifle beyond the horizon. He was growing leg-weary now, leg-weary and unbelievably tired and agonizingly short of breath. Discouraged, too—because the vengeful Alley Tanner clung to

Continued on Page 120

Symbols of Might

To the average person, "pigs is pigs," sheep are demure, white creatures that graze on hillsides, and cattle are simply cattle.

To the stockman, packer and meat merchant, however, these humble animals symbolize the mightiest of all American industries.

Meat sales in 1922 aggregated 17,000,000,000 pounds, of which more than 9,000,000,000 were pork, representing 67,000,000 hogs; 7,500,000,000 pounds of beef and veal, representing nearly 22,000,000 cattle; and over 500,000,000 pounds of mutton, representing 14,000,000 sheep.

Thanks to the untiring efforts of ranchmen, packers and retailers, ably assisted by government experts, every branch of the industry has benefited in recent years by the most advanced ideas of science. Cleanliness and efficiency are the predominant aim of every reputable packing house and all the leading markets.

Coincident with the industry's elevation to this high plane has come an emphatic preference for Graham Brothers Trucks. *Because*, in every branch of the business, from mountain ranch to metropolitan street, these trucks have proved that they are not to be surpassed in stamina, low upkeep cost and dependable service.

1 Ton Chassis, $1265; 1½ Ton, $1325; f. o. b. Detroit or Evansville, Ind

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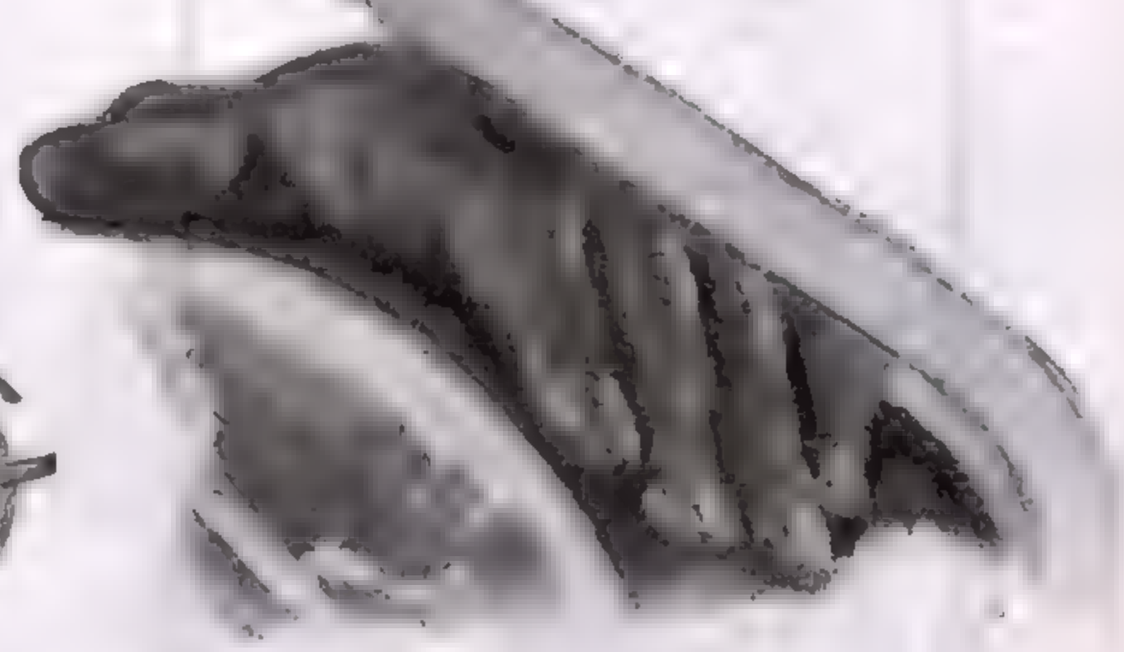

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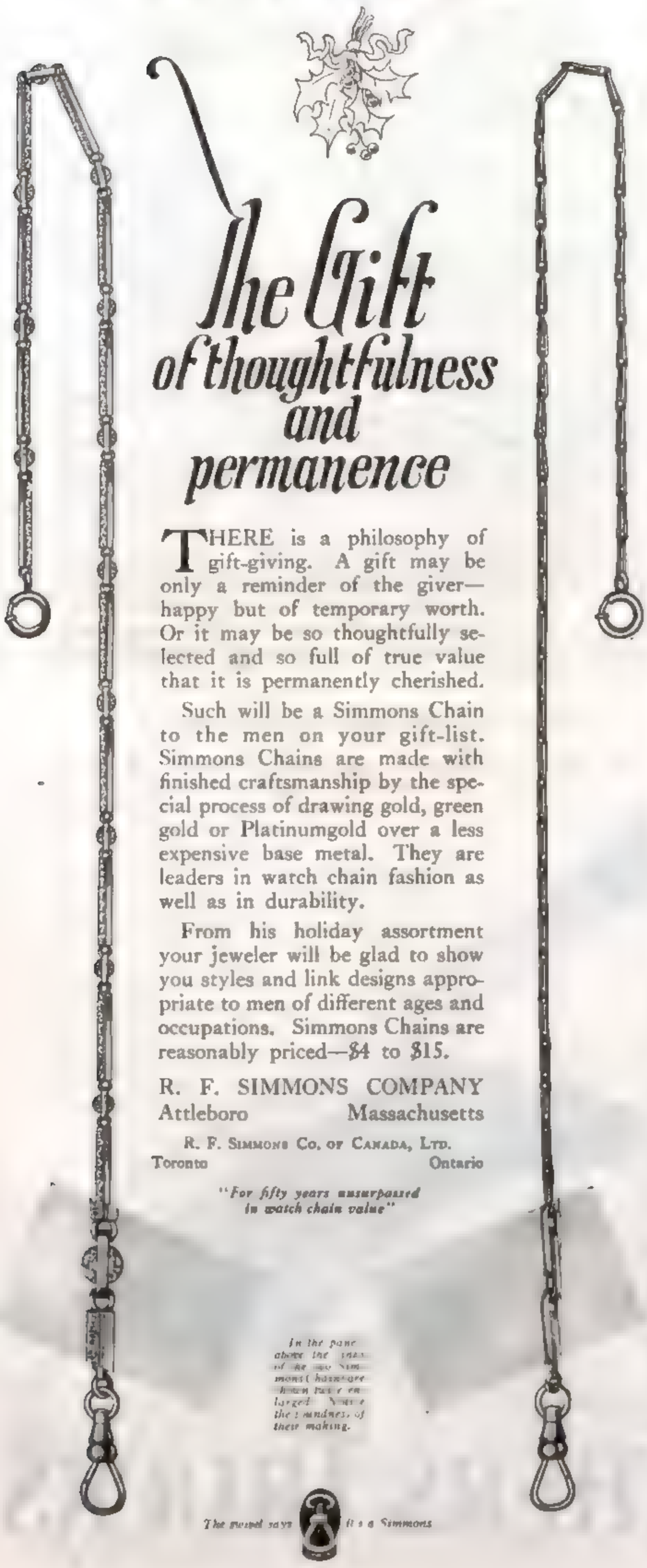

The Gift of thoughtfulness and permanence

THERE is a philosophy of gift-giving. A gift may be only a reminder of the giver—happy but of temporary worth. Or it may be so thoughtfully selected and so full of true value that it is permanently cherished.

Such will be a Simmons Chain to the men on your gift-list. Simmons Chains are made with finished craftsmanship by the special process of drawing gold, green gold or Platinumgold over a less expensive base metal. They are leaders in watch chain fashion as well as in durability.

From his holiday assortment your jeweler will be glad to show you styles and link designs appropriate to men of different ages and occupations. Simmons Chains are reasonably priced—$4 to $15.

R. F. SIMMONS COMPANY
Attleboro Massachusetts

R. F. SIMMONS CO. OF CANADA, LTD.
Toronto Ontario

"For fifty years unsurpassed in watch chain value"

In the pane above the trade mark of the two Simmons Chains are shown greatly enlarged. Notice the soundness of their making.

The guard says *It's a Simmons*

(Continued from Page 118)

the pursuit wearily but determinedly, and Alley was no mean marathon performer.

A cemetery loomed before Asia's eyes. Somehow it did not appear uninviting. After all, if extinction was to be thrust upon him, better have it occur where graves were handy. Quite a saving in funeral expenses.

Asia cleared a low fence and sped amidst the marble sentinels. He turned just in time to see Alley do likewise. Far up the road he saw the vanguard of a mob which was trailing them, and horrid visions came.

Mr. Salmon's knees were now in violent rebellion. They trembled and buckled and shrieked that they could no longer stand the strain. Asia's heart and Asia's terror kept him going a few minutes longer. The world was swimming before his eyes and he knew that the end was imminent.

Then, quite suddenly, Mr. Asia Salmon emulated the well-known one-hoss shay. With a pitiful sobbing groan he collapsed, collapsed all over at once, and pitched forward in a limp heap on the grass. He had stretched his stamina to the breaking point, and exhaustion had come upon him so overpoweringly that even extermination appeared welcome in preference to continued exertion. He was anæsthetized by weariness and, with head pillowed on crossed arms, he lay face downward in indifferent anticipation of the lethal blow.

From close by came the heavy thump of a human body hitting the ground not entirely of its own volition. Asia's glance moved sideways and he saw that Alley Tanner had also collapsed. Instinct counseled one more supreme effort in the face of Alley's exhaustion, but Asia knew without trying it was no use.

And so, lying panting and prostrate on the grass of the cemetery, the two wild men gazed into each other's eyes.

Overstrained hearts and lungs were still protesting loudly and violently. But Alley's physique proved to possess greater recuperative powers than that of the diminutive wild man. After perhaps ten minutes of glorious rest, Mr. Tanner sat up. He was decidedly disheveled and his eyes shone with the light of ineluctable wildness. He rose shakily to his feet and moved slowly toward the limp and languid Asia.

And then Alley Tanner did a horrible thing: something which ordinarily would have galvanized Asia with terror, but which now merely elicited from him a moan of pallid protest.

Alley produced a large clasp knife. His thumb touched the spring and a long vicious blade flashed in the night.

"Goshamighty!" moaned Asia. "I always did hate the idea of gittin' carved up."

But his powers of resistance were gone. He couldn't even summon sufficient energy to remonstrate. He saw Alley approach, felt the heavy hand descend upon his shoulder, knew that steely fingers clutched at the neckband of his woolly vest, saw the wicked blade descend.

Slowly, carefully Alley Tanner inserted the blade of his clasp knife inside the wild man's vest. There was a tightening of grip, a vicious pull, and Alley sprang away, holding in his hand the trophy of the chase—the vest of the wild man.

Denuded of his upper garment, but otherwise uninjured, Mr. Salmon found sufficient strength to rise to a sitting posture. Once he pinched his leg to make sure that it was not himself which had been split open.

But no—not only was he still very much alive but Mr. Tanner seemed to have completely forgotten his existence.

Alley was busy with a task of his own He was seated cross-legged like a tailor, and the keen blade of his knife was busy operating upon the seams of the captured vest. There was a bloodcurdling rip-ripping and Alley's fingers plunged into the lining. Then Mr. Tanner rose to his feet, flourishing in his hand a sheaf of paper slips.

"Hot dam!" he howled. "I got him now! I got him now! Jus' wait'll I meet up with that ol' Jazz buzzard."

Hands pressed to throbbing temples, Asia tempted destruction with a query.

"Mistuh Tanner?"

"Huh?" Alley bestowed a casual glance upon his quarry.

"Wh-when is you aimin' to 'sterminate me?"

"Says which?"

"When does I die?"

"Golly," retorted Alley. "How should I know? I ain't yo' doctor."

"Y-y-y-you mean you ain't gwine kill me?"

"Suttinly not!" Then a slow smile creased Mr. Tanner's lips. "Is that how come you to run away furn me?"

"Y-yessuh."

"Dawg-gone!"

"But if you ain't fixin' to kill me, why did you chase me so hard?"

Alley came close. There was genuine friendliness in his manner. He exhibited the papers which he held.

"I wanted these," he explained.

The explanation meant nothing to Mr. Salmon.

"What them is?"

"Deposit receipts fo' eight hund'ed dollars. Tha's how much cash money I saved up with Johnny Jazz. An' when I went to see him this afternoon he said he woul'n't pay me a dime of it less'n I projuced the receipts." Alley grinned cheerfully. "Well, I had them receipts sewed up in my wil'-man vest, an' so when I seen you runnin' away I knowed I had to git that back or else lose my eight hund'ed dollars. An' I knowed if I quit chasin' you, you'd th'ow the suit in a creek somewheres an' then I'd be plumb out of luck."

"An'—an' you wasn't chasin' me pussonal a-tall?"

"Nossuh—not a bit. I was jus' chasin' my vest, an' you was in it."

The reaction was terrific, but somehow Asia managed to survive. In fact he even smiled as he dropped an affectionate hand on the wild man's shoulder.

"Well, Alley," he questioned, "where does us go furn heah?"

"We go," retorted Alley determinedly, "back to the carnival, where we collec's my eight hund'ed dollars furn Johnny Jazz."

But before going they located a small stream wherein the facial markings of a wild man were effectively erased from the Salmon countenance. The earrings and nose band were also permanently discarded. Mr. Tanner's voluminous coat afforded some measure of concealment for Asia's seminudity, and together they progressed toward the midway.

En route they met a crowd which did not recognize Asia, but did explain Johnny Jazz's offer of a hundred dollars reward. They proceeded, chuckling.

"Us splits that reward fifty-fifty," grinned Alley Tanner. "Reckon Mistuh Jazz is gwine become kind of mis'able."

And Mr. Jazz did. But in the presence of two wild-eyed wild men he did not argue overmuch. To Alley Tanner he paid out eight hundred and fifty dollars. Fifty dollars was placed in the eager hand of Mr. Asia Salmon.

"An' now," asked Johnny Jazz, the showman, "does you crave to keep yo' wil'-man job, Brother Salmon?"

"I does not!" exploded Asia. "I an' wildin' is th'oo with each other."

Alley's voice broke in on the conversation. "Ise willin' to come back ifn you raises my sal'ry, Mistuh Jazz."

The deal was quickly consummated. Alley turned a peaceful gaze of inquiry upon Mr. Salmon.

"Is you aimin' to continue with the carnival, Asia?"

"Nossuh. I remains in Bummin'ham an' gits me a job."

"Doin' what?"

Asia seated himself at Mr. Jazz's desk. He spread before him a sheet of paper and clutched the stub of a pencil in firm, if inexpert fingers.

"I is a good wukman," he announced. "I writes an advertisement which I puts in the paper tomorrow mawnin'."

He worked slowly and intensely. Composition was none too easy, but gradually there appeared on paper a full list of his virtues as a laboring man.

"Position wanted," he scrawled, "by colored man which knows how to janitor, shoffer, take care of yards and furnaces, cook, wait, dish-wash, labor and lots of other things."

The pencil paused and hung motionless over the paper. It was a truly noble document, but Asia was vaguely dissatisfied. Something was lacking. A deep frown creased his forehead as he gave the matter careful consideration. He was certain that he had failed to catalogue adequately all his accomplishments.

Then a sunny smile decorated his countenance. Once more pencil touched paper as Asia Salmon added magic words which he felt certain would secure for him the job he desired.

"Good hard worker," he wrote triumphantly, "and very tame!"

THE LANTERN ON THE PLOW

(Continued from Page 25)

had been weighing all her life in the balance against Warner's, and perhaps finding her wanting. For the first time she looked at him consciously, curiously, and noted the black shadows the night-long vigil had stamped beneath his steady eyes. Instinctively she perceived that here was one who neither judged nor condemned—no jurist, but a friend.

The short summer night had all but passed when the judge, becoming aware of an unusual sound on the stairway which led from the kitchen to the upper story of the house, reached back and unlatched the door. Before he could save her Io tumbled headlong down the steps, followed by Drake. She did not cry from her fall, as almost any other child would have done; and when the judge picked her up and started to pet her she repulsed him, to run to her mother.

Eunice neither questioned nor reproved the children; she took Io upon her lap and drew Drake to her side. From the shoulders down, owing to their nondescript night clothes, they seemed formless and colorless bundles; but from their necks up they shone with a species of self-contained iridescence. The dew of sleep, which makes children most kissable when newly awakened, still lay upon their lips, on their cheeks and in their eyes. They were illumined, beautiful, intrinsically adorable, as are candles upon an altar, and gradually their radiance seemed to envelop their mother.

The judge did not trouble to note that the gray light of dawn in the window had brightened to gold; his eyes were too intent on the transfiguration of Eunice Sherborne. She seemed miraculously enlarged from the spare woman he had first seen begrimed with labor and looking like a stain on the very soil. So complete was the change within and about her that memory flatly denied itself. This woman a bit of human harness? Never! How weigh her? Had she been more than right and wrong as all of us are right and wrong? Yes; she had earned the privilege to stand above all averages, for she had traveled her path with such intensity that with a dozen broken speeches, scattered through the long hours of a night, she could flash her whole life upon the vision of another and, unashamed, make vivid the secret places of her heart. She was alive, by heaven! Right or wrong, she was alive, and by that token lovable!

She arose and stood hand in hand with each of her children, and, as it chanced, in the path of the level sun. Immediately a blinding effulgence seemed to spring from her body, dimming the paling lamp, dissolving the very walls. She took a single step, and it was as though she strode, attended, through open fields. She looked down into Drake's eyes, gray by day, but when in shadow dark as powdered slate; then she turned slowly to Io. A smile lit up her face, such a smile as the children had never before seen. They answered it by casting themselves against her body with a movement of joy astonishingly unrestrained, poignant, eager. Still looking down, she said quietly to the judge, "You may have forgotten the Greek derivation of Eunice." Her eyes lifted to give him a share in the smile which swept over him like a revivifying essence, like a warm flood that recognizes no fixed channel. "Happily victorious," she murmured almost inaudibly.

XIV

TO ALL outward appearance no more commonplace group can be imagined than that which gathered to lay away Warner Sherborne under the same spreading apple tree where, single-handed, he had buried his first-born. There was nothing surprising to those present about the choice of location, for small clusters of tombstones are not an unusual feature on the private holdings of the three counties, nor was the occasion noteworthy because it consecrated a double interment. It was remarkable from quite another cause.

Only too often people gathered together for a funeral are intent on the fit of their clothes, on the impression on others of their grief; or, ill at ease, they are taken up with thoughts of discomfort, or money, or with longings to have the matter over and done with. But on this occasion three adults were absorbed, to the exclusion of every other consideration, in the manifestations of their own vitality mysteriously released by Warner's death; and four children were equally enthralled by their individual affairs. The four children were Drake and Io, staring fixedly at Jimmy Mattis, a blue-eyed, sandy-haired, freckled boy of ten, and at his sister Lessie, four years older, pale and thin, with peculiar eyes, shaped like almonds. The three grown persons were Eunice Sherborne, Judge William Alder and Tryer Mattis.

Have you ever watched gas-filled toy balloons, escaped into the air? They leap from insignificance into significance, and then what becomes of them? How high and far do they fly, and where and when and how do they land? If anyone had told Eunice, Tryer and the judge that with the breaking of Warner Sherborne's thread of life they three had become toy balloons at the mercy of the breeze, they would have stared uncomprehendingly. Looking at one another's stolid flesh, they would have felt assured that their informant lied.

Aside from the group of seven, so ordinary to look at, yet so vibrant under the touch of the past and the spur of the future, there were present no neighbors; only an officiating clergyman and a funeral director accompanied by his assistants. Each of these attended to his specific duty with a singleness of purpose which looked neither to right nor left. Priest, pallbearers, and even the gravedigger, did with dignity and dispatch the proper thing to do, and did it correctly, thereby becoming a setting as flat as the mat in a picture frame to the seven beings who were humanly alive.

Midway between the two groups, both in spirit and fact, stood a man who belonged with neither and yet to both. He was short of stature, huge in girth, wore a full gray beard and was possessed of twinkling eyes under bushy brows. None called him by his full name of Thomas Bodley and few had ever heard it, for on every byway between the Delaware and the sea he was known as Connecticut Tom; or Tom the Whip Man; or, more familiarly still, merely as Tom.

Tryer Mattis had arrived at the funeral by accident, which he promptly made to appear as intent; but Tom had been brought. The very fact that Rattling Run Fields stood on the steepest elevation of the countryside precluded his coming there by chance, for it was to avoid the hills of his native state that he had abandoned Connecticut and taken to the myriad gravel roads of a fertile and gently billowing region.

Looking back a bare score of years, it is impossible to conceive of a more vivid symbol of a day that is gone than was comprised in Thomas Bodley, his fat horse and his carriage, the last a cross between a victoria, a barouchet and a chaise—in short, a phaëton without the driver's box. It was four-wheeled, slung close to the ground on leather straps, had a calash top and a very low dash surmounted by a nickeled rein rod, scrolled at the ends. Its shafts were deeply curved for art's sake rather than utility; nevertheless, it was built throughout to endure beyond the usual span of life of horse or man. The keynote of the quaint outfit, however, has been omitted. It was sounded by a bundle—nay, a great sheaf—of whips, straight, limber and tapering, each tipped with an eight-inch snapper of red, yellow or blue.

When boys saw those whips their mouths watered, their fingers itched and they longed achingly for the price of the cheapest. When the boy in any man driving along behind a horse looked at them, having the price, he promptly stopped to buy of the best. And yet, strange to say, Tom's equipage was not provided with a socket, nor had his sleek fat horse, Alexander, felt the cut of a whip since the day he was foaled. It may be added that though the cheapest as well as the most expensive of the whips were a lovely sight standing straight from the dashboard or held across a proud driver's front, not one of them but would have snapped in two at a sharp blow or fallen to pieces in the hands of rage. Even so, the fact that Thomas Bodley, gentlest of men, should have been a dealer in whips shows to what pranks the serious business of living can stoop.

While on level ground or a down grade it was his custom to sink back in the one broad seat of the small carriage and whistle by the hour; but no sooner did the traces

Continued on Page 125

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by Helen Richmond

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Columbia WINDOW SHADES *and* ROLLERS

(Continued from Page 121)

lighten than Alexander would halt to permit his friend and master to dismount. Horse and man would then walk up the rise side by side. There were times, however, when Alexander would stop far afield out of sheer inertia or through having fallen into reverie. On such occasions Tom would talk to him, argue with him, plead with him, call him Alexander, and finally loose all the brutality in his make-up in the two sharp syllables, "Aleck!" At that call the horse would invariably move on, while Tom mopped sweat from his brow, wondering desperately what he would do once this last resort should fail. He happened to be in such a speculative mood when Judge Alder, on the way to Warner's funeral, chanced upon him and paused to make his annual purchase.

"Tom," he said as he turned to lay the new whip away, "you're a great fraud, almost as big a fraud as your whips. You know I never use them. Here! Take this one back. I don't want it, after all."

"I can't do that now, judge," said Tom sadly. "A superstition, like when a black cat crosses your road. I'll tell you why. According to what you say, and a lot of other folks, the life of one of my whips is about ten minutes; so you've owned that one for one-tenth of its natural life already. No; I can't take it back; but for two bits more I'll tell you the name of the manufacturer."

"Some other member of the Society for the Prevention of Speed, I suppose," laughed the judge, and then changed to another theme. "What do you think about these automobiles, Tom? You drive around the country a lot; do you think they are getting thicker?"

"You mean them horseless kerridges," replied Tom gloomily, "that needs a horse to pull them home. If they ever get so they can go and come of themselves ——"

He stopped and the cloud on his face deepened. The judge completed the unfinished sentence:

"—— there'll be no more market for whips, eh? Well, I wouldn't worry about that, Tom."

He in turn stopped speaking suddenly, as though he had been interrupted, and studied Bodley's outfit with a new interest. Horse, shay and master were getting old. For years they had appeared in Jersey, coming from the south along with the flickers, ovenbirds and warblers about dogwood time and staying until the sweet gums turned purple in the fall and the holly berries began to ripen. Whence Tom came and whither he went in winter no one knew. The judge was now curious about the matter for the first time and for a definite reason.

For weeks he had been living a double life, attending to his official duties and law practice automatically, almost impatiently, and, immediately he was released, turning to immerse himself in the affairs of the Sherborne family with an avidity which he himself could not explain except in terms of the wordless impulses of the heart. All he knew was that he had a hunger to be with the denizens of Rattling Run Fields, and that where their welfare was concerned all his senses were sharpened. Without having spoken of the matter with Eunice, he knew that the intention was forming in her mind to abandon the farm at the earliest possible moment, and it was due to this premonition that he took an interest in the winter quarters of Tom the Whip Man. It was no part of the judge's plan to see the house on Rattling Run actually vacated.

"Tom," he asked, "where do you go in winter?"

Bodley stared at him and a vacant look crept into his eyes. "Across the ferry," he replied, and gathered up the reins as though to escape. But Alexander was of different mind; he ignored the hint.

"Listen," said Judge Alder, reining in the impatient Gypsy. She had sensed departure in every fiber of her tense body and seemed to cast a look of scorn at the lethargic Alexander. "You know I'm your friend, Tom. There's just a chance of comfortable winter quarters for you and the horse off the road a bit at Rattling Run Fields. I don't have to tell you Alexander is getting pretty old and mighty fat for a long journey. Do you remember Warner Sherborne?"

"I remember his dad well enough," answered Tom promptly; "but Warner never bought only one whip off me, and that was fifteen summers ago."

"Must have been when he was courting," remarked the judge. "Well, he's dead and we're burying him today. Come along for the sake of that one whip. Warner was a good man."

Thus it happened that Tom Bodley stood at the grave side halfway between the group which was doing its formal automatic duty and that which represented the forces of emotion released or in suspension. He was more than a spectator; he was a link, as if his daily contacts on a thousand highways had made him a sort of solvent as between comatose beings in the rut and those definitely out of it. Somehow he had learned that the human family, after all, is not a conglomeration; there is a line of division between the rushing quick and the walking dead; and, strangely enough, this line is not marked by the grave, nor is it impossible for any one of us to cross it twice in the same day, being dead one moment and alive the next.

Tom had possessed himself of this truth and his wise eyes lingered on the judge, on Tryer Mattis, but longest on Eunice and her children. Then they went back with a sort of involuntary snap to Lessie Mattis, standing aloof by inches only, as if merely to mark a division between herself and her father. None knew the countryside gossip better than Tom or kept a closer mouth about it; but he remembered. He remembered now that they said of this awkward girl of fourteen with the strange long eyes that she was the only female within a range of fifty miles who was more than a match for Tryer.

Only Tom among those present knew how unusual it was for father and daughter to be seen together; only he, also, knew that since Lessie was with Tryer, it was by her own choice; that Tryer was afraid of her and practiced blotting her from mind to such an extent that he never spoke of her when mentioning his children unless forced by a direct question to do so. Tom knew, too, from the lips of her own mother how she had come by her peculiar name. He could hear Elizabeth's plaintive voice narrating the event.

"We wanted to call her Lassie and I begged him to let me say it to the preacher. But he wouldn't. He said he'd hold her and he'd tell the preacher how to name her. And when the time came he said Lessie for Lassie, like he always does. I coughed and whispered, out there in front of everybody, and tried to explain, but they named her Lessie between them, for all I could do."

When the ceremony of Warner's burial was concluded and the clergyman with the paid attendants had departed, the remaining persons, all but Tom, seemed suddenly incited to action. They moved forward and assumed rôles like characters in a play. Drake and Io advanced on Jimmy and Lessie, bringing up the guns of their eyes into closer range in a last attempt to stare the strange children out of countenance; Tryer Mattis, hand extended, strode toward Eunice with definite intent, and she and the judge drew impulsively together, shoulder to shoulder, as if to meet an attack.

"Well, Vic," cried Tryer heartily, "aren't we going to shake hands?"

Eunice regarded him steadily, but kept her arms folded across her bosom. She wondered if he knew that his words were an exact echo, and if he had made them so intentionally, wishing to bring back to her mind the most poignant of all the memories of her girlhood. Also, she wondered if he had come deliberately to Warner's funeral, or if mere chance had brought him past Rattling Run Fields at the moment when its friendless master's body was being carried from the house.

She knew intuitively that Tryer was incapable of giving a frank answer to either of these questions had she put them to him; but even as that thought passed through her mind she became aware that she knew even better than himself his motives and intent. Whatever force had once blinded her so that she could see him not at all with her eyes and only by the feel of her clinging hands no longer obtruded between them. She saw him now, inside and out, as clearly as though he had been cut open and mapped, and, strange to say, he was a bigger man than she had ever before believed him to be.

There are some men who are tortuous of soul, evasive in verbal expression, uncertain of standards, and yet frank by nature. Seldom small in physical stature, they stride through life like walking contradictions, building massively with one free hand what they destroy with the other. They are splendid material gone partly to waste through some congenital flaw, or weakness in upbringing, or handicap of environment, or merely through lack of that major education which establishes values in true proportion. The very structure of their rugged virtues and devastating faults makes them magnetic to women.

Mattis was such a man. He had the flashing imagery which could call out to Vic Teller at twenty, "Pretty as April dogwood and sound as a winter apple"; and the astuteness which could feel good furniture, apparently without looking, and name it. The boldness of his eternal phrase, "I can try," would have been meaningless if it had not been linked to phenomenal foresight. He had not only the flair to cry out "If I had the damned paper here I would tear it up and throw it in your face," but the daring to follow up the assertion by a lesson in how to sweep a woman from her feet. Most treacherous of all, he possessed the sheer beauty of sensuality which could lead him to pause on the way to a tryst long enough to plunge his face into the crisp pungency of clipped box. And yet

He was a liar—a casual, inconsequent liar. Why pretend that he had come on purpose for Warner's funeral? What difference would the truth have made? None. Furthermore, he was cruel in his desire. Why had he married Elizabeth Banning? Because he loved her any more than any one of half a dozen other women? No; only because she was betrothed to another, to a man he admired and envied, a man who would have made her a far better husband. Never had it occurred to him to apply to himself the building standards which he employed on the jobs, some of them big in conception and admirable in execution, in which he took a legitimate pride. In short, in all physical things he was a giant; in all morality he was unsound; and right or wrong, he was likable.

XV

NO BLOW is equal to the insult of the refusal of an extended hand. Perceiving that Eunice kept her arms folded and believing that she meant to keep them so, a flush of shame rose to Tryer's face which changed suddenly to the red of anger.

"So you hold a grudge for fifteen years, do you?" he exploded. "And what a grudge! Tell me what harm I ever done you! What have I ever had of you? Was I unkind? Did I ever do aught you didn't want I should do? Did I?"

The judge thrust himself forward.

"I'd go easy if I were you, Tryer," he said, glancing at the three younger children, who had gathered around Tom as a neutral. He saw that already they were safely absorbed in their own interests to the exclusion of the wordy affairs of their elders, and that Lessie had withdrawn to her father's automobile, ignoring Drake, her elder only by a matter of months, and scorning to play with those beneath her age.

Mattis paid no heed to the judge, nor did his eyes swerve from Eunice Sherborne's untroubled face.

"Don't you know that me and you are going to be partners?" he continued, without giving her a chance to answer his torrent of questions. "Haven't I paid you good money and ain't I going to pay you more? What's the sense of treating me like dirt? I left you alone while Warner was alive, didn't I?"

"Why shouldn't you leave her alone, then and now?" demanded the judge sharply. "Look here, Tryer! You'd better listen to me! She isn't your partner and she never will be. Until Drake becomes of age I'm the only partner you're going to have on this deal, and the sooner you realize it the better."

"I have a good mind to tear up the damned contract and throw it in all your faces!" cried Mattis, whirling on the judge with a toss of his leonine head.

At his words the fullness of Eunice's lips twisted slowly to a mocking, whimsical curve, even while her eyes remained maddeningly steady. Why must men repeat their grand gestures? What fatality leads them back even across fifteen years to a once successful ten-strike? How often had Mattis used these dashing words since that far-away day when they had so impressed her? How childish, how lost all men look, especially the big ones, when they are angry! She was sorry for him.

"Read it over carefully before you tear it up," she heard the judge say. "I wrote it, Tryer. It's the kind that doesn't tear easily or cheaply. It's a ——"

"Don't tell me!" shouted Mattis, raising both fists in the gesture of a despairing

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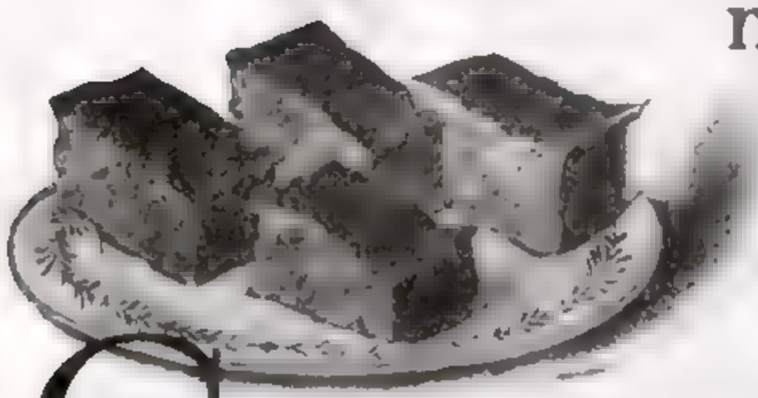

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Samson. "Didn't I name it? Didn't I call it a legal strait-jacket? But by the eternal, I'll ——"

It was Eunice who brought his shouting to a sudden break. Pushing by the judge, she stood squarely before Mattis and held out her hand in such a manner that he had abruptly stopped speaking.

"What are you making all the fuss about, Tryer?" she asked. "There's my hand if you want it. I wasn't going to refuse to shake hands with you; I was only thinking it over, just as you are now about mine. Do you want it, or don't you?"

"Want it? Sure, I want it," replied Mattis, recovering from his surprise no less than from his rage, for he was as responsive to atmosphere as a barometer.

The instant he took Eunice's cool hand in his hot one he became jovial, expansive, friendly with all the world. Being no sentimentalist, he released her promptly to turn to the judge.

"Well, Bill," he said, as though eager to get on a friendly footing all around, "we've started moving the plant, and that ain't all. It takes money, big money, to make cement, and I've found it. Now money costs money. Anybody can throw it into a hole fast, but it has to crawl out on its own feet. That's what I want to talk to you about, judge. Fifteen years doesn't give me a chance. I want it should be twenty."

"It seems to me, Tryer," said the judge, his eyes narrowing, "that you're getting fonder and fonder of the idea of wearing a strait-jacket for life. What's the reason? What are you keeping back?"

"Well, it's this way," said Tryer, making a genuine effort toward frankness, "I most wish the contract didn't begin running till five years from now."

"Why?" demanded the judge.

"On account of automobiles," replied Tryer in a voice which for him was unusually humble.

"Automobiles!" scoffed the judge. "What have they got to do with it? You have automobiles on the brain."

"Lots of people have," commented Tryer mildly. Then he flashed a full-eyed glance all around. "Before we die," he predicted boldly, "this state will have a thousand miles of roads made out of solid concrete, all on account of thousands of automobiles."

"I wonder," said the judge. "I wonder if there'll ever be a thousand of those things." His eyes wandered to the spot where Tryer's single-cylinder car, with Lessie in it, was drawn up off the road; then passed to Gypsy, hitched to a stout cedar; and finally to Tom Bodley's outlandish outfit, with the fat Alexander slumbering between the grotesquely curved shafts. The boys and Io, having discovered the whips, had promptly abandoned all other interests and were gathered as near to Aleck's heels as they dared go, for he was a selfish rascal, distinctly unfriendly to children either by training or disposition. He humped his hind quarters whenever Drake set foot upon the low step of the carriage, or Jimmy, from a safe distance, so much as pointed at a coveted whip.

"Hard roads are bad for horses' feet," called Tom Bodley from near by.

It was his first contribution to the talk, and it drew Eunice's eyes to look at him perceivingly. Of course, she had seen him before; but it is astonishing how often we meet people and talk to them without actually becoming conscious of their presence. Now she noted more than Tom's great girth and his eyes, very small, but widely spaced under a fine forehead. He had a gentle manner and kindness radiated from him. She liked him.

Tryer Mattis, having planted a seed of suggestion in the judge's mind, departed for his car with characteristic suddenness, taking his son with him. When he started the engine Gypsy quivered violently and sagged backward in a desperate attempt to hang herself on the hitching rope, and even Alexander pricked up his ears and snorted, but did not deign to lift any one of his four heavy feet. Nevertheless, Tom went and soothed him as if he were a restless charger.

"How much does a whip cost?" asked Drake from the very depths of inquiring ignorance in such matters.

"There's some as cost two bits and some as high as a dollar and a half," replied Tom. "What do you want of a whip? What would you do with one of them whips if you had it?"

"Play with it," said Drake fervently.

Tom pawed over the bundle until he found a whip broken near the end, pulled it out and offered it to Drake. The boy's eyes glistened and a flush rose to his cheeks but he put his hands behind his back.

"What's the matter?" demanded Tom. "Don't you want it?"

Drake shook his head in denial, and Io, standing close beside him, looked the Whip Man squarely in the eyes and said, "He doesn't want it because it is broken."

"Broken!" shouted Tom. "I give him a brand-new whip for nothing, only a little bit broken at the end, and it isn't good enough for him! Huh!"

"It isn't that," protested Drake, in his turn drawing the eyes of the Whip Man. "It's because it isn't straight. When I grow up I'll buy a straight one. I can wait."

"So you're willing to wait till you grow up just to have a straight one, eh?" inquired Tom.

Already these children had laid their spell upon him. It seemed that though they were so short, their eyes were on a level with his; and that though they were so young, they lived in his world. He liked them, and trying to think how he might best crown their friendship with honor, he placed Io in the deep seat of the chaise, urged Drake to get in beside her, and taking the reins proceeded to drive Alexander along the level section of the road away from the dip to Rattling Run.

As the judge and Eunice drew near the house he looked around at its bare surroundings and then turned to her.

"It is so warm, it's too bad there's no place to sit out here," he said. "Only the old front steps, and they look as though they would cave in."

"No," said Eunice, "nothing about this place ever caves in; it only warps."

She went to the narrow steps and they sat down rather close together. The judge was puzzled both at her and at himself. Why had she moved toward Tryer so frankly after an initial hesitation, and why had she given him her hand? Did she not know what that meant? Tryer would make it his business to pass the house going to and from the new plant every day, twice a day. But what the devil had he, Judge Alder, to do with all that? Why shouldn't she take Tryer's hand? What was this feeling that had crept over him? Let him meet it frankly—was it love for Eunice?

No, not that; but an impulse of protection for her and for all that pertained to her—protection against harm, against desecration, against intrusion. That was it. He was on the right track at last—against intrusion. No man could go through such an experience as he had with her on the night of Sherborne's death without feeling a subtle sense of possession, of guardianship before a shrine. Was it credible that she could ever again tell the story of herself as she had told it in the august presence of Warner Sherborne's symbolic shell?

The temple of what we truly are is the most mysterious edifice known to man; none holds the key, not even ourselves. Only a triple conjunction between elemental forces, the vital hour and a God-sent opportunity can ever swing open the door of self and grant the freedom of the hidden heart to another. The judge knew that he had been admitted to the profound depths of Eunice Sherborne's soul in a manner that precluded retraction on her part or on his. In an involuntary sense they belonged to each other, for that night had laid its chains upon them without so much as a by your leave. No, he told himself, he did not love her; but when she stirred so that her arm brushed his sleeve a tingling shock of infinitesimal vibrations raced up and down his spine.

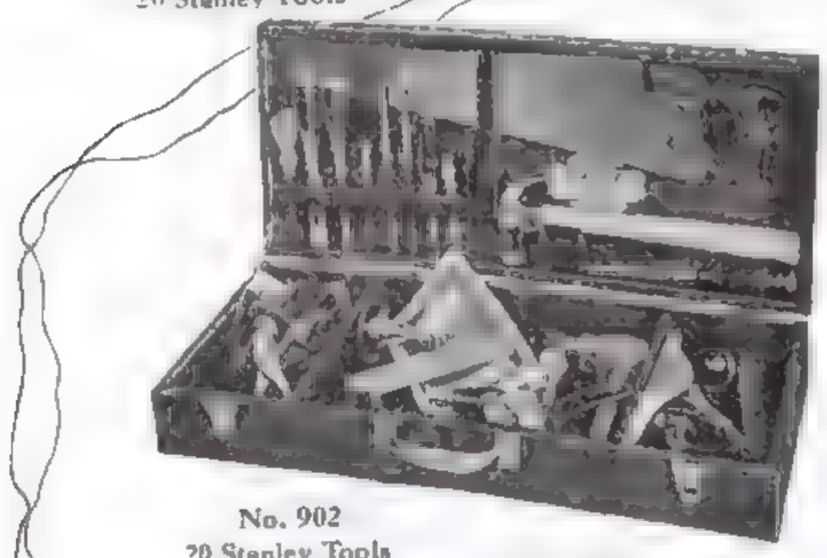
"Of what are you thinking?" he asked in self-defense.

"Of the terrible hard beauty of this place," replied Eunice after a pause; "of how I hate it because it does not yield, will never yield—to me. I was thinking, too, of the fact that there is no seat out here, has never been a seat out here in fifteen years, in ten times fifteen years! I was thinking that I shall go away and never come back—never"

In his turn the judge paused; then he said, "I can understand everything but your discovery of beauty. It's here, of course; beaten down, suppressed, aged and flavored like old wine; not easily discerned; not—not easily abandoned. Go away, by all means; but keep some sort of grip on this place. To gut it and shut it up would be brutal. It would be like putting out a perpetual vestal fire."

(Continued on Page 129

No. 862
20 Stanley Tools



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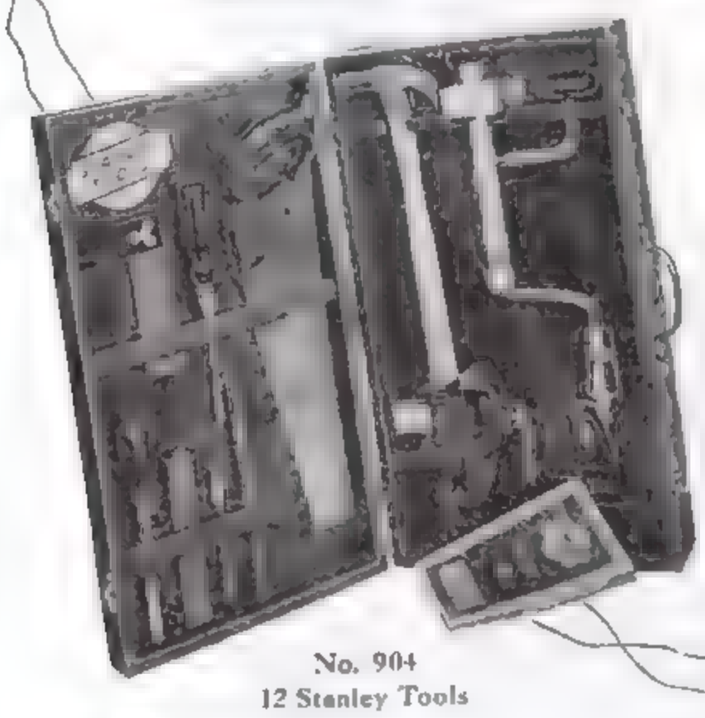

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No. 905
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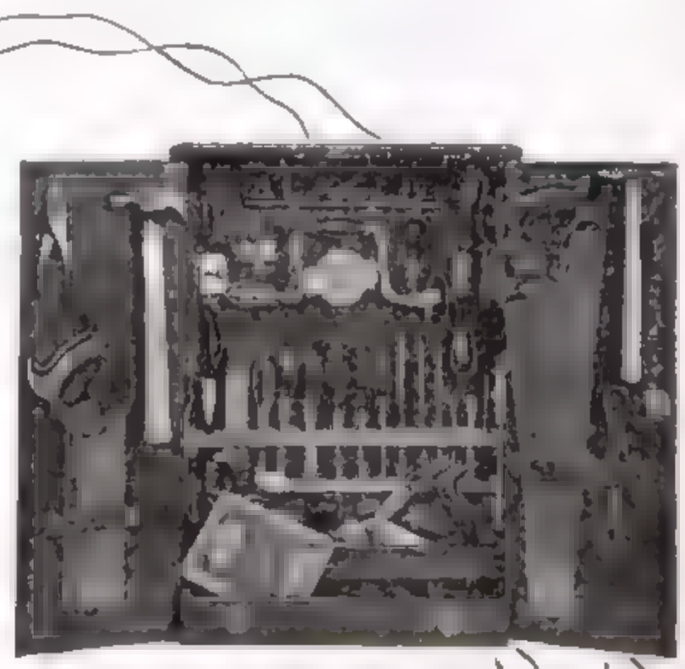


No. 851 35 Stanley Tools

Give it to him for Christmas–

The man or boy who "makes things" always longs to own a good set of carpenter tools.

He certainly will prize as a holiday gift

Stanley Tools in Chests

The tools in each assortment have been carefully selected with regard to the particular use to which he will put them. They are the same Stanley Tools that carpenters and woodworkers have used for years.

These assortments range from 7 to 50 Stanley Tools; in finely finished, wooden chests; priced from $6.50 to $95.

Hardware and department stores carry them in stock. Write for catalog "24 I" giving full description of the complete line of Stanley Tools in Chests, to The Stanley Works, New Britain, Conn.

STANLEY

STANLEY SW Butts and Hinges – Carpenters Tools STANLEY TOOLS

NEW BRITAIN, CONNECTICUT

GARAGE HARDWARE—DOOR BUTTS HINGES AND BOLTS—CARPENTERS AND HOUSEHOLD TOOLS

Announcing an Automobile Years in Advance of Current Designs

A new light weight, small displacement, high compression, high speed 4-cylinder motor.

4-bearing crankshaft.
4-wheel brakes—internal type.
Firestone balloon tires.

Force feed lubrication to all rotating motor bearings.
25 to 30 miles per gallon of gas.

In presenting the Rollin automobile we wish to direct attention to several facts of cardinal importance.

The Rollin was designed by Rollin White. For years Mr. White was Vice President and Chief Engineer of the White Company of Cleveland.

No other car in years has offered such a wealth of highly developed engineering inventions as you will find in the Rollin.

But Mr. White goes further! Not only does he give to the world many ingenious motor car discoveries but he has designed a car which acts and looks as if it would cost well over $1000, then turns around and produces it to sell for well under $1000.

A smart, efficient, spirited, rugged, flexible, good-looking, trim automobile is the satisfactory result of Mr. White's far-reaching scientific efforts.

For here is a small bore, long stroke, high compression, motored car

designed along the latest European lines of lightness, compactness, and simplicity—

equipped with internal 4-wheel brakes as well as balloon tires as standard equipment—

all to sell for only $975!

This same model with wood wheels, cord tires and 4-wheel brakes but without De Luxe equipment $895!

Here is a car in which are incorporated both 4-wheel brakes and balloon tires. No other car in the world offers this combination of rare features. Balloon tires give you a brand new sensation in comfortable riding, easier steering and skidless driving.

Here is a motor in which the accuracy of cylinder bore, pistons and rings, plus a perfect balance and alignment of all moving parts produces a lively, snappy and smooth motor performance which one usually finds only in cars costing twice the Rollin price.

THE ROLLIN MOTORS COMPANY
CLEVELAND OHIO

ROLLIN

Another step of decided importance is the new Rollin manifold and carburetor developments. This basic invention is a great engineering achievement.

It gives to the Rollin the astonishing ability to deliver 25 to 30 miles to the gallon of gasoline.

Still another decided engineering refinement is the high pressure force feed lubricating system, through drilled crankshaft—and direct to cam shaft bearings.

To really appreciate this car you must feel its fascinating action under your own control.

Bodies are beauties complete in every respect.

Touring Car De Luxe, $975*. Three Seated Coupe Roadster, $1175; Five Passenger Sedan, $1275. Prices f. o. b. factory.

*This same model with wood wheels, cord tires and 4-wheel brakes but without De Luxe equipment $895

Rollin cars will be on exhibition during the New York Automobile Show on the main lobby floor at the Commodore Hotel, New York City

ROLLIN

Continued from Page 125

"Brutal!" cried Eunice, leaping to her feet. She threw back her head and laughed quite freely, not bitterly as he had expected; then she turned and smiled at his dubious expression. "You have said something funny," she went on. "You have made me laugh. I wonder if you could often make me laugh."

"Not by such poor means as that, I hope," replied the judge easily, as he, too, arose and turned to watch the approaching of a quaint cortège. The children had persuaded Tom to drop the calash top so that they might ride standing, as if in a chariot. Drake embraced the bundle of whips as if it were a sheaf of spears, while Io held to the rein bar on the dash, shouting "Go! Go!" to the all but somnolent Alexander, and even leaned forward to strike his glossy rump with an imperious hand, thereby incurring Tom's displeasure. He told her to leave off beating the horse, and when she ignored the command, he stopped Alexander, lifted her to the ground and started the carriage without her.

"No, Drake, no!" she screamed with a vehemence that startled even Alexander into a faster walk.

She rushed forward, hurled herself recklessly at the step, missed it, caught the spokes of the revolving back wheel in desperately clinging hands and was dragged up under the leather mud splash before Tom, amazed and terrified, could again check the horse. He dropped the reins, released her body, quivering with the frenzy of her determination, set her on her feet within the carriage and stared at her.

"What were you trying to do?" he demanded. "Pull my old kerridge to pieces?"

"Yes," said Io very clearly.

She was surprised that this bearded stranger should have guessed her exact intention and decided to smile at him. Her smiles were rare, and more seldom still were they bestowed on any particular person. The effect of this one on the stout Tom Bodley was little short of a devastation. His eyes watered, his jaw dropped, he gulped, forgot to breathe, and as a consequence turned purple. He did not know why he did any of these things; he only knew that he had met the captain of his soul. He stooped laboriously, picked up the fallen reins, placed them in Io's hands and actually stood by while she slapped them and cried "Go! Go!" to the indifferent Alexander.

XVI

FROM watching that scene the judge turned to Eunice. "When you do go," he said, "why not leave Tom in charge here for the winter? You could get rid of the stock, of course; but Tom would keep the place alive. Since you can't sell it, you shouldn't let it turn sour."

"We might burn it down," said Eunice absently, "but I suppose it wouldn't burn." Then she threw up her head and added. "That was a small thing to say, wasn't it? It sounded petty to you, I am sure, and yet——" She laid her hand on her breast and the judge noted its agitated rise and fall. "You understand a great deal," she continued, "but even you could not understand that if I were offered happiness in this place I would choose to be unhappy elsewhere. You can't conceive of that, can you?"

The judge did not answer directly; finally he said, "My mother's house is very large and mostly empty. Why don't you come there with the children until you decide where you wish to go? Why don't you leave Tom in charge of everything here just as it stands and come with me now? Drake could sit in the back of the buggy and Io in your lap. Why not?"

A smile crept into Eunice's eyes and into the corners of her mouth, distinguished by lips which had never lost their fullness. She laid her hand on his arm in a gesture startlingly out of place against so stark a background, an easy, finished gesture of trust, companionship, almost of affection. However, she did not say anything. She did not accept his impulsive invitation, nor did she thank him for the many things he had done for her; and yet in that one touch of her fingers she repaid him.

He left her and a week passed before his neglected affairs permitted him again to drive out to Rattling Run Fields, only to see, as he drew near, Tryer's automobile standing at some distance from the house, almost in the middle of the road. It was as though Mattis had left it there deliberately as a warning and a signal that he was in attendance. The judge took genuine pleasure in the horsemanship necessary to coax Gypsy past the stalled car and a moment later brought her up with a smart turn at the cedar to which he was accustomed to hitch her. While he was tying the rope in an expert knot he heard Tryer's voice issuing loudly from the house.

"What's the use of you and me playing at hypocrites, Vic? You ain't sorry Warner's dead; you're glad. Nor I ain't sorry Elizabeth died five years ago, leaving me with one boy out of the three I had of her, and him the youngest. I ain't sorry, I say; and I wasn't sorry at the time. But you, Vic! Why, you're my woman! Why, if you was to die——"

Judge Alder did not wait to hear more. He walked out past the barn, through the orchard and into the crescent-shaped patch of standing timber which Warner had guarded to the last as a screen to the low bottoms, half pond and half swamp, in which Rattling Run found its source. This wood was a place of quiet charm at almost any season of the year. In winter its concave slope cupped the snow and held it as a dazzling background to waxy-leafed holly trees decked in gay red berries, standing around like sentinels beneath the taller growth of oak, sycamore, hickory and gum. In spring the holly gave way to a vast sheet of dogwood bloom, billowing and white as the foam of a comber creaming across a reef. To the same month of May belonged things sweeter though less spectacular—the last of the trailing arbutus, resplendent banks of bird's-foot violets, the wild azalea in contrasted pinks, and a dozen lesser flowers ushering in the tremendous chord of the glory of the laurel. Just now the wood was sombrous under the full foliage of summer, which gave to it a restful, cathedral stillness.

But even this peace failed to comfort the judge. He was heavy-hearted for no reason that he could name, and walked quietly with head bowed, wondering how that speech had ended and what had been Eunice's answer. One half of him asked why he had not waited to find out; the other half demanded what business it was of his. Presently he became aware of the sounds of splashing and shrill voices. He left the path and peered through the veiling branches of a thicket of laurel and caught sight of such a scene as made him forget Eunice for a moment in Eunice's children disporting themselves in a deep pool set close to the steep bank.

Never before had he seen such darting, slithering bodies; they were active and vigorous as tadpoles. When Drake plunged across the pool, Io would hurl herself after him, scurrying over rather than through the water. Again the judge was amazed at the driving power of her tiny limbs. He remembered the day when he had thought her a mere wisp, and, watching her leap the corn hills, had asked himself what carried her, what lifted her stride for stride with Drake. The wind? Her spirit?

"Well," he had decided, "anything but muscle."

He looked at her now, so small of wrist and ankle, so elflike, apparently so fragile, and yet so incredibly swift in movement, and gave up the problem as to just what was the motive force within her. From far

Continued on Page 133

She Came to Him, Stood Beside Him and Watched the Children as He Had Been Doing

An attractive opportunity awaits the right man in our Advertising Department

Whose ability, training, record, and ambitions show that he needs a better opportunity for the years ahead than he now has.

Whose experience proves that he has practical sales instinct and ability, and that he is well grounded in the fundamentals of modern selling and merchandising.

Who has had experience both as a personal salesman and as a sales executive in directing others.

Whose qualifications fit him to deal with business executives.

Experience in advertising would be desirable but is not essential.

Who is between 30 and 35 years of age; of good personality and sound character.

There is a vacancy in each of our branch offices, in Philadelphia, New York, Chicago, and in Boston.

Write us in detail about yourself. Your letter will be held in confidence, and if your reply is considered favorably an interview will be arranged. Address your letter to

The Curtis Publishing Company
Advertising Department
Philadelphia Pennsylvania

Give Her Leisure Hours

with a Eureka Vacuum Cleaner

For wife, mother or daughter, no gift can be more appropriate. Beyond the affectionate regard it expresses, its helpful service will be a constant, daily reminder of your thoughtfulness

The Grand Prize

EUR

VACUUM

And Happier Days –

THERE are no more discouraging tasks than those which must daily be performed by countless wives, mothers and daughters, in their endless routine of home-keeping.

No duties in factory, store or office are so drudgingly monotonous as those which must be repeated, day after day, in eighteen million American homes.

Yet nothing is more needless—when it is so easy to own a Eureka Vacuum Cleaner.

Do Away With Old Fashioned Methods

Old fashioned home-cleaning methods are unsanitary, exhausting and almost useless. Dust and dirt are simply stirred up, to settle back on every object in the room. Feminine strength is overburdened. Sweeping only removes a portion of the exposed surface dirt, without touching the embedded, unseen grit and grime. And the day is almost done when the household work is completed. That's why so many wives and mothers are made old before their time.

Such Drudgery Is Unnecessary

Happily, only a fraction of the time is required to do these same tasks, with the simplest ease, when the Eureka Vacuum Cleaner is used. By means of its powerful suction, and ingeniously designed sweep action brush, it cleans rugs and carpets through and through without the need for taking them up from the floors.

With its complete attachments, which require only seconds to apply, mattresses are renovated right on the beds; portieres and hangings are made immaculate; upholstered furniture is kept bright and new; dust and dirt are easily removed from cushions, clothing, baseboards, radiators, and so forth. There's almost no end to the Eureka's helpfulness.

The Eureka's High Quality Is Internationally Accepted

Time after time, the Eureka has been awarded the Grand Prize in international competition. In fact, its consistent leadership has caused it to be universally known as "The Grand Prize Cleaner". Thousands of Eurekas have given year after year of service with no more attention than a semi-annual oiling. Nearly a million housewives testify to its simplicity and reliable operation.

The Cost Is Moderate— Payments Easy

The cost of the Eureka Vacuum Cleaner is so moderate that no wife or mother should be without it And if you like, you can pay for it on savings of only a few cents a day

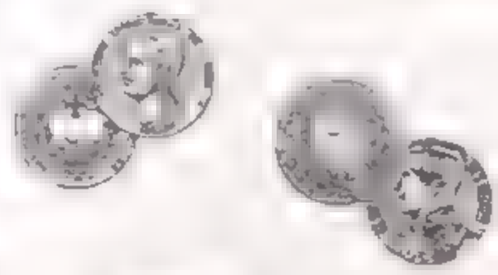
Call at the store of the nearest Eureka dealer. We will gladly furnish his name, if you do not know it. Permit him to show you how highly efficient and useful the Grand Prize Eureka is. Ten minutes will satisfy you

No Gift Duplicates Eureka Advantages

Think what the Eureka would mean to your wife mother or daughter—not only at the moment—but for years to come.

It is a gift that endures, and causes appreciation to grow keener with every task it lightens and every hour it saves. The health and youth it conserves, and the happy hours it makes possible, are beyond estimating. Give her a Eureka—and enjoy the constant thanks your thoughtfulness will deserve.

EUREKA VACUUM CLEANER COMPANY, DETROIT, U.S.A.
Makers of Electric Vacuum Cleaners since 1909
Canadian Factory, Kitchener, Ont.; Foreign Branch 1 Fisher Street, Holborn, London, W. C. 1, England (100)



EKA CLEANER

It Gets the Dirt

The Gift to please a Man

Spur Tie

Pat. June 13, 1922. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

50¢ TWO FOR $1.00
"ALL TIED FOR YOU"

GIVE him the gift he'd select for himself—a handsome Spur Tie Bow. They come in attractive holiday boxes, one or two in a box—so inexpensive too—50c each, two for $1.00. In two sizes and a wonderful variety of colors and patterns–including the special Dress Bow for evening wear.

He's been wearing the Spur Tie Bow this Fall and Winter. Every well-dressed chap has put the stamp of approval on this stylish, easy-to-put-on necktie. You see it comes all tied for him, ready to slip right on. Neat—but not too neat. Has the jaunty sort of air that has made the bow tie the thing this season among smart dressers. Will not *curl, roll,* or *wrinkle.* An exclusive patented feature prevents this.

Somewhere near you a Spur Tie dealer is ready to help you make your selection. Purchase early while stocks are complete. Accept no substitution for the Spur Bow. Others imitate but do not equal. The Spur Bow has exclusive features. Be sure you get the genuine Spur Tie Bow bearing the Spur Tie trade mark.

If your dealer will not supply you, send $1.00 for two; 50c for one; specifying size (large or small), color preference, whether elastic band or slip-on-grip.

LOOK FOR THE NAME SPUR ON THE TIE

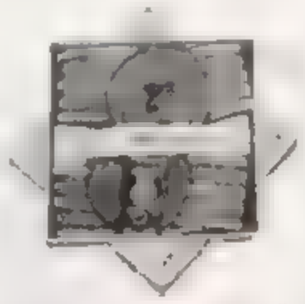
BULL-DOG SUSPENDERS

Dad will welcome this practical gift, and he'll be doubly pleased when he sees the Bull-Dog trade mark—his lifetime guide to quality and value. Sturdy, well-fitting, superior webbing. Guaranteed 365 days' wear. Price 75c and up—in gift boxes. Select a pair [illegible] WEST END SUSPENDERS [illegible] or year round wear. Worn 'neath the shirt out of sight. 75c

BULL-DOG BELTS

The well-dressed man likes the touch of style that Bull-Dog Belts bring to his attire. *Real* leather. In prong or fancy buckles. Select one with his initial. At the nearest dealer's in appropriate gift boxes. A wide variety to choose from. 50c and up.

Write for Style Book A



BULL-DOG GARTERS

Next Christmas he'll still be wearing—and appreciating—your gift of Bull-Dog Garters. They are guaranteed 365 days—perfect leg comfort for one year. It's [illegible] Just a little different from the ordinary garter. In good looking gift boxes, wide or narrow web—50c the pair. The garter for a gentleman.

SPUR TIE FOUR-IN-HAND

You'll get your thanks in his Christmas morning smile if you select a Spur Tie four-in-hand [illegible] $1.00 in attractive gift boxes. Many patterns in fine silks to choose from.

HEWES & POTTER, BOSTON, MASS.

On the Pacific Coast
PAUL B. HAY, 120 Battery Street, San Francisco, Calif.

(Continued from Page 129)

away came Tryer's bull-like voice, shouting for his son.

"Jimmy!"

To the judge's utter amazement, Jimmy crept out from the laurel thicket some paces away, gained the path on his hands and knees, then stood up and ran swiftly toward the house. Following the course of his flight, the judge saw him all but collide with Eunice as she entered the wood. What had brought her out so quickly? He wondered, and waited for her to draw near. She was wearing a deep sunbonnet, such a sunbonnet as she had worn when first he had seen her; and for an instant he thought she would pass by without noticing him; but she did not. She came to him, stood beside him and watched the children as he had been doing.

"Did you come here to find me?" he asked presently in a low voice.

"Yes," she answered.

"How did you know I was here?"

"I saw you pass while Tryer was talking. I watched you, saw which way you came. Why?"

Why indeed! The judge was nonplused for an answer. Why should he ask her such things and in such a tone? The color mounted to his smooth cheeks as he turned his eyes to hers and said, "To tell you the truth, I don't know why I asked you those questions. Do you?"

In a way it was a challenge, and it was on the tip of Eunice's tongue, pretending that she misunderstood him, to ask, "Do I what?" But she refrained. She had come from the presence of a man who was, in a way, turgid and tortuous, directly into that of one who was clear-cut and limpid as crystal; she would give each his due.

"Yes," she said frankly, "I know why you asked them. It's because you are nervous about Tryer Mattis. You don't want me, but you do not wish him to have me."

She spoke so calmly that the judge could scarcely believe his ears.

"How do you know I don't want you?" he demanded. "And just how do you mean? What—what are we talking about, anyway? How did we ever —— What do you ——" He turned red with anger and embarrassment.

She glanced at him, surprised; then a tolerant, amused smile curved her lips, such a smile as she might have bestowed upon Drake. It made him turn still redder with exasperation. Before he could collect his wits for a more dignified attack on her equanimity she had raised her voice and called to the children. When they answered she turned to walk slowly toward the house with Judge Alder at her side, and only after they had gone some distance in silence did she begin to talk rapidly.

"Tryer Mattis has been here every day. He comes in the morning when I'm giving the children lessons to leave his boy Jimmy, and again about this time to take him away. He even asked to board him here, but the girl never comes; never once since that day. Tom Bodley has been here too. I've talked to him about staying the winter. Last night he fixed himself a bed in the old harness room and today he's gone to town to buy some things for me, just as if he were a hired man. He helped Drake with the chores too. I have written to three places about schools. As soon as the summer is over I'll take the children and live with them near a good school."

She spoke rather breathlessly, as though she had been waiting for a chance to confide and feared the opportunity might pass; but now she stopped in the path, faced him and asked in a low tone, almost of accusation, "Where have you been all these days?"

"I couldn't come," replied the judge, feeling again the strange, pleasant thrill up and down his spine. "I wanted to, but I couldn't; not until late at night, and, somehow, that wouldn't seem right without Warner around."

Eunice glanced at him with a queer, restrained look, as if she were about to laugh again, and then sobered and stared at the ground unseeingly.

"It's a strange thing," she said. "I didn't love Warner, just as Tryer says. I can't be sorry that he's dead, nor would he expect it of me. All Warner ever expected was what he got—hard work from himself, from me and the children. But now that he's gone, and when the children are safe in bed, there's a terrible emptiness about the place. I get lonely, frightened. Not afraid of things like thieves or beasts. Not that way; only afraid of emptiness. Something has happened to me. I'm not like the woman I was the dawn after Warner died. full to the brim, happy. My feet float. They don't touch anything. That's why I've got to go away soon."

"Tryer's boy was hidden in the bushes watching the children," stated the judge with apparent irrelevance. "I thought you ought to know."

"I did know," said Eunice, rousing herself from her abstraction. "I saw it in his scared face when he almost ran into me. Perhaps you were surprised, too—at the children, I mean. You see, no one taught them how to swim. Drake learned of himself and Io must have just thrown herself after him in a way she has. I didn't know anything about it until they both could swim, and then what was there to say? Until now they have always been alone. I don't know what do do. It sounds so easy to say 'Keep Io at home'; but to do that means keeping Drake too. Io is unusual. Perhaps you've noticed sometimes I'm afraid of her—afraid, I mean, of what she might do."

"The works are started on the other side of the ridge," suggested the judge, "so why don't you tear a leaf out of Tryer's book and send Drake and Io to spend the day with Jimmy? Have Tom take them around half an hour before Mattis is accustomed to turning up here. Give them a holiday."

Eunice smiled.

"I knew you would help me," she said. "I will let them take their lunch as if they were going to school or to a picnic, and Tom can stay with them to fetch them home. I'll let them go every day for a week."

"It isn't Jimmy you are trying to rid yourself of," thought the judge, "but his father. You are still afraid of Tryer." Aloud he said, "Why don't you do as I said—come to my mother's place? She is an invalid, quite old, and never comes downstairs. She would not mind the children, and you could be a help if you wished. Why don't you come?"

She laid her hand on his arm and turned so that the light struck into the deep bonnet, dispelling the shadows.

"Why do you wish me to come?" she started to ask, and suddenly stopped, perceiving that the children were close by. They rushed forward at the sight of the judge, and, regardless of their damp garments, hastily assumed over wet bodies, hurled themselves upon him.

"Have you been on a journey?" shouted Drake, swinging from one of his hands while Io, hanging to the other, cried, "A long journey—a journey around the world?"

The judge was pleased; it was good to feel that he had been missed. Finding that Tom Bodley had come back from town, unhitched Gypsy and put her in the barn for a feed, he agreed to stay for supper. After it he and Tom, with the two youngsters, invented one game after another while Eunice attended to the dishes and put the kitchen to rights. She did it with incredible swiftness, as though spurred by an impulse of rebellion; and immediately the dishcloth was washed and wrung she threw open the screen door and passed out. The judge wished to follow her, but it was half an hour before the children permitted him to escape.

He found her sitting on the warped steps to the main entrance of the house, a door which had been opened only twice in the memory of living man—once to give exit to the body of Warner Sherborne and once to that of his father, the same steps on which he had sat with her on the evening of Warner's funeral. The afterglow was still resplendent in the sky, and Eunice was sitting with hands locked round her knees, head thrown back and face upturned as though to lave it in the tender light. When the judge came near she drew to one side and permitted him to sit down.

After a moment, she said, "In fifteen years Warner and I never sat here once. I have been wondering whether it was my fault or if it was just that these steps were not built for a bench."

Tom Bodley, accompanied by the two children, issued from the house and stood hand in hand with them before the kitchen door. All three raised their eyes to the pink bowl of heaven and to the evening star, showing abnormally large in its isolation.

"There's things about sunsets and stars," rumbled the bearded hogshead of a man, "that you don't need ever to know about—things like why they are, what they are made of, where they came from and how

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A number of LANE Cedar Chests are finished in mahogany or walnut to match a definite furniture scheme. But every one of the many sizes and styles, in plain or period design, is as beautiful and decorative as one's heart can desire. Cushioned, the LANE provides a charming window seat or convenient lounge at the foot of a bed. It is as artistic as a jewel box and sturdier than a trunk.

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Because no other chest has such unusual features, we ask that the name, LANE, be burned inside the lid of the one you buy.

long it took them to get here. I've known those things most all my life, and they've never done me any good. Drake, look at the sky, boy. How curly pink, eh? Miles and miles. Io, look at the evening star. Ain't it near? Look at it close, my dear, for you shall have it when you grow up. I myself, Connecticut Tom, Tom the Whip Man, Tom, will give it to you to wear on your finger or in your hair."

As they passed around the corner of the house on the way to say good night to Alexander, Io's treble voice and Drake's huskier one floated back, chanting the irresistible rhythm:

"Tom will give it to you to wear,
On your finger or in your hair."

"Both," said the judge, answering Eunice. "Partly your fault; partly because these steps were not meant for a bench."

"No," said Eunice presently, "you have not answered. I—I still wonder. Sometimes I think no two people ever meet except for the sudden pressure of a hand in the dark."

"What do you mean?" demanded the judge, his attention seized.

"Yes," continued Eunice as if he had not spoken, "even when we are nearest, when we are best understood, one of the other, it is only a handclasp in the dark. No one knows me, myself. Not even you—that night—when we touched hands in the dark. For a moment you heard my voice, not as it sounds to all the world, as it sounds now, as it will sound for others until I die, but as it is. You heard it, and perhaps not even I will ever hear it again—as it is."

"I don't quite know what you're talking about," murmured the judge

"Neither do I," said Eunice. Her upturned face was infinitely aloof, white, like a pool of moonlight. "But," she added, "I wish you could have understood me and told me what I mean."

As the judge drove home that night he was tormented by the thought that he had lied, not through intention but through stunned stupidity, when he said he did not know quite what she was talking about. What he might truly have said was that his senses refused to grasp that which his soul felt and shared. He, too, knew the loneliness which had seized upon Eunice, a loneliness which never before had he dreamed could be described in words; and yet she had done it; she had expressed the inexpressible.

How? By not talking sense; by letting her heart beat out loud. Suddenly he drew Gypsy to a walk. Was it not conceivable that again he had been hearing her voice, as it is, and had not recognized it?

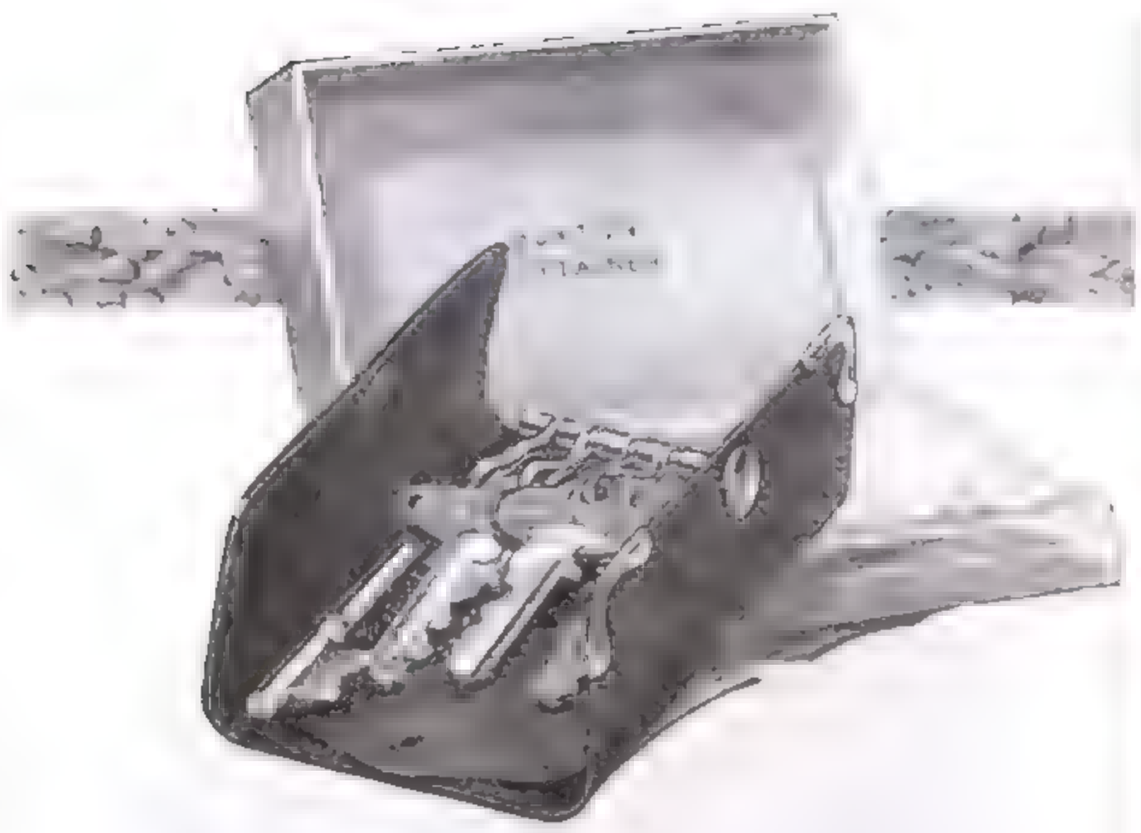
What possible hold could Tryer Mattis have on such a woman? Surely she was more spirit than flesh, more subject to the gossamer traps of the mind than to the heel of the conqueror. Why, she was like some fiddle, fashioned by a master, lightly delicate yet resonant, attuned to sublime chords never yet struck. She was like that, never yet played upon, a reservoir of sounds, of phrases, of music, awaiting the touch of the knowing hand. And if Mattis ever seized her he would crush her into splinters, kill the music forever! At the thought of Tryer the blood rushed to the judge's head so that he felt giddy.

Very early the next morning he drove out by way of the flats to where three scoop shovels, with their heavy teams, the pride of Mattis' heart, were already at work, leveling the approach to the long low cliff and stripping the rock of loam, laying bare the hoarded wealth of Rattling Run Fields. The shape of the farm was unusual. It began with an acute angle between two well-traveled diverging highways and widened in proportion as they spread. The rutted track which sprang from the center of the acute angle, to run past the homestead, was a private road, and almost exactly bifurcated the entire property. To its left were fields, more or less level; to its right, the house, the orchard, the wood, the swamp and pool, a sloping pasture, and, finally, at the widest portion of the Sherborne holding and practically at right angles to the dividing road, the elevation containing the deposit of cement rock.

From the energy with which Mattis was driving forward his attack it was evident that he had taken many soundings and knew not only the extent of the buried lode, but the point from which it could best be exploited. He had chosen a site, staked out the location for the plant itself, and, in spite of the early hour, the judge overtook teams hauling material and found a gang already at work on the foundations. Here, on the job, Mattis had nothing to hide and was at his best. His eye was everywhere at once, his strong hand was ever ready for a lift where it was really needed, and his bull voice had the clarion ring which inspirits men without angering them. He waved to the judge with a broad, friendly gesture of greeting; then drew out his watch with an impatient movement, forgot his work, and immediately seemed to shrivel into something small.

At that moment Tom Bodley's odd rig, preceded rather than drawn by the sleek Alexander, appeared from around the corner of the low cliff. Tom walked beside the carriage, and within it, deep in the shadow of the raised top, were Drake, Io and their mother. At seeing Eunice, the judge felt an extraordinary contraction of the muscles of his chest. So she couldn't even stay away! She had had to come too. He tautened the reins as a signal to the ever-willing Gypsy; she turned widely and dashed homeward at a pace that he urged rather than restrained.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



Gifts 'gossip'—
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EVERY gift talks about whoever sent it. You'd be surprised at what they say, "He didn't waste any thought picking me out" or, "She certainly cares about you."

But there's no gift that says more plainly than a Buxton Keytainer, "Whoever sends me has good taste; thoughtful, too, because I'm an original sort of a gift and very, very useful."

For a Buxton Keytainer keeps keys flat, orderly and easy to find. It protects pockets—or hand bags. In all leathers, styles and sizes, holding from 8 to 16 keys. All have the revolving hook that makes the keys turn easily

Nothing will please a man more than a Keytainer that matches his wallet and cigarette case.

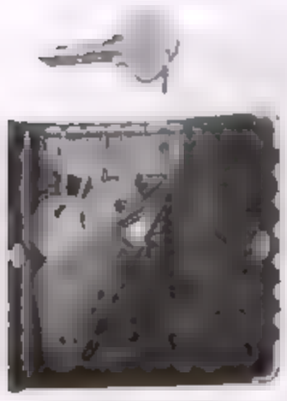
A man will like this model

THIS Keytainer, No. 46-6, is fashioned of rich English Pigskin and is Full-Calf Lined. The button, the corners and clips are all of 14K solid gold. The button may be engraved with his initials. The key hooks are plated with 14K gold and hold from 6 to 12 keys. Packed in an attractive satin-lined gift box, the price is $7.75. There are other models and sizes in this leather from $1.50 to $10.

For her handbag

THIS beautiful Keytainer, No. 27-4, of Alligator Calf in Brown or Gray; Full-Calf Lined. The button is of 14K solid gold and may be engraved with her initials. The key hooks are 14K gold plated, and hold from 4 to 8 keys. Packed in an attractive satin-lined gift box, the price is $2.75. There are other styles and sizes in the same leather ranging in price from $1.50 to $10.

The handy pocket is a great convenience



THERE are special models of Keytainers with a little handy pocket for small important papers that you can't afford to lose or forget; such as railroad and Pullman tickets, auto licenses, identification cards and theatre tickets.

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"The Christmas remembered ever afterwards"

Written by a little girl who knows . . . . . .

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"Home is twice as happy now. When we are tired mother sits down at the Virtuolo and plays stories about knights all clad in silver armor, and sometimes she plays so softly it makes us all hold our breath. And some nights we peep downstairs through the banister and see all the people from miles around dancing and laughing.

"When father comes home tired at night, mother plays to him and makes him look so happy and rested.

"We haven't been left alone so much at night, either. There seems lots more fun at home all the time. We never knew before what a nice place one's own home can be."

The Virtuolo Player-Piano comes in these famous makes:

Hallet & Davis	$685
Conway	$595
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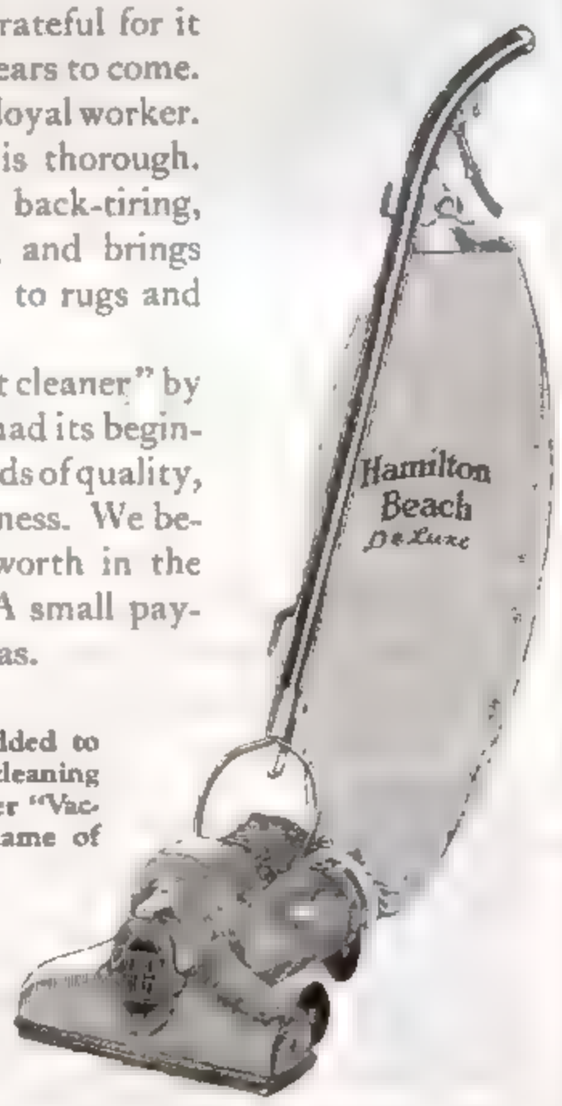

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HAMILTON BEACH MFG. CO., *Racine, Wis.*

SKOOKUM CHUCK

(Continued from Page 27)

"Why?" demanded the stranger. "In some of the books I've read they say that I died from a stone and became a reptile; and I died from a reptile and became an insect; and I died from an insect and became a bird or an animal, perhaps; and I died from an animal and became a man. I ain't never yet lost anything by dying, have I?"

"Were you in the war?" asked Marshall abruptly.

The man shook his head.

"No," he replied; "I tried, but I was too old. They wouldn't take me."

"Too old?" echoed Marshall. "I thought in Canada ——"

"I've sixty-seven years," said the man.

Marshall stared, not in disbelief, but in astonishment.

"I did what I could," went on the other; "I aimed to do my best to look after the places of my neighbors who went. But I had only my boat there, and I couldn't get to all of them more than once a week. It would surprise you how people broke in and stole things and smashed things. Why, an ax wasn't safe! You'd think folks would let a man's things be when he went off to war, wouldn't you? I never ketched any of them at it." He shook his head regretfully. "Oh, well," he concluded, "they're poor things, just undeveloped, undeveloped!"

He arose slowly, stretching his huge frame.

"Well, give Miss Betsy the posies," he said, reaching for the painter.

"But let me call them," urged Marshall, wondering why they had not appeared. "They will want to see you."

"Oh, yes," agreed Tim serenely, "but all in good time. They are probably aweary, and I am aweary, and there always comes another day."

He stepped into his boat.

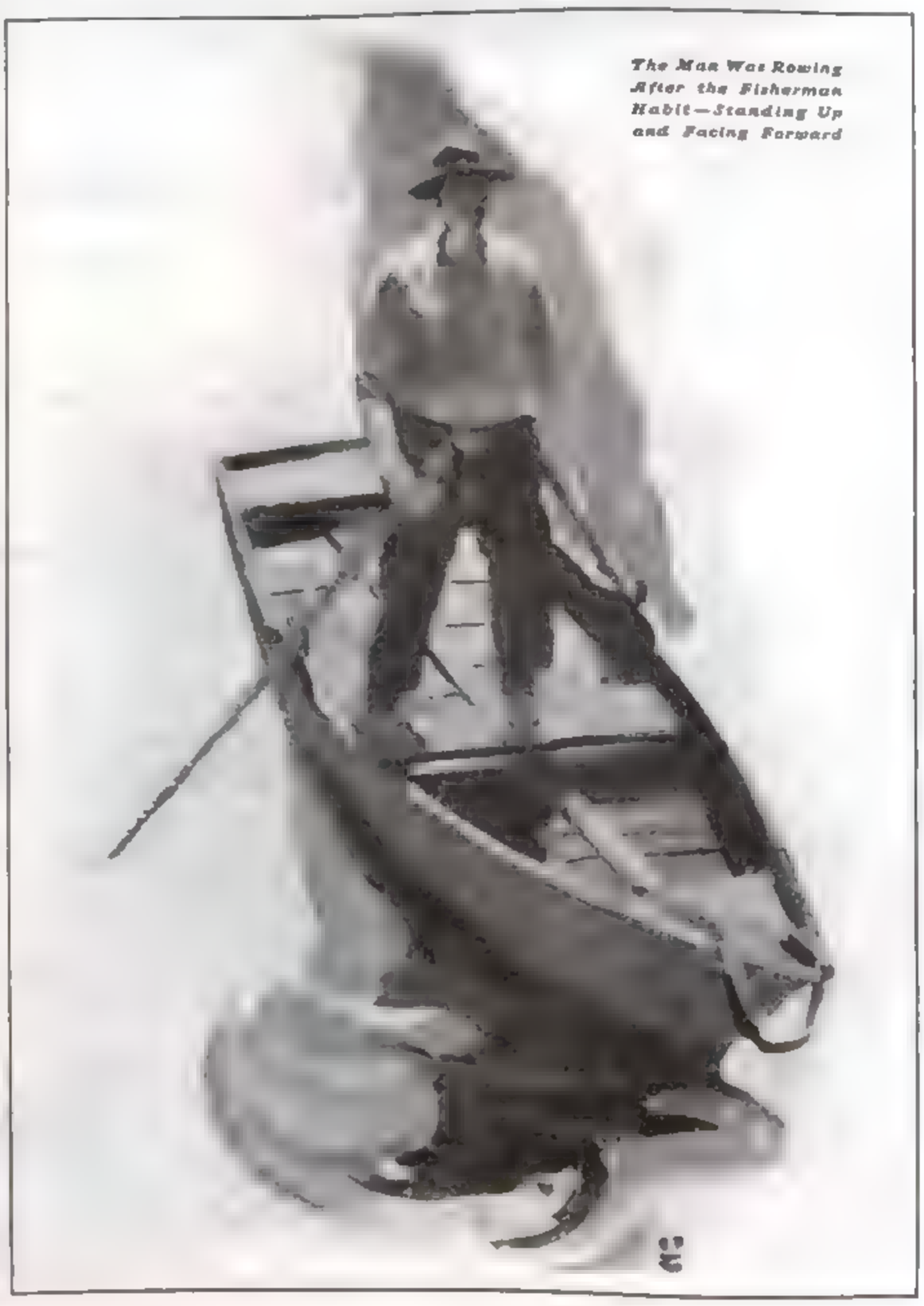
"I should like to see your place," said Marshall impulsively.

"You will be welcome," said Tim in his deep, slow voice.

In the simplicity of the speech was a native dignity that offered, but did not urge. He stood for a moment looking off toward the mountains, his eyes remote; then dipped his oars. At once in some strange fashion Marshall seemed to comprehend that the old man stepped as across a threshold into a high sweet responsive world that was his own possession. Instantaneously he had left the Kittiwake and her people behind him. Under the spaced impulse of the oars the little craft began slowly to fade into the luminous mists. The dark leaning figure became tenuous. And in total oblivion of the fact that a listener was present the old man began softly to sing in a sweet high tenor. It was a wandering, formless fragment of a song, rising and falling almost aimlessly, something akin to the little vagrant breezes that lifted and let fall drowsily their wings. The boat and the swaying figure became dim, disappeared. Only the sleeping mountains and the shining mists and the serene moonlight remained. It was as though the visitor had dissolved into another world from which he had come.

Strangely and inexplicably stirred, Marshall remained for some moments staring at the point of his evanishment. Why he should have been so moved he could not have told. Queer characters, backwoods philosophers were not outside of his experience. But this was something genuine, something real; here was not conscious and laborious pose. In the rough uncouth old figure singing its way into that luminous withdrawal was something elementally touching, something close to tears. Marshall shook himself free from a deep and unwonted emotion.

He picked up the little bouquet and descended into the dark cabin very quietly so as not to disturb the supposed slumbers of his host. The glow of a cigarette end arrested him. Suddenly the electric lights



The Man Was Rowing After the Fisherman Habit—Standing Up and Facing Forward

flared up. He discovered X. Anaxagoras and his sister.

"Why didn't you come up?" he burst out. "And why didn't you tell me about him?"

"In good time," quoted the healer of souls. "I wanted you to know him for yourself."

"But ——"

"The moment for Tim had come," said Anaxagoras enigmatically.

III

THE following morning after breakfast all four of the Kittiwake's crew went ashore in the dinghy to return Tim's call, for Noah now considered himself a member and entitled to accompany Marshall into even the most uncatlike situations. Marshall hardly knew whether to dread or to anticipate the visit. Last night's impression was vividly on his spirit; but in the cold light of morning that impression was likely to suffer change. Nothing could be worse than a backwoods sentimentalist.

The old man met them at the little landing and immediately led them on a tour around the place. At first it seemed to Marshall unkempt. Then he realized rather that it was not tidy, in the sense of long-farmed tidiness. All the essential work was done up to the minute; the unessential had been left. It was the effort of a man working single-handed at many occupations. Things had been let grow wild wherever it did not matter whether things grew wild or not, no matter if that seemed to encroach on some wonted arrangement. Thus fruit trees had been planted, not in rows but singly between tall stumps; and little favorable patches of irregular shape and varying size had been cultivated and planted in a close surrounding of salal and salmonberry vine. The first impression was haphazard, but the second was a growing realization that an immense amount of labor had been performed.

Tim led them among his fruit trees, discoursing with considerable knowledge on the subject of apples and their varieties. Occasionally, however, he stopped to pluck a wild flower, which he offered absently to Betsy; or to gaze for an abstracted moment without comment at something that attracted his appreciation. Thus they came to a narrow footbridge over a gully. Across this was hung free a curtain made of burlap.

"To keep the deer out," Tim answered Marshall's question. "They eat the young apple shoots and my truck garden." He stopped and pointed to a little ledge in the rocks above him, not more than twenty feet away. "Last fall as I was coming right by here to milk my goats in the morning, a fine big buck stood just there. He didn't act a-skeered.

"'Well, old-timer,' I says to him, 'you look pretty there; but I don't like you on my property. Shoo!'

"He went away. And the next morning there he was again! And the top gone off of one of my new trees.

"'Look here, old-timer,' says I, 'this is a little thick. Shoo!'

"That happened three times, and then I got in my boat and rowed around to my neighbor's and borrowed two cartridges of him. I didn't have any at the time. And next morning when I came to milk the goats, sure enough, there he stood again, just as before, right on that little ledge. He looked down at me, and I looked up at him.

"'Good morning, old-timer,' says I. 'I reckon this is the last time we will meet.'"

"Oh, you didn't shoot him!" protested Betsy.

Tim turned on her his clear blue eye.

"Why not, Miss Betsy? He and I couldn't work together." He threw back his head and laughed. "And he sure made fine venison!"

They passed between the burlap curtains, through another orchard, and so to a split-rail fence. Outside this were several goats, among them a huge billy. The moment this latter became aware of the presence of strangers he ran at the fence, reared on his hind legs and thrust his nose in their direction.

"Quit it, Billy!" commanded Tim authoritatively.

"He wants to be petted," said Betsy.

Tim walked to the fence, reached over the top rail, seized the animal's beard in one of his great hands, and deliberately and dispassionately began striking the beast in the face with his clenched fist. The goat shook his head and pulled back, struggling not to be free but to retaliate, his yellow eyes blazing with fury. The blows fell heavy and spared. Betsy cried out in protest.

"No, Miss Betsy, he's got to have it," said Tim placidly. "I know him. He doesn't want to be petted; he's hostile; and when he gets that way he'd kill you in a minute if he could get at you." The goat continued to struggle dumbly for a few moments, but at last uttered a blat. "Got to make him cry or he'd get too big for his pants," said Tim, opening his hand from the animal's beard. The goat walked away a few paces. "It don't look pretty to hit the critter," concluded Tim, "but when a thing is to be done, a man is foolish not to do it. It's Nature. You must work with Nature."

He gazed contemplatively on the goat, whose eye had turned mild and whose bearded countenance seemed to have taken on the inscrutably benign air of wisdom that seems often to go with whiskers.

"Look at him!" said Tim. "Just now he looks like a kind of apostolic goat, doesn't he?"

They returned through the orchards to the house. It proved to be a small two-roomed affair, redeemed from the commonplaceness of the average backwoods shack by a glorious honeysuckle, a luxuriant climbing rose, and gorgeous beds of Shirley poppies planted on a terrace. The interior was jumbled with the careless untidiness that indicates a certain progressive acquisition of blind spots as to habitual surroundings seen only by oneself. Deerskins carpeted the floor. The walls were closely covered by a great variety of pictures clipped from magazines and colored lithographs. Marshall noted that none of these were vulgar in subject, and most of them were in at least possible taste artistically. But the most significant single thing was a miniature nosegay of flowers in a pill bottle set in the center of the winter heating stove, now cold.

Tim made directly for a covered object on a table. It proved to be a small portable phonograph.

"We'll have some music," he said with satisfaction.

He selected a record and started the machinery, his huge gnarled hands looking strangely out of place in the deft operation.

Marshall expected jazz or ragtime, or at least one of the cheap simply melodious songs of sentiment. It was Jocelyn's Berceuse.

"I'm glad you folks came in; I wanted some music," said Tim as he changed the record.

"You must find it great company when you are alone," ventured Marshall.

"I never play it when I am alone," said Tim. "I ain't played her now for two months. You got to have company when you listen to music. Here's a pretty one I kind of like." He studied the record thoughtfully a moment before he began his slow polishing. "It's by a man named Wagner, and it's called Tannhäuser."

"You select good music," observed Marshall.

"I don't know; I know nothing about music. Sometimes I get eight or ten before I strike one I like. But I don't hold with this ragtime. Ragtime just makes fun of good music."

He started the record and seated himself, his elbow on his knee, his chin resting on his doubled hand, his eyes fixed steadily on some point a thousand miles away. The rough-hewn lines of his face, the gnarled great fist, the pose reminded Marshall of something. For a moment he puzzled. "Rodin!" he breathed to himself.

Several more records followed. They were not all of the highest merit, but none were wholly banal. And with each, old Tim withdrew in spirit, wholly absorbed, oblivious of everything but the music.

At length Betsy arose with decision.

"It's beautiful, Tim; but we must go back and get lunch."

"Come again," said the old man without objection, "and thank you for the chance for the music."

IV

THAT afternoon they dug clams on a narrow spit, exposed at low tide, between a small island and the mainland. The next morning, at Marshall's own suggestion, he and Betsy and Noah climbed to the scene of Tim's hand-logging operations. X. Anaxagoras excused himself on the plea of work.

It was quite a climb, nearly five hundred feet straight up the mountain, which dropped abruptly into the sea. Besides the

Continued on Page 141

FOWNES

Yes, royal hands were gloved by Fownes in the 18th Century

—and thereafter, in more than one country. But the fact is of less interest to an American miss or matron than the exquisite precision of fit, the richness and delicacy of shade and texture, the authenticity of style and comfortable assurance of good value, which may be secured so easily today by asking for Fownes Gloves.

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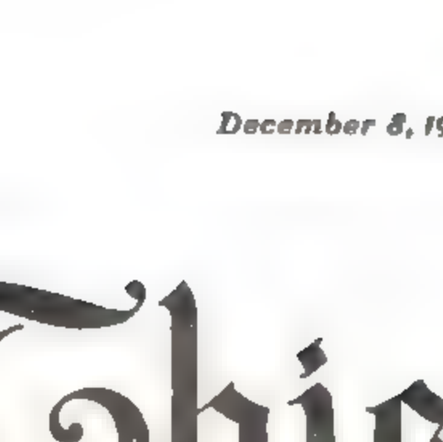
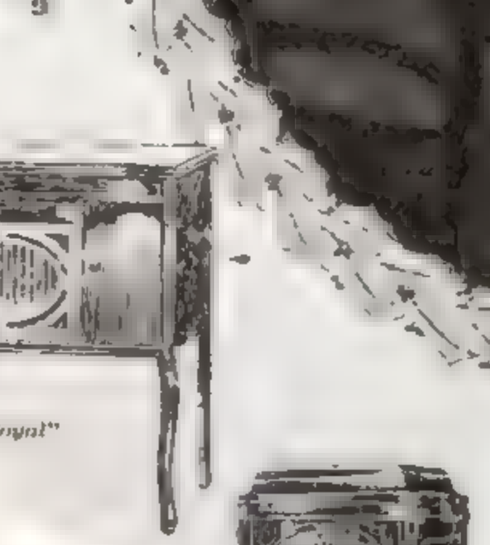
Model 210

Dux


"Chippendale"

Huberman
Rosen
Tiffany


"Gotham"

"Oxford"

Model 127

Onegin

Bohnen

Model 212

ALWAYS SOMETHING NEW ON BRUNSWICK RECORDS
NO WAITING FOR THE OLD ONCE A MONTH RELEASES

Christmas *bring the* NEW HALL OF FAME *into your home*

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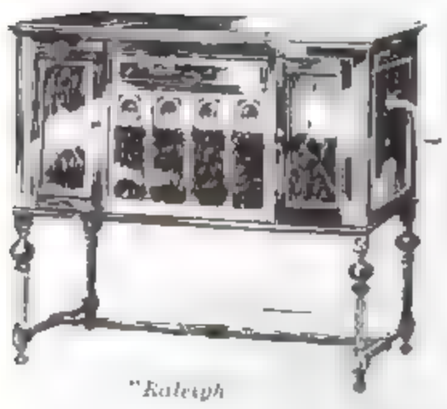
Hofmann

Easton

"Stratford"



"Raleigh"

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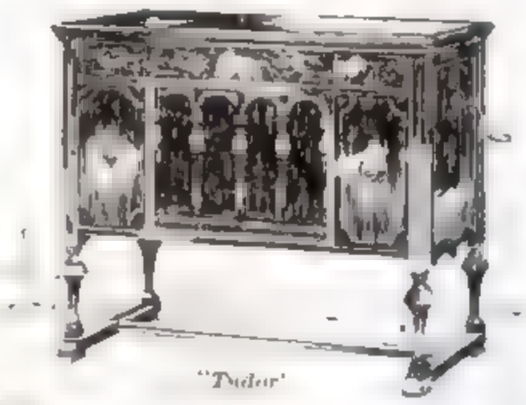
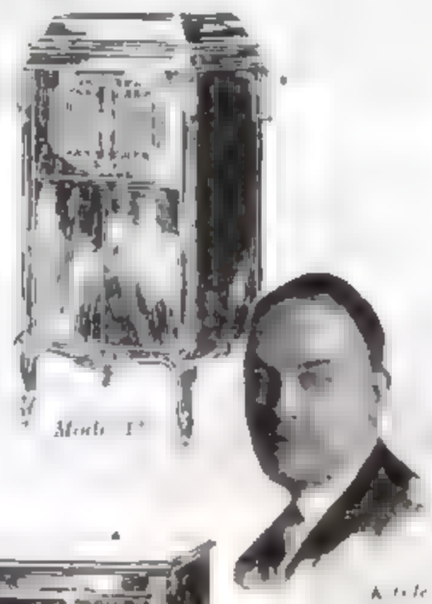


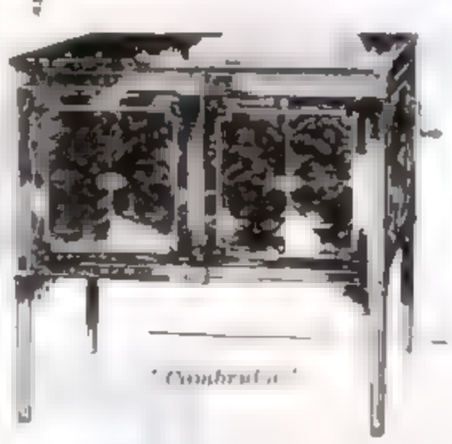
"Tudor"

Lauri Volpi

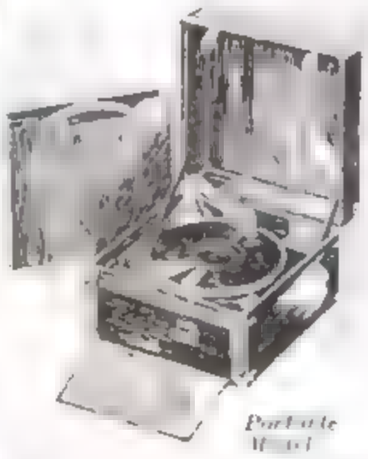


Ponzano

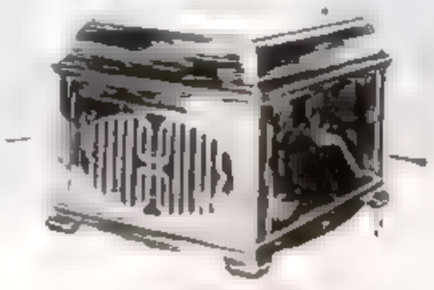
Model



"York"



Portable Model



Model 10

The Sign of Musical Prestige

Brunswick

PHONOGRAPHS AND RECORDS

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EXCALIBUR, aristocrat of bumpers, is built for the car owner who wants the finest that money can buy. Beautiful and strong as King Arthur's famous sword, this bumper is made of three broad bars of heavily nickeled Mo lyb denum steel, metallurgy's greatest defense against impact. Since even the lighter weight Eaton bumpers have withstood a collision force of four thousand pounds, the super-protection afforded by Excalibur is obvious.

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EATON
BUMPERS
Formerly Cox Bumpers

(Continued from Page 137)

usual jungle of salal, salmonberries and young firs, the way was considerably complicated by small bits of slash, where the detritus of branches and bark from some of Tim's earlier operations cumbered the ground. Noah seemed to consider the going good, but Marshall found himself hot and gasping for breath by the time he had arrived where the old man awaited them; and he promptly sat down on a small windfall to recover his wind. Noah took his place alongside. The first things Marshall's eye fell upon riveted his attention.

These were two massive pieces of iron mechanism. One was a good deal like an enormous automobile jack; the other was a round screw jack precisely like those one sees under houses that are being moved bodily. It was no peculiarity of their construction that interested Marshall, but rather the mere fact of their presence. He arose and laid hands on one of them. On the insecure footing he had to exert all his strength to lift it. He estimated it must weigh upwards of a hundred pounds. By what device had these great weights been transported to that elevation? He asked Betsy the question.

"He packed them up on his shoulders little by little," was the reply. "Now watch him; this part of it is pretty"

With the keen narrow-bladed two-bitted falling ax Tim was methodically deepening a notch in a magnificent fir tree of at least five feet diameter. His blows were spaced and deliberate, apparently without effort, yet each time the blade of the ax sank halfway to the helve. The strokes were so accurately placed, moreover, that there was hardly a sixteenth of an inch variation in their point of impact, so that the surface of the kerf—or the inside of the notch - was almost as smooth as though it had been sawed. Marshall, watching at first idly, then in quickening interest, decided with a newly awakened respect that the technic of this swinging blow was quite as definite and as complicated as a stroke at golf. Obviously the accuracy was the same; and the power was delivered in a similar fashion by speed not at the top of the stroke but by an acceleration at the very finish.

Tim stepped back to look critically at his work

"What's the plan for this one, Tim?" Betsy called.

The old man laid aside his ax and approached.

"I'm going to fall her just between that little alder there and that small fir," said he.

The marks indicated were not over ten feet apart, and a hundred feet down the mountain.

"Can you make that tree fall just where you want to?" asked Marshall, glancing at the huge mass a little incredulously.

Tim surveyed him with twinkling blue eyes

"Son," said he impressively, "if a man couldn't stick that there"—he held out his pipe—"stem up in the ground and smash it with his tree, he couldn't do hand-logging."

He filled the pipe, sat beside them on the windfall and explained the simple theory of hand-logging. The tree was felled, it was trimmed and peeled of all the bark so that it would slide the more easily, it was started on its way by a push from the jacks Marshall had been examining, its weight carried it down the hill to salt water. The essential requirements were equally simple. It must be felled to lie approximately up and down hill, because it must slide point first through the other growth; if it lay crosswise or too much on an angle it would not stir. It must be cut on a continuous slope to the water. All that sounded ridiculously simple.

"Now for this stick." Tim turned to Betsy. "When she starts I figure that the little slant of ground near her butt will swing her crown about ten foot to the right. That will head her down through that hole between the big cedar stump and that fir She'll ketch a side swipe on the cedar stump which will fetch her around the other way toward that little hollow that I've bridged down yonder." He waved a hand and Marshall became aware that over a depression Tim had already cut down three smaller trees crosswise to the hill, over which the big fir should slide in its journey. The old man went on in his leisurely fashion, tracing in detail a zigzag and apparently erratic route down the mountain, and pointing out where he had removed certain obstructions or laid skids in assistance. Nevertheless, much of the way seemed to be through what appeared to be a dense growth of good-sized half-grown trees.

"Oh, she'll go through them like paper." Tim waved Marshall's questioning doubt aside.

The young man became slowly aware that he was listening to expert knowledge, bought by long experience, of the balance of forces, the appraisal of weight, momentum, angles of incidence and reflection, the resultants of many opposing or aiding constituents, little and big. If these complicated things were actually in practice to turn out as the old man so confidently described them, it would amount almost to prophecy! He voiced something of this thought.

"I try to work with Nature," Tim replied. "My strength ain't nothing; but Nature'll help if I work with her."

He returned to his ax

After ten minutes Marshall, following Betsy's direction to look upwards, saw that even the relative feebleness of the ax blows as compared with the mass of the tree was causing the top to shiver slightly. Tim delivered three mighty strokes and stepped composedly back. Something cracked with a loud report.

And then, at first slowly and gracefully, soon with an accelerating rush of speed, the tree fell. A faint whispering of air through the branches rose to the roar of winds, was succeeded by a rapid and staccato splintering as the smaller trees and bushes were smashed down or thrust aside. There came a heart-stopping crash and bump. For twenty seconds the contiguous growth was shaken violently as though by a whirl of wind, and a thousand smaller noises seemed to be sucked into the vacuum created by the last great crash. Then the forest was still again. Only a light powder of dust eddied in the sun. The prostrate trunk lay almost exactly centered between the alder and the fir. Noah had departed from thence in disorderly flight.

Tim exchanged his narrow-bladed falling ax for a heavier weapon and methodically attacked the branches. In an extraordinarily short time he had lopped them all off and flung them aside. Then with ax and a short iron bar he cut and pried the bark. It came off in long clean strips, leaving the wood wet and glistening white. Finally he stood atop and rounded off the front end in a blunt cone.

"That's the snipe," he told Marshall "It's a sort of nose to make her run easier. Now we'll look her over and see what our prospects are."

The peeled trunk lay pointing downhill But the snipe was jammed against the bottom of a crosswise windfall four feet thick, and another windfall lay like a jackstraw above that. Obviously the stick could not slide through them. Marshall remarked on this.

"What can you do?" he asked.

"Lift her up on top of them," said Tim. "I aimed to lay her atop them, but she broke just there."

"Do they ever jam so you can't get them out?"

"I ain't lost a log this year," said Tim with a simple pride, "but there's a plenty lost that way along the coast—plenty. Men don't always know how to work with Nature."

"And all that hard work gone for nothing!" cried Marshall, appalled.

"It's in the game," said Tim. "Well, let's eat. We'll tackle her after lunch."

They sat on the windfall and undid their packages. Noah's assimilative acquisitiveness lured him back. He came gingerly, and for some time continued to eye the scenery with considerable distrust. Noah was beginning to develop a complex on logs.

AFTER lunch Tim surveyed the situation for some time in silence. Then he took his ax and cut wide shallow troughs across the windfalls. These he smoothed very carefully, and ended by anointing them with something from a bottle. The notches, he explained, were both guides and runnels in which the log would slip over the windfalls; and the stuff in the bottle was dogfish oil.

Next he crawled down to where the point rested against the windfall. Here he excavated a hole deep enough to contain the screw jack and a huge flat rock, both of which he carried down. The rock he placed as foundation for the jack. Then he inserted the bar and began to turn the screw.

It was in the motion of rowing a boat, but with this difference—every ounce of

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Tim's strength was needed for each stroke of the oar. He braced both feet, and heaved back until the cords stood out on his neck and the veins on his forehead. Each sweep of the bar made a quarter turn of the screw thread on the jack; and each full turn of the thread raised the head of the jack about an inch. Marshall calculated that the point of the snipe must be raised at least three feet to reach the level of the windfall. The thought made him physically weary.

"She moving any?" Tim's voice broke his calculation.

But that question Marshall was ashamed to confess to himself he could not answer. He had not thought to take bearings. But Betsy answered:

"I'm afraid not, Tim."

The old man crawled painfully out from his cramped situation to look for himself. He shook his head.

"Not a hair!" he agreed.

"What's the trouble?" ventured Marshall.

"Must have my foundation in wrong side up," quaintly explained Tim. "When you put that jack between two things and spread it, those things has got to go apart. If the stick don't raise, then I must be apushing the foundation rock into the ground."

He descended, reversed the jack, and in ten seconds undid the effects of the grueling labor of as many minutes. He pulled the jack out of the hole, which he examined. Then methodically and painstakingly he collected material and built another foundation. A second ten minutes of last-ounce effort, but without effect.

"This granite is rotten," Tim diagnosed the difficulty. Again he reversed the jack and removed it. Affairs were exactly where they had been in the beginning.

Tim disappeared up the mountain, to return after an interval half rolling and half carrying another rock, nearly as big as a washtub.

"That'll fetch her!" he cried triumphantly.

He placed this new material with great care, leveling it, chinking it; taking as much pains as though he were laying a foundation for the erection of some permanent structure. Then for the third time he inserted the jack, and for the third time applied all his power to the bar.

Suddenly and startlingly a screeching creak pierced the air. The slowly applied force from beneath had at last overcome the inertia and resiliency of the log and the friction of its end against the windfall. The snipe had scraped upward for some three inches, and like a gigantic slate pencil had shrieked aloud as it made its plainly discernible mark. Marshall drew a deep breath of relief. The trouble seemed to him to be over. He watched the snipe, creeping upward now with the imperceptible steadiness of slowly rising water. He could not see it move, and yet it overpassed the marks he selected to indicate its position. All that remained to be done was to continue until it had been raised high enough.

He glanced down at Tim. How was it to continue? It could not be possible that flesh and blood could endure. The man was gasping for breath, the sweat was pouring down his grimed face. Marshall knew from experience the feeling of powerless collapse that follows too long continued a putting forth of all one has of strength, for he had rowed on his college crew. And as the jack slowly extended itself, a new idea smote him. The huge timber was rising off the ground, and its only support was the spindling shaft and the narrow head of the jack. At the slightest roll, the least preponderance of weight to either side, the gentlest jar, it would seem inevitable that the log must topple off and come crashing to the ground. Tim worked directly under it. Suddenly a new suspense stifled his breath. It was no longer a simple question as to whether the snipe would continue satisfactorily to rise. Would it fall? Like a bear trap!

"But it's dangerous!" He turned to Betsy.

She nodded slowly.

"The hospitals at Rock Bay and Alert Bay are full of the ones who take chances. But Tim generally knows what he's about."

The old man ceased his labors and crawled out from beneath. He wiped his face and breathed deeply, but made no comment on the severity of the labor. At the expression of Marshall's perturbation he smiled.

"She couldn't fall but one way," said he. "On the other side and about fifty foot back she rests agin a little cedar that I calculate is stout enough to hold her. And if she falls off on this side, I've got a hole in view to roll into." He laughed genially. "In this business you always want to look out you've got a hole to roll into," he concluded. "But I guess it's about time to put a samson on her."

The samson proved to be merely a stout slanting brace, planted in the ground and in a deep notch which Tim cut in the side of the log. But this accomplished, he did not return to his galley-slave work beneath.

"She's at the limit of the screw," he explained.

Marshall looked below. The jack was extended to its greatest capacity.

Tim proceeded methodically to fall and trim several trees of nearly a foot diameter. He cut them into lengths and thrust the skids at various points beneath the raised log. Over and over again he tested their bearing on the ground, and the solidity of the support on which their ends rested; for they must sustain the full weight of the log when the jack should be removed. Marshall reflected that this amount of chopping would look like a day's work to himself, but it seemed to be only an incidental.

Tim crawled underneath and inch by inch slacked off on the screw. The skids creaked and protested as they took the weight; the log groaned. But it held. Tim wormed his way out, dragging his ponderous machine after him. He deposited it to one side and returned.

"That's a pretty solid old rock," said he. "I guess we'd better save her." So the huge rock, too, he rolled out.

At a point farther up the log he made slowly and painstakingly a new foundation. The process resumed from its inception.

Thus a few inches at a time the end of the log was raised. The extension possibility of the jack was very short, and so it had to be often moved. Each removal meant a fresh engineering problem of foundation. Not always, owing to the nature of the soil or slope, could it be placed directly beneath, or vertical. Then Tim cut a deep square notch in the round of the tree in which the head of the jack could push without slipping; and on the other side arranged samsons to prevent rolling under this slanting pressure. It required nice calculation, but the calculations were always correct. And after each preparation came the slow terrible heaving at the bar.

Marshall had long since given over wondering how flesh and blood could stand it. His imagination had reached its limits as to that. He could merely take it for granted, and look upon the old man as an inexhaustible source of power. Sixty-seven years, he had said!

The afternoon wore away. Marshall and Betsy sat side by side on the windfall. The work was slow, but to them it was not tedious. Each fraction of an inch gained they watched for eagerly and acclaimed with triumph. The log had long since taken on a kind of personality, a personality of brutish sullen reluctance that was being forced in spite of itself. Noah had recovered his equanimity and insisted on perching on the log itself, where he alternately made his toilet and dozed.

At last the apex of the snipe had been brought to rest at a point only just below the smoothed and oiled channel Tim had cut in the windfalls. He walked down the length of the log and surveyed it critically.

"She'll ride it this time," he said with satisfaction.

Once more he applied himself to the bar. For some time nothing happened, so that the expectation flagged. Then without warning the great timber came to life. Its end rose as it slid up on the snipe. A shrieking rubbing sound filled the air, and with it a grumbling and crushing as the butt end scraped along the ground. It was a voice of great and awesome power, a power unleashed by man, but now scornfully beyond his control.

The huge timber began slowly and majestically to slide forward.

"There she goes!" called Tim, who had miraculously bobbed up on one side. "Watch her!"

Betsy and Marshall rose to their feet; almost stood on tiptoe.

Then beneath the other sound rumbled a grinding as of gigantic brakes. The log slowed, jerked, came to a full stop. Silence fell, and a blankness compounded of disappointment and dismay. The timber rested in the wide runnels Tim had prepared, but

(Continued on Page 145)

There is one Best temperature for Each dish you cook or bake

MOST women really strive to be good cooks. Homes where good food, well-cooked, is served are always healthier, happier homes. These are the homes that people like to visit. Then why aren't there more good cooks? Is it the fault of women generally? Absolutely not!

A woman can't be expected to be a mechanic and a fireman—and that's what she must be if she is expected to use an ordinary stove and achieve perfect results every time.

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5. Cook a Whole Meal in the oven, at one time and while you're miles away—even a meal consisting of *roasted* Meat, *boiled* Vegetables and *baked* Desserts.

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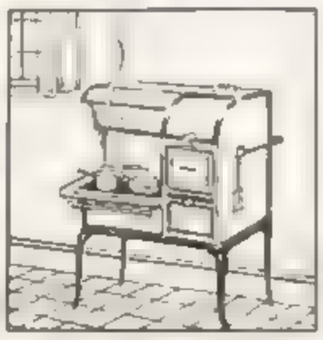
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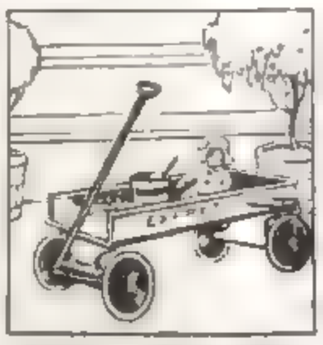
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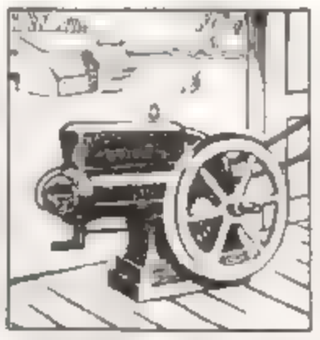
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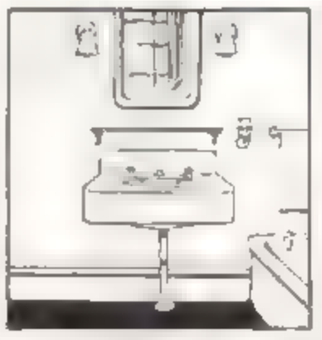
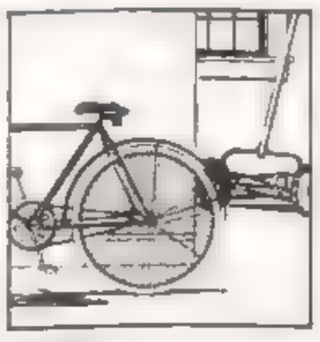

For plumbing fixtures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Any man with an eye for good tools will like its easy hang and balance—the big, comfortable fit of the handle in his fist. He'll want to keep it in some special place where he can always be sure of finding it in a hurry.

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(Continued from Page 142)

slightly across them so that the snipe pressed against one of the sides.

"We'll give her a shove ahead," said Tim philosophically.

He shouldered his other contraption, the one like a mammoth automobile jack, and which he named a gilchrist, and carried it to the butt of the tree. There he braced it at a slant against the end, and began to manipulate it. The result should have been a push ahead; but the interplay of resistances merely caused the timber to roll over slightly without advance. Tim for the twentieth time walked over it from end to end, thoughtfully removing some small obstructions and applying others. Then he tried again. As the long handle of the jack pumped up and down, the two bystanders could discern the quiver, could feel the growing uneasiness that animated its fibers. It was receiving into itself ounce by ounce dynamics which must, when they had been sufficiently accumulated, cause it to manifest in action. As the overflow point drew near, the suspense grew. Each click of the ratchet raised also expectation. Then with all the fearsome preliminary of rumble and crush, the huge timber would move an inch, two inches, three! Again it lay, sullen and brutishly stubborn. The snipe had scraped by so much along the restraining groove edge.

Each time it seemed that another touch—almost a hand shove—must suffice for the release. Each new placement of the gilchrist was confident in prediction that now she must surely go. Each occasion rearoused expectation, until expectation could no longer lift its head. The thing at last took on the proportions of a dumb, brutish, heavy struggle whose doggedness could never advance except by inches—a sort of trench warfare that must result in stalemate and yet which must for some inscrutable reason go on.

Thus the late afternoon became early evening, and the sun rays began to lift, and the twilight forest stillness drew close, awaiting only the departure of these aliens to take possession. It was past suppertime, but Tim showed no indication of quitting. Twice he stopped work long enough to get a drink of water. He had little to say, but his lips were pressed tight together, and his blue eyes looked forth steadily. Marshall caught them full, and muttered an exclamation.

The man was enjoying himself!

The snipe had moved forward about a foot. Another inch must take it past all obstruction. But how many times had they thought just that!

And then, as though giving up before it was forced to that last inch, the tree began, quite smoothly and silently, to slide forward. It glided past like the flow of a river, but with an acceleration of motion that instantly became terrible; not because of the sheer speed, but because behind it were massed dynamics of many tons, and because the mind was seized by the realization that, whereas a moment ago seemingly no human power could affect its inertia, now no human power could leash it again.

But this smooth and deadly gliding advance was of only momentary duration. Out over the windfalls the great thing leaped high into the air. The forest awoke at its descending. The most magnificent spirits of destruction rushed to its attendance; the exultation of great forces that are but rarely released; and wind devils swooping in accompaniment to swirl the dust, toss the splinters, snatch into mad carnival the placid leaves on near-by trees and bushes; and thunderous and mighty voices that ride with the avalanche and the storm.

And bareback on the monster, roused horrified from his placid evening doze, rode Noah. He had, during the long interval of grinding work, returned to his vantage point. He had fallen asleep on a normal and friendly world; he awakened suddenly to find himself flying on a mammoth witches' broomstick, surrounded by the above-named rioting jinn and demons and elementals. None of his resources seemed adequate; but although he had not yet his wits about him, he deployed them. He arched his back and expanded his tail to a brush, but without hope. These things sometimes worked on other cats and very small dogs; but not on big dogs, and here was something more terrific than the biggest big dog. So Noah, while at the top of the parabola, emulated the flying squirrel and cast himself into space. Through the air he sailed for a dozen feet or more, his paws outspread; seized a tall straight fir bole and rapidly ascended to the tipmost top. His complex on logs was complete.

Down the mountainside the great timber plowed its way, sometimes rearing its point high, again plunging nose down into a narrow ledge or a thicket of small trees, like a huge and majestic steamship breasting the waves; scornful of minor obstructions, snapping down tall young firs and cedars as though they had been grass, making its way for itself as regardless of impenetrability as an elephant in the jungle. The roar of its going was punctuated by greater smashes and bumps and jars; and echoes from the woods and hills flocked joyously to add their clamor. It disappeared from view in the greenery, but its course could be plainly followed both by the noise of the impacts and the violent agitation of certain tree tops shaken as though by some giant hand. And then through the trunks, far below, they could see a great fountain of water rise up, and a geyser of spray as though a shell from some distant warship had fallen and exploded. Abruptly and authoritatively quiet returned.

Marshall found himself far out on the end of a windfall that projected over the slope, swinging his cap and cheering like a maniac.

VI

TIM picked up his worn old coat.

"We'll tow her to the boom and call it a day," he remarked prosaically, and led the way downhill.

But Marshall was excited, lifted out of himself. It was the exultation of a victory, a personal victory. His mind was vibrating with the released suspense, as a bowstring vibrates when at last the arrow is released. He chattered like a boy, and utterly out of character with his usual self-contained person.

"Aren't you dead tired?" he exclaimed. "I know hard work when I see it, and this is certainly hard work! Didn't you ever get hurt? It seems to me very dangerous. How much will you get for that log? Who buys it? Will they come and get it?" He stopped short in his tracks, struck by a practical thought. "Look here; why do you go so far up the mountain for your timber? Here are big trees—and close together—much nearer the salt water. Isn't it good?"

Tim, too, stopped.

"It's good," he replied; "even better than up higher. But you see I've got to cut trees that have a straight run to salt water. These here would slide as far as that little flat, there, and then they'd stop. I can help them into the path of gravity, but I can't be gravity itself. I've got to work with Nature."

"But that flat isn't a hundred feet wide!" protested Marshall.

"It's wide enough to stop them. You've got to have power to move weight. If you can't use Nature's power you've got to supply it."

"How's that?"

"Machinery. An engine and a drum and a cable. Haul them to the edge of the flat and slide them over, and then let them go."

They descended the rest of the way, untied the small boats, and rowed out to the log. It floated placid and docile, bobbing obsequiously in the wavelets. Tim drove a staple in its end and attached thereto a light line. He was about to take its end into his own boat, but this both Betsy and Marshall emphatically negatived.

"You've done enough," said the latter. "Take a rest."

"But I always tow them home," objected the old man mildly.

Evidently this epic struggle was to him but the day's work. However, he acquiesced. The procession made its way slowly down the cove. Marshall was in a brown study.

"It ought not to take very elaborate machinery to haul so short a distance," he observed suddenly.

"What? Oh, no; there's a small outfit called the Westhope. It's a four-horsepower stationary gas engine, and a drum."

"If you had one of those, it would make a lot of trees available that now you can't touch."

"Sure."

"I should think you'd get one."

Tim laughed gently.

"I'm going to, son, some day. This hand-logging wears a man out after a while, and I aim to fit myself out before I get too old." Was it sixty-seven years he had said? "But those things cost money."

Gentlemen, this is my son

Just imagine that moment of glory—when you shall introduce that boy of yours to men of affairs—your boy, who so soon will step into the business swirl, to meet stiff competition, hard problems, dangerous temptations. To-day, your greatest joy is to "do something" for that boy of yours, and you ask: What Christmas gift will make him happiest—what will he appreciate most keenly—what will help him most?

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It gives them information about vital things in life that they can get in no other way—shows the value of character and initiative as well as ingenuity; gives them a look-ahead and some preparation for the work-world that your boy will be stepping into almost before you know it.

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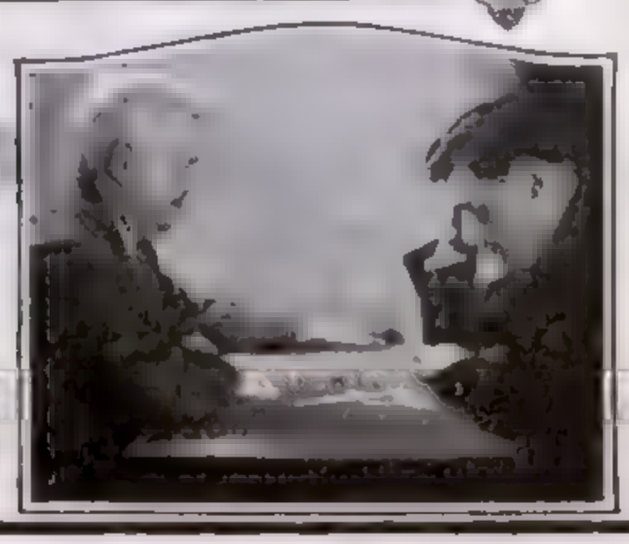

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Marshall started impulsively to speak; caught Tim's steady and kindly blue eye; and choked back the words. He fell into another brown study

By now the twilight had fallen. Betsy and Marshall debarked at the Kittiwake, leaving Tim to complete the short journey with the log to the boom. Anaxagoras met them at the rail.

"You're late enough," he remarked. "Grub's ready. When you boom your log come and eat with us, Tim"

Marshall scrambled on deck and drew his boat one side.

"Look here," he said a little breathlessly, "I want your advice."

"Professional?" queried the healer of souls

"Hell! I don't know!" cried Marshall impatiently. "What difference does it make?"

Anaxagoras looked at him quickly, but with keen interest, and led the way to the forward deck

"Shoot!" said he laconically.

"Do you know a machine called the Westhope? A sort of logging contraption?"

"I've seen them."

"Are they any good? Are they the best sort?"

"About the best for what they're supposed to do. They are just a sort of one-man affair. Why?"

"Would Tim accept one from me?"

Anaxagoras paused once more to survey his patient, but apparently with more interest in the young man's present animation than in his remarks.

"As a gift?" he answered the question at last. "I shouldn't try it."

"I thought not," said Marshall with decision. "Thanks I wanted to know"

"What is your idea?" asked Anaxagoras curiously.

"My idea is that it's a damned outrage the way some things are arranged in this world," snapped back Marshall; and that is all he would say

Tim returned after an interval. They ate supper, then adjourned to the deck. The talk wandered here and there. Marshall took no part in it

"You could get the thing on a part payment," he broke in abruptly, "and pay for it from the added timber you could get out"

"I couldn't get title to it," replied Tim, understanding at once the reference, "and I'd pay interest. I've studied over that. It won't do. No; I figure if things go right and I work steady at the hand-logging, I'll be able to get her in about two years."

Marshall leaned forward.

"I have a proposal to make," said he. "It is this: If you will allow me, I'd like to go into partnership with you. I want to furnish the money for this machine, and let you supply the timber and the labor. The partnership will last until the machine is paid for—and interest of course"

Tim revolved this in his mind.

"I can't see how that's fair, Mr Marshall," he replied equably at last. "It is a fine offer, but it is too uncertain for you. Suppose —"

"I should want the interest high enough to cover all risks," cut in Marshall. "But you would have title, and you could depend on me, I think, not to foreclose on you if there was a delay or an accident or things went wrong."

Tim said nothing. The silence that fell on the little group lasted a long time. Marshall, who had been leaning forward tensely eager, relaxed in disappointment. Then softly the old man began to hum under his breath a quaint little wandering melody. When he spoke it was evident he was communing with himself, and was for the moment quite unaware of those about him.

"There are four big firs that stand on that second bench that would slide just as easy!" he was saying. "And over in the second hollow, that stand of cedar! And when I had the timber out of the dip behind the house I could plant me my peach orchard!"

His great gnarled hands were working slowly one over the other. He was coming reverently close to shining dreams long beheld from afar. Slowly he returned to the present company. His face was impassive, but his blue eyes shone.

"That is a fine offer, Mr. Marshall," he said simply. He uttered no other thanks. "I think I must go now."

"You must be tired, Tim," observed Betsy sympathetically.

He arose and stretched his huge frame.

"Tired, Miss Betsy?" he repeated. "Tired? Not I! But I must go and look at the stars." He paused, the painter of his boat in his hand. "It's true," he said solemnly, "what I've often said. If you only wish for a thing long enough ——"

He stepped into the boat and rowed away. After a long interval the voice of Anaxagoras broke the silence.

"Well, Marshall," said he with a calculated dryness, "you're in the logging business. Do you know what those machines cost?"

"What in the name of seven thousand pink devils do you suppose I care?" burst out the young man angrily.

VII

REMARKS came from the shore. "S O S!" were they. "Help, help! Where are my retainers? Is this the treatment to which I am entitled? Do you expect me to walk on the water? Or swim? Just because I'm nocturnal is no reason for abandoning me to a dark, damp and unfriendly forest chuck-full of logs! S O S! S O S!"

They all burst out laughing.

"Poor Noah!" cried Betsy. "We forgot all about him!"

Editor's Note—This is the seventh of a series of stories by Mr. White. The next will appear in an early issue

Along the State Highway, Southern California

And Little Children called him *"Santy"*

WILLIAM WORTH BURSON

KINDLY eyes that smiled on a world he loved with an understanding heart—a head as regal as an ancient king whose people were as his children—hands of a pioneer and fingers of a scientist. This, in brief, is an authentic picture of William Worth Burson.

A genius in mechanical research, farm born and college bred, he possessed the orderly mind of the well-grounded scientist. When still a young man he was awarded his first patent. Some fifty others followed, each an important contribution to time and labor saving.

Mr. Burson's most remarkable mechanical achievement was the automatic knitting machine which bears his name. Developed after years of the closest application, this marvelous machine actually knits stockings from toe to top to fit each curve of the leg. Until it was invented all full-fashioned hose had to be made with a seam. Just as the hand knitters use a different number of stitches at the ankle, the calf, and the knee, so the Burson process shapes the stockings in the knitting with form-fitting perfection. This is the celebrated "Vee Weave" employed today in knitting Burson hosiery, probably the greatest contribution ever known to the art of knitting.

Time and the mellowing studies and labors of his calling developed Burson the boy pioneer into Burson the scientist with flowing white beard and hair. Little children called him "Santy," and he went about with boxes of miniature stockings in his pockets to give to those who thought they recognized in him their patron saint.

To William Worth Burson fashionably gowned women owe the comfort and perfect fitting qualities of Burson "Vee Weave" Hosiery. The admirers and wearers of these superb stockings are numbered by the hundreds of thousands. It is said, and no doubt with authority, that once a woman is accustomed to the trim-fitting snugness and comfort of Burson Hosiery it is impossible to sell her any other kind.

Thus the man and thus his machine and thus his service of beauty and usefulness to the women of America.

BURSON KNITTING COMPANY

Rockford, Illinois

This ticket (in red) on the hem of every pair

IMMIGRANTS OF TOMORROW

(Continued from Page 18)

receive will be derived not only from the more desirable nationalities but from the better-trained classes within their respective countries.

That is that. It may well be that after I have presented my report you will disagree with the moral I have drawn from it. I shan't feel hurt. My data, I think I am safe in saying, will bear checking up. My conclusions take them or leave them, as you see fit. I am not the least bit conceited about them. When all is said I shall like it best if you form your own. It will give me a feeling that the raw facts have set you thinking, and that is what I am after principally.

We may now proceed. We will examine these changed conditions, try to see what they are and how they touch us and our problem. We will glance awhile at Eastern Europe, and then turn back and take a look at the west. With the extremes of the Continent we won't concern ourselves. Neither in Italy nor in the three Scandinavian countries have circumstances been modified sufficiently to claim our attention.

But wait. There is another little matter. Before we plunge into the rapids, one or two interesting questions confront us: What and where is Eastern Europe? Likewise, what and where is Western Europe? No hasty answers will go. Consider carefully. Your school geography won't help you. Let us pause and look around.

Emigrants Arriving in the Port of New York

Europe Cut in Two

Unlike all Gaul, Europe is divided into two parts. At least it is so for the purposes of American immigration. Come to think of it, there is more to it than that. The reason why it holds good for America is because it is fundamentally true at home. The line is a vague and tortuous one, and drawing it is no child's play. Still, it is there and worth locating. Take your map and with the point of a penknife make an incision somewhere where the Pyrenees jut into the ocean. Cut carefully toward the right, along the ridge of the Alps and their sister chains, till you reach the Carpathians; then, abruptly upward, skip into the Baltic, and through the blue as far as you can go. Now contemplate the result. It does not look like much in the way of a design; but it means infinitely more than I can say. On your left is the world of the desirable immigrant, otherwise known as Northwestern Europe. On your right—an affair shaped like a bent arm with peninsular laces dripping from the elbow forward—the Babel of our more recent newcomers. It is commonly described as Southern and Eastern Europe. In a rough and general sort of way one might say that the upper portion represents the people whom America wants and of whom she has of late been getting fewer and fewer; the nether contains the nationalities that have been arriving in tidal waves

That is the outline of the picture. But those mountains and that sea are really the frontiers of separate worlds. Inside them, on the left, is a universe distinctive in history, population, speech, mentality, institutions and economy. I am not talking about superiority and inferiority. I am even waiving the nebulous matter of race. I am aware, too, that the frontiers are in many places broken and that the two worlds overlap in the most chaotic fashion. But nothing can be clearer than that the two worlds exist. And the most obvious thing of all is that America has more affinity with the northwest than with the south and east. Wherefore, I am constrained to put all my sentiments aside and proclaim to all whom it may concern my conviction that the United States is on the right tack in her preference for the immigrant from the northwest.

I know that that is horrendous treason. I happen, as you may recall, to have been, in one of my previous incarnations, an Eastern European myself. Therefore, according to my Old World compatriots, I must carry the prejudices attaching to that somewhat dim and legendary state down to my American grave. These good friends of mine cry out passionately at the first suggestion that there can be any difference between one European and another. The whole idea of race, they maintain, as applied to the nations of Europe, is pure fantasy. Europe is one civilization, and the distinctions are a matter of degree of development, not of kind. All the peoples of Europe, with one or two exceptions, are descended from a common ancestry. Ergo, the talk about desirable and undesirable immigrants from Europe is unscientific nonsense.

What I should like to say to these hypersensitive friends of mine is something like the following:

Dear fellow East Europeans, it grieves me to differ from you. But I have not the least intention of letting my supposed birth influence my common sense. The difficulty with you is just that you are letting your sentiment of loyalty to the past run away with your judgment. Supposing you are right—and I will grant you that you are—about the unity of European descent; what of it? It takes a blind man not to see the differences in temperament between a Scotchman and a Slav, between a Swede and an Italian. And even if what you say about degrees of development be true, can't you admit that they are enormous just the same?

Besides, you are overlooking the main point. You are forgetting what America means by "desirable." It is no question of superiority. That word does not mean anything, anyway. Who is going to say whether the horse is superior to the steer, or the other way around? It depends on whether you are talking about running a race or about juicy steak. The definition of a desirable immigrant is: A person who can with the least expenditure of time and trouble be made into an American. That is all this country is interested in. And unless you are blinded by sentimental prejudice, how can you fail to perceive that the northwesterner has it all over the southeasterner in this game of Americanization?

Given two individuals of equal intelligence, energy and powers of adaptation, one from Eastern Europe and the other from the west, and there cannot be a moment's doubt as to which one will be the first to fit into the American scheme of things. Who should know this better than we Eastern Europeans ourselves? I hotly deny that I am inferior to any Scandinavian, Britisher or German. But I cannot forget the toil and terrors of my period of apprenticeship to Americanism. I had to unlearn such a deal. I had about five centuries to travel before I could stand shoulder to shoulder with my peers from the west. There were layers upon layers of me that must be shed before I could even begin to make my readjustment. I was like a man out of another planet, with ideas and habits and aspirations and customs and predilections and tastes and notions and preposessions peculiar to the universe I had come from and utterly alien to the world I had suddenly dropped into. It was very simply a choice of clearing my mental and emotional landscape of all this flora and seeding it afresh, or remaining a foreigner in America forever. I had to turn myself inside out, in short, to make some sort of contact with my new environment. Every other Eastern and Southern European, I don't care what his walk in life, has had to go through the same purgatory. But the northerner and the westerner have had a much easier time of it than we, class for class

Why? I'll tell you why. And when I get through telling you you will, for good measure, understand why America prefers those other fellows, and why I concur in her preference. I have already told you, haven't I, that those mountains and that Baltic Sea are the frontiers between two worlds? It remains to point out what makes these worlds so different. To begin with, the whole of Central and Northern and Western Europe—with the possible exception of France—belongs to the same branch of the European race. It is neither here nor there whether it is the nobler or ignobler branch. The important thing is that all these nations have a great deal in common—traditions, outlook, custom, social organization, commercial methods; not least, language. I don't mean that they all speak the same tongue. I merely mean that all their idioms are derived from a common stem, and they are very close to one another. German and Dutch, the Scandinavian tongues and Flemish are sister languages, just as Polish and Russian and Czech and Serbian are sisters in another family. English happens to be one of the younger scions of that western, or Teutonic, house. And English is the language of the United States.

Immigrant Reactions

Moreover, speaking in the broadest terms, this Northwestern Europe is externally the farthest advanced portion of the Continent. It is the industrial part of Europe. It is this end of it, in the main, that the outsider from other continents has in mind when he says Europe. That other world, especially that fraction of it east of the Baltic, has contributed very little to the evolution of modern industry, and has adopted very little more. Eastern Europe is today principally agricultural. It stands on the industrial ladder where Western Europe stood two hundred years ago.

Now let us see where all this is leading us. America not only shares the speech of Western Europe. She is not only racially nearest to the nations which lie above the mountains and to the left of the Baltic. Her first settlers not only brought to her shores the social and political and cultural institutions of the northwest. She is, in addition, a great industrial commonwealth. Her entire external civilization is the most advanced of modern mechanical civilization. Now what is the bearing of this on the immigrant? Why, just this: The chap who lands here from Northern, Central or Western Europe finds himself in a world which, though it may present a few novel wrinkles, is in all essentials like the world he has just come from. He is almost from the start at home in America. English may be a foreign tongue to him, but it is not the fantastic, incredible, alien gibberish it was to me. He may not understand what his neighbors say to him, but he understands what they mean, if you get my point. The whole stock of their ideas and customs and

(Continued on Page 153)

The Emigration Camps at Danzig Where Thousands are Waiting Their Turn to Emigrate to America

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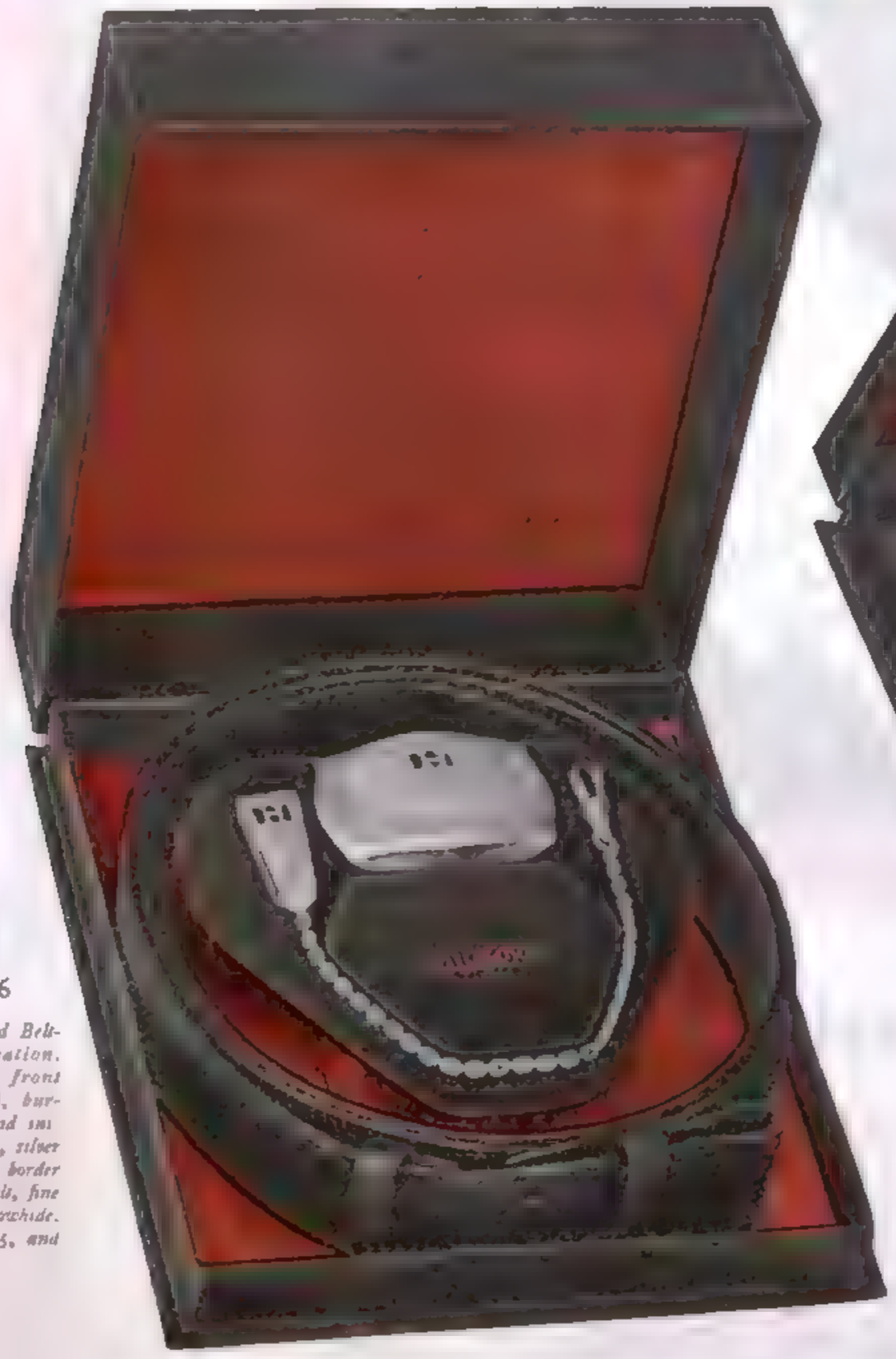

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Rochester, New York

(Continued from Page 148)

ways and manners is but a variation of the things he left behind him. For the most part this westerner comes from the class of the urban worker. Hence, living in a fourth-floor apartment, turning a tap to get water, lighting his home with electricity, working with machines and all the rest of it are not the novelties to him that they are to his fellow from Poland or Sicily. Life in Stockholm or Vienna or Manchester is not so different from life in New York or Chicago. Even if he is a peasant he is not terrified by the thought of taking up a claim away out in our wilderness and making his home on it. He does not distrust his Anglo-Saxon neighbors. They are ancient relatives of his, and it never occurs to him that they would shy away from him. Small wonder America prefers him to the Eastern European. He gives her so much less trouble. His Americanization is an affair of months and hundreds of yards. The easterner's is a thing of decades and leagues.

I not long ago had an encounter which gave me a deeper insight into this matter than I had ever got out of my private experience. It was nearly three years ago, to be exact. Traveling outward on the boat with me was a steerage passenger of Croat origin. Like myself he had his wife and two little girls with him. I tried for a couple of days to get close to him, without much success. He was a shy bird; of peasant stock clearly. I had a notion there was something he could tell me which I wanted to know. What is more, if I could get him to talk it might encourage his friends, of whom there was quite a legion. For some reason or other they seemed to be looking up to him and taking their cue from him. I made several approaches without avail. I was an American to them, a person with spectacles and a stiff collar. I suggested having a liqueur; he did not drink. I came down without the goggles and in a soft collar. It was too late. I casually intimated that I was also foreign born; no use; he did not seem to believe me. At last I had an inspiration.

I took my oldest daughter down with me and got her to play with one of his children. It worked. It melted the ice as if by magic.

He was not quite certain that he was going to settle in the old country. Why? The reply was a long and most illuminating tale. I'll just reproduce the gist of it here, and even at that it will shed light on several crannies in the mystery of Americanization. To be quite honest, he said, he had always craved to return to his native place and get his hands on a certain parcel of land he had been coveting since his boyhood. He had gone to America with that hope. He would work over here, send his savings to his old mother, and when the pile was big enough he would go back and settle down. Well, for a while there were no savings. There was starvation instead. He had no sooner got started than his mother died, and the only living link between him and the Old World was severed. Still he went on dreaming—and saving. Presently a more serious complication arose. He married.

Homesick Immigrants

"The heart," he remarked quaintly, "don't care much about a guy's ambish."

He made a misalliance. His wife was not of his own race. She was a Pole. It seemed to him that the blame for that unkind blow to his ambition was chargeable to America. Had he remained in his native land he would never have seen a Pole. There were, don't you see, two old countries now.

"The wife, she dun care for Herzegovina. She come from Cracow. She like to see her people, live with them. Me—I know nuthin' about Poland."

As time went on the situation got more and more involved. The children came, and they were neither Croats nor Poles. It was a home where the parents had to speak English of a sort as a common medium, so that the youngsters got but little foreign background. When they started going to school they became out-and-out Americans. The little family were now looking three ways toward their native land. But my friend still ached to get that parcel of land. It was a subdued longing by now. But he was a peasant, and the soil drew him like a lodestone.

"Oh, my," he rhapsodized, "the country! No steam and noise. No whistles in the morn'. No strikes and bosses. Gee! So buteful!"

I said, "But see here, there is plenty of land in America. You could have bought a little farm in the West somewhere. A few years ago there was even free land still to be had."

Immigrants on the Bow of the U. S. S. Kaiserin Augusta Victoria

He shook his head.

"Why not?"

"Everybody Americans," he replied with a significant shrug.

"Don't you like Americans?"

"Yes, I like um very much. But ——" He hesitated.

"But what?"

"Not my people. Dun understan'. Too lonesome. No Slavs, no Hrvats ou' West."

I thought "Ah, there it is. The East European has not the stuff for pioneering in his system. Must have his little world to give him courage, or he flounders. A creature of the commune."

But he went on to enlighten me:

"Yah, nice people, Americans. I like um fine. So kind, so smart, up to date. But—" Again he paused, as if not sure he could confide in me. "Difference people. Dun like Hrvats. Dun understan' me and wife. I know um, in Pittsburgh. Yah, look at us so. Make me feel funny. We dun eat the same. My wife, she laugh a lot. I like to play on accordion, sing after I work, and dance—oh, so happy! Americans dun like. Too noisy and wild. Yah, good people, one or two. But all Americans—I'm afraid. And work in shop all my life, no. I want to go back to farm. Maybe in Herzegovina if wife wants."

That self-revelation not only helped me—as I trust it will help you—to see why America and the Eastern European are unideal bedfellows. It was the beginning of the specific investigation which I had set out on and which is the subject of this article. I have paused all this while on the differences between east and west in Europe because they seem to me essential to an understanding of the changes which recent history has brought to both of them, and the resulting modification of their attitude toward emigration.

Now, as I had anticipated, my capture of the bellwether speedily corralled me the whole flock. As the Croat and I sat exchanging confidences his friends, one by one, shuffled over to listen and to interpose a word or a smile. Before we had half finished I could see they were all bursting with tales of their own, and a motley anthology it was. Most of them were coming from the same place in the United States, but their native lands put together formed a map of all Eastern Europe. Steelworkers from the Pittsburgh plants and miners from Pennsylvania and Ohio—Croats, Finns, Slovaks, Poles and Rumanians.

And thus it came to pass that my study of the new Europe began long before I set foot on the soil of the Old World. It was a good introduction to my research. This was the time, you may recall, of that curious spectacle when many groups of aliens were departing faster from the United States than their compatriots were arriving, and Americans were puzzled, stirred and exasperated by the wholesale migration. There were as many explanations of the phenomenon as there were shades of public opinion in our midst. The foreigners were quitting, said the personal-liberty champions, because we had added a certain amendment to our Constitution.

Answers

Folks who had been grieved by the Selective Draft Act saw in the proceedings a revolt of the immigrant against what they were pleased to term American militarism. The cost of living, the twelve-hour day, the concentration of capital, the housing shortage, our failure to ratify the Peace Treaty all came in for a share of the blame, or the credit, as the case might be. Without being conceited about my perspicacity I had a vague and persistent notion that the solution of the mystery must be sought on other shores than ours.

Well, my fellow passengers recited their tales and proved me not very far wrong. I failed to discover the least trace of anti-American feeling in any of their accounts. They were going home because, like my Croat friend, they had always hoped to, because for years they had been without news from their kin at home on account of the war, because the heads of their families had been killed and they were expected to come back and look after family affairs, and especially because they saw golden visions of their regenerated homelands and bright opportunities for themselves in a new Europe.

I stood by the steerage railing on the last evening of the crossing and watched the lights from Cherbourg as our steamer sped on toward Havre. A tall hollow-cheeked Pole was beside me. His eyes were burning with an eager flame, and he could scarcely control his excited nerves.

"It will be good to be back," I said, expressing his thoughts.

"Lord! Think of it! In three days I will be in Warsaw, in my own country, in my own free Poland. Free after a hundred years of division and foreign slavery."

"And besides," I angled cautiously, "to be out of America. Eh?"

He glanced up at me with some surprise.

"America is all right," he said simply.

"Of course she is all right, except that a man is reduced to tea and pop."

"Oh, prohibition! I like a glass of wine or beer with my meals, but I haven't missed it. We made our own or went without. I think it'll be good for the country." And before I could wedge in another comment

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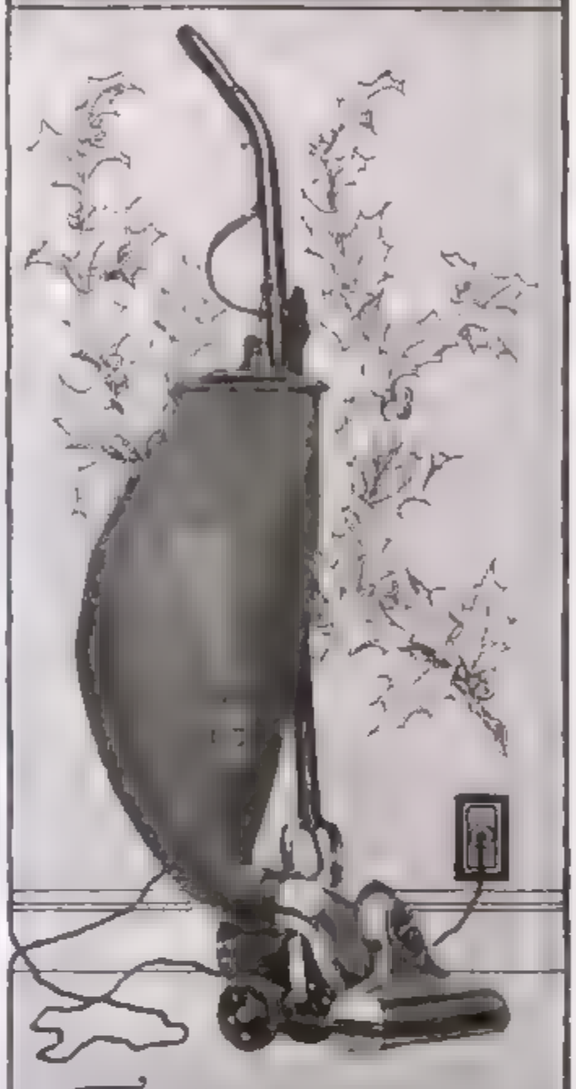

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THE DAYTON STEEL RACQUET CO., DAYTON, OHIO
The Dayton Steel Racquet Company of Canada, Toronto, Canada

DAYTON Steel Racquet
A Racquet as Good as the Game

he was off again on his beloved Poland. "Heigh-ho, no more czar and secret police and arrests for speaking our own language. It'll be like America again, only nicer, because it's home."

And so it went. The Czechs gloried in the thought that they were going back to a Bohemia relieved of the Hapsburgs, the Croats and Rumanians rejoiced that their country was free of the Magyar, the Finns that they were rid of Russia. They were not looking backward at all. They had forgotten their purgatory of hardship and starvation and readjustment. Their thoughts were full of what lay in front of them, their liberated countries, their own beloved villages, their welcoming friends and kinsfolk, the world they had known and been reared in and longed for, and much more besides.

A middle-aged Slovak made a gallant attempt to tell me of his plans in English, then gave it up as hopeless and dashed over into German, which taxed his vocal organs but little less. By dint of concentrated attention I managed to gather the drift of his remarks. He had gone to America a dozen years before because the little farm his father had left was not sufficient to support two families, his brother's and his own. But now he was taking back a thousand dollars, which, when turned into crowns, would buy up half the countryside. The Hungarian magnate was dispossessed by the new republican government, the land was opened up to the peasants, and the exchange made a dollar go a long way. He smacked his lips as he visioned his long-cherished hopes on the threshold of realization. I understood him more fully when I got over into his end of the world nearly a year later.

Catching at American Straws

My sympathies went out to these poor dumb exiles, and I rejoiced with them in their anticipated happiness. Also I was thankful for their glad tidings on my own account. If Eastern Europe was now the El Dorado they painted it, why then no one would want to leave it. I had dreaded going back to my native country. I knew what was awaiting me there. Didn't I remember the return of that other American, the one who had stirred me out of home, and how he had been nearly mobbed by my townspeople with their pleas to be taken? And now I was to step into his shoes. I could just visualize the scene: Queues of wretched, driven, dejected people beating a path to my hotel room—fathers of families, oppressed by poverty, fearful of the future, catching at American straws; ambitious young men, fretting in a world of hobbled opportunity, resenting the recruiting officer and the snobbery of class, widows and orphans without support or hope coming to me with burdens which I was in no position to lighten. What could I promise them? To most of them I should have to be discouraging, or else misleading. To tell them that my adopted country was waiting for them with open arms and an open purse would be both untruthful and cruel. It would merely uproot them from their accustomed misery and drive them from discontent to disappointment. And to give them the facts as I knew them—what an unkind blow to their hopes! Not a very pleasant prospect either way. Well, judging by the sanguine visions of these returning immigrants, I was to be spared the painful interviews.

But when, the following year, I got out to Rumania my first impression was that I had been misled. Bukharest was full of waiting emigrants. The consulate and the local offices of American social organizations were besieged by them. They were shipping out at the rate of a thousand a month. From authoritative reports there were no fewer than fifty thousand in the capital awaiting visas, transportation or money from relatives in the United States. That seemed a little strange in view of those rosy pictures of a regenerated Eastern Europe. Had my friends aboard ship been drawing on their homesick imaginations? Presently I was enlightened. This throng of pioneers was entirely made up of refugees. There was scarcely a single native Rumanian among them. The local population was sitting tight. I remained in Rumania for six weeks and, during all that time, not a solitary soul came to ask me to take him back with me or even as much as to inquire about the fortunes and the blessings of America. The refugees were receiving Rumanian passports, they were filling up the Rumanian quotas, and Ellis Island would report that there was a vast invasion from that country heading for the United States.

It is worth while to pause for a moment in my story and explain the word "refugee." Half of Europe was at this time, and to a degree still is, flooded with these unfortunate people. They are a very considerable factor in our immigration records—as far as Eastern Europe goes, perhaps the most considerable. In Rumania they were principally Russians and Ukrainians, mostly Jews, who had fled across the Pruth to the newly annexed province of Bessarabia, terrified by pogroms and rumors of pogroms, by the eternal invasions and counter invasions of White and Red armies. But in other places they were by no means solely ex-subjects of the czar. Vienna and Budapest, for instance, had their populations almost doubled by these homeless wanderers. They came from everywhere. They were welcomed nowhere, and they were constantly moving. It is no exaggeration to say that they constituted a good twentieth of the population of all Europe. The story of their origin would take us too far afield, and I can but give it in outline. They were the tragic by-product of the war and the treaties—the victims of the doctrine of self-determination. In a very few words, this is what had happened: When the armies were rolling back and forth on the eastern front, hundreds of thousands of peasants and villagers fled for protection to the capitals and large towns of their respective countries. Then came the Peace Conference and broke up great empires into small nations. The refugee woke up on the morning of the new era to find himself caught in a foreign country. Thus, for example, a German-Austrian who had gone from Galicia to Prague discovered, to his discomfiture, that he was no longer either a refugee or an inhabitant of Austria. His home city was now in Poland, and the place he had temporarily fled to was the capital of Czecho-Slovakia. The Czech authorities served notice on him to leave within twenty-four hours on pain of imprisonment; when he got to the new frontier the Polish authorities forbade him entry. He became a perpetual and unwilling traveler. If he was lucky enough to get a passport from one or the other government, and had relatives in the United States, and the quotas were not exhausted, he emigrated to America.

Eagerness Becomes Indifference

But the Rumanian himself was sticking where he was. He was not straining toward the New World; he was not even interested enough to ask about it. His indifference began to irritate me. Man is a curious being. Here I had been for a year fretting at the prospect of my compatriots' pleas and inquisitiveness, and now that my fears proved groundless I was greatly put out. Why did not they come and sit at my feet? Why did not they take advantage of their opportunity to learn the truth about America? Scenes of the past came back to me—the enthusiasm and excitement, the eagerness and hopefulness, the everlasting caravans and the moving farewells of my time. And now—what had come over these people? Measured by my imported standards the old place seemed pretty much as I had left it—deteriorated, if anything. I looked at the houses and the streets and the appearance of my erstwhile fellow countrymen. The improvements were rather elusive. Children still went about barefoot; the peasant was still squatting in the market place with his little heap of produce, toil-worn, ill clad, munching his black bread or cold corn cake on the curb; the little merchant seemed as harassed and unprosperous as ever; the homes as bare and cold and dilapidated as twenty years ago; the general tone of existence shabbier, much shabbier than in my time. Where, then, were the liberation and the glory of which my Polish and Croatian steamer friends spoke so colorfully?

Well, it seemed that the exterior was no quarter to look at if one wanted to perceive the transformation of Eastern Europe. I began to ask questions and then I saw the light. Seeing that my compatriots declined to seek knowledge, I thought perhaps it would clear up matters a little if I should. The first hints of wisdom came to me from one of my own kinsfolk. He was just the sort of person who twenty years ago was a-tiptoe with enthusiasm for America—a young chap with a good education and a family, barely earning enough as a bookkeeper to hold body and soul together, and

(Continued on Page 156)

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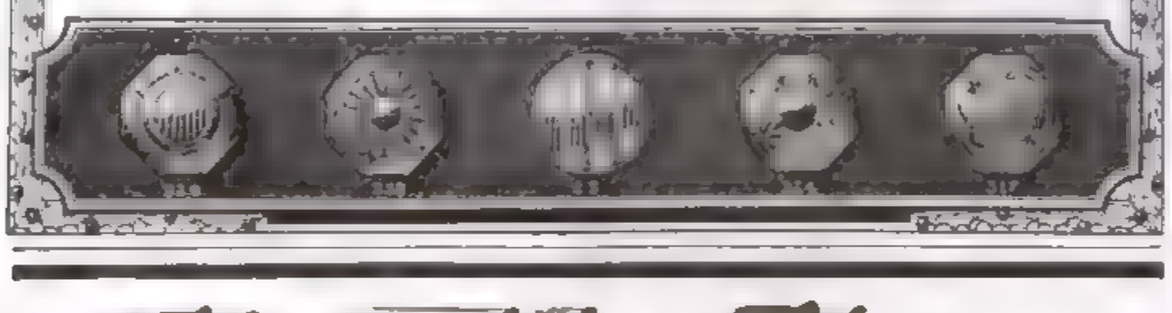

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Ask your dealer for free cardboard model showing how Flexible Flyer steers —or write us for it.

(Continued from Page 154)

with no apparent prospects for improvement.

I said to him, "Have you thought of emigrating?"

"Do you mean to America?" he asked. "It has occurred to me. But it is not very alluring."

"Is this alluring?" I echoed him.

"No, but I know the ropes here. I speak the language. I am at home, and the tide is turning. I cannot warm up to the idea of starting all over again, go job hunting in a distant alien world, and in the end probably land something in a tailor shop."

I felt my irritation mounting. The cheek of the fellow!

"What do you know about America?" I said, but poorly concealing my feelings.

"I know what I heard from you and the others."

Then it dawned on me in a flash that it was in reality my generation that had broken the spell of America for our homelands. We, the romantic contingent, who had taken fairy tales for gospel, who never suspected that pictures might be hand colored, who had seen gold and castles in the rainbow—we had been the ones to set the home folks questioning. We had not intended to, you may believe me. We meant well by America all along and strove manfully to keep the common secret. But we had to answer letters, didn't we? And it so happened that a letter to a son or a cousin in America usually ran to the well-known tune of "Please remit. Now that you are harvesting dollars over there, won't you at least send us a few francs?" But we alone knew how few the dollars were, and far between. In the early days of struggle for a foothold there was scarcely enough to survive on. Even afterwards, alas, we did not all become successful business men. Most of us stuck to the mine and the sweatshop and the pushcart and the foreign colony. Others drifted into strange paths, going in for education and such things—commendable enough in themselves, but the receipts mostly prospective.

The people at home, meantime, knew nothing about our hopes or our battles, and kept pressing their just claims upon us. So the truth was eventually wrung out of us.

"Mother dear," it ran approximately, "gladly would I help you. Isn't that what I went to America for? But I am afraid we were a little oversanguine. I'll make my million yet, rest assured. But it is a bit slow in coming. For the moment I am in need of help myself."

Telltale Letters

That spoiled the picture, as we might have foreseen. We could not stop to think of the effect at home. We were only trying to gain a breathing spell, to be relieved for a while of those constant tragic requests for money.

Then, however, followed something more serious yet. The telltale letters were only a beginning. There were those among my fellows who presently wearied of heroism and romance and starvation, and threw up the sponge altogether. They had had their fling, and after duly weighing the alternatives concluded that the game was not worth the candle.

You may laugh if you choose, and wag your head with scornful pity at the backboneless weakling. But unless you have been through the battle yourself you cannot have the faintest notion of the fear and insecurity, the squalor and the hunger, the longing and the regrets of the newcomer in your midst over here. And if by some supreme effort of imagination you contrive to see yourself in his shoes, the chances are you will marvel that so many stick it out. From far-away, fantastic America, then, the whilom soldier of fortune looked back to the old home with yearning tenderness, and saw it in colors it had never worn. A quiet, cozy, homelike hamlet, with winding roads and great open spaces. Sunshine and smiling fields, and orchards groaning under their luscious burden. Familiar faces of school fellows, friends and kinsfolk. Early rising and an invigorating morning's toil in the open air of the fields or the market place. No crashing and grinding of machines, no driving by foremen, no paralyzing fears of unemployment. At midday a warm, ample, palatable meal at the family board. The afternoon siesta, the cheerful gatherings in the coffeehouse or the village inn for entertainment or affairs. A wedding from time to time; a recurrent festival celebrated in the immemorial way. A world which speaks your language and thinks your thoughts and shares your hopes and memories; a world which you understand and which understands you. Visions like these set the heart thumping and aching, and made America, with all her possibilities and promises, seem a fantastic irrelevancy.

Our sobered Don Quixote, therefore, left off adventuring and made for safety. The old place welcomed him, of course. But the wags made merry.

"How many millions from the American mint are you bringing back, Pete?"

In sheer self-defense the sordid truth tumbled out.

"Millions, eh? Curse Columbus! But for the grace of God I might have had to walk back as I went. Take it from me, boys, never venture out of your native village. I have gone through hell; this, at last, is heaven."

So the fairy tale of American fortunes, assiduously propagated by the early prophets and the poets of the steamship lines, came to a prosy ending. It did not entirely stem the rush, to be sure; Pete's discouraging reports were not universally believed. The American magnet was too powerful. It drew by promises other than pecuniary. There was, among many other things, the hope of liberation from the barrack and the battlefield. But anon came the Great War, and America was swept into the maelstrom. The immigrant, who but the day before had thanked his stars that he had escaped it all, awoke to hear America call him back. He went, of course, for the most part gladly, willingly, with gratitude in his heart.

Growing Skepticism

That, I feel sure, is how the foreign-born citizen generally responded to this country's call to arms. But that is not what I am driving at. It was the way the unexpected development struck his homeland. The people back there put their own interpretation on the news. They had not enjoyed the blessings of American freedom. They owed her nothing for hospitality. All they cared to know was that there was no safety from the battlefield even in emigration. My bookkeeper cousin summed it up in a phrase:

"Europe, America—it's all one now."

With the Peace Treaties signed the Eastern European's growing skepticism about the expediency of emigration was suddenly and enormously strengthened. Hitherto he had been doubtful. Now, all at once, the pressure back of him which had been driving him to exile was all but completely removed. Before 1914 he might have hesitated about America and asked himself whether her promise of alleviating his condition could be relied on.

Now he looked out upon his own scene and found the promise of the New World materialized about him.

That description doubtless sounds a bit strong. It happens, however, to jibe with the facts. Eastern Europe did not, indeed, become Americanized overnight. To the traveler from the United States it might, in fact, have appeared quite unchanged. For certain strata of the population it had, to be quite truthful, changed for the worse. But these were not the strata that had ever gone in search of our shores. For the people who formed the bulk of the emigrant wave the Peace Treaties literally made Eastern Europe into a new world. They almost completely destroyed the incentive to wandering. And when I say that, I realize that I am involving myself in a task of explanation. I shall have to tell you who these people were and why they left their native lands.

I'll begin with the more difficult job of the two. I mean motives. I was lured by the distance and the adventure of the thing. In part, no doubt, the dream of sudden and easy wealth entered into the picture. Besides, there were lofty strivings for education.

Of the little regiment who came with me something of the same sort might be said. There were, as I recall, some threescore of us, and the incentives were at least as numerous. A dozen or so were coming to rejoin relatives. My friend Berco had long cherished an ambition to be a street-railway conductor, which could not be carried to fruition in Vaslui for the sufficient reason that the good town had not yet attained to that mode of transportation. Louis, again, found his commercial talents cramped in the mercantile enterprises of our native land, and craved expansion in the great departmentalized

establishments he had heard existed over here. Likewise, we had with us one or two careerists—young gentlemen with ideas seeking a field to apply them. Some of the motives, I am afraid, were not so pure as they might be. I seem to remember at least one person who was moved to the undertaking by a desire to put the ocean between himself and his creditors, and as many as three who believed that their marital relations would be improved by distance. And inevitably, of course, the prospect of three years under the drill sergeant, with recurrent maneuvers and occasional war in the offing, played as large a part in the expedition as anything else. A motley crew, wasn't it? Yet when you add up all these immediate incentives and strike an average you will arrive at something like a common impulse and a common goal—a general sense that life in the native home was not all that it should be and that the New World held out a promise of improvement.

It is to these general, common-group incentives that the consequences of war and peace have dealt a blow approximately mortal. It is here where the changes of the last five years come in.

Now I understand that you are getting impatient to hear what the changes are. Here I have gone through two-thirds of the article, alluding to them again and again without letting them out. I assure you I am as eager as anybody to come to them. But it is no use stating them without making clear who the people are whom they affect. Moreover, the changes won't mean a very great deal unless we get some idea of the state of things previously. We'll have to understand what the incentives to emigration were if we are to grasp how the new Europe tends to destroy them.

The Subject Nationalities

Let us, first of all, glance at the people. The bulk of our immigrants from Eastern Europe—and that takes in the Baltic countries, Poland, the Ukraine, the Hapsburg lands and the Balkans—were peasants. I shall take Rumania as the representative case, both because I happen to know that country more thoroughly than the rest and because it is really typical. The conditions which prevailed there before the war prevailed throughout the entire region. What is true of Rumania today is in the main true of the other countries also. The peasant was politically subjugated and economically enslaved. If you will take the trouble to look into the matter you will make the interesting discovery that practically without exception all the Christian Rumanians in the United States are not only of peasant origin but that they did not come to us from Rumania. I mean they hail from territories which at the time they left them were not included in the Kingdom of Rumania. Their passports bore the stamp of the double-headed eagle of the Dual Monarchy, which indicates that their homes were in the Hungarian provinces of Transylvania and the Banat, and in the Austrian crownland of Bukowina. That is likewise true of the Jugo-Slavs. There are scarcely any Rumanian Rumanians in America, and there are very few Serbs. Our Jugo-Slav population is made up almost exclusively of Magyar Croats and Austrian Slovenes. The Czecho-Slovaks migrated not from Czecho-Slovakia, which did not exist until 1918, but from Austrian Bohemia and Hungarian Slovakia. Our Poles were classified by the immigration authorities as Germans, Russians and Austrians, depending on which fraction of their divided homeland they had got their walking papers from.

You get the general idea? Our Eastern Europeans were drawn almost entirely from the subject nationalities. It may not be amiss to say a word about the meaning of that phrase. Americans have no experience with the creature, and it will perhaps help you somewhat in your dealings with these newcomers to know something of their background. The subject national is not a foreigner. A foreigner is a person who by birth or allegiance or both belongs to one country and is temporarily sojourning in another. An American missionary in China, an English business man in New York, a Russian artist in Paris, is a foreigner. Such an individual, to be sure, has no voice in the public affairs of the community where he resides, but he enjoys many of the rights of natives and, in addition, the special protection of his own government. In civilized countries, indeed, foreigners receive preferential treatment.

The subject race, on the other hand, is exposed to all the inconveniences of the foreign resident and enjoys none of his immunities. He shares none of the rights of natives and is liable to all their responsibilities. He is governed without his consent like a foreigner, and is drafted into the army and sent to war like a native. The country he lives in is the only one he knows, it has been the home of his ancestors for ages; yet he is distrusted and undesired in it, and may be expelled from it like an invader. If difficulties arise between him and his rulers if he is subjected to indignities or discriminations, if he cannot secure justice in the courts, there is no ambassador for him to turn to. The king to whom he owes allegiance will not tolerate interference from the authorities of his own race across the frontier. His subjects are his own; their grievances are what is diplomatically styled an internal affair. And of grievances there is no lack.

The subject people is as a rule looked down upon as inferior by the dominant race. Its language is ranked as a barbarous jargon and is given no place in the school curriculum, so that the children of the subject may not learn it properly. Not infrequently—as in the case of German Poland—its use is prohibited altogether. Often, too, the folk songs and costumes are outlawed. And laws are made, of course, forbidding associations among the oppressed race for political reasons.

That, however, was the least of the sorrows of the peasant of Eastern Europe. It was largely psychological. He fretted under the restrictions, because he had a notion that his brethren across the border, who lived under a régime of their own, were happier. I happen to know that he exaggerated his own grievances as well as the liberties of his independent confreres. I have looked into the matter somewhat carefully and discovered that the peasant of Rumania proper, for instance, was, if anything, worse off than the subjugated Rumanian of Austro-Hungary. That was especially true as regards education. The Dual Monarchy, for all its tyranny, was at least an enlightened modern master. The Kingdom of Rumania was, and remains to this day, a medieval despotism. Much the same is true of Jugo-Slavia. In important respects the Croat and Slovene had a broader life under the Hapsburg than under the Balkan régime of Belgrade. Likewise it holds good for those portions of Poland which have been detached from Germany and Austria. I believe that many of the more intelligent people among these formerly subject races have found out the same truth for themselves since their liberation and unification.

But whether the sense of oppression was imaginary or rested on hard fact, it did not at all prevent it from forming one of the spurs to emigration.

The Hard Lot of the Peasant

The more serious driving force, however, was the economic position of the peasantry. Broadly speaking, this entire region—Poland, Russia, including the Ukraine and the Baltic Provinces, Hungary, Rumania—still carried on agriculture under the manorial system known in Western Europe in the fifteenth century. The country was divided up into vast estates ruled over by a powerful agrarian aristocracy, whose members spent the better part of the year in the capital or in Paris and the Riviera, and their summer vacations in their palaces at home. The peasant was to all intents and purposes a serf, even though serfdom was officially abolished. He was not legally bound to the land, and he could not be bought and sold like a slave; but in practice he was economically tied down to the manor of the great landowner. In most cases he owned a bit of land which he tilled in primitive fashion. Yet he was hopelessly—even if trifingly—steeped in debt, and his holding was so small and so wretchedly cultivated that it failed to provide him with the meager living which he required. He paid the interest on this permanent mortgage not in money—he had no money—but in labor on his creditor's estate. Not being able to pay off his inherited obligations, he could not, of course, add to his little plot. In winter he eked out his humble existence by a little wood cutting and rabbit and fox hunting, the produce of which he sold to the people of the near-by town. Now and then, too, he was obliged to take his ax and saw and hire himself out for such odd unskilled jobs

(Continued on Page 161)

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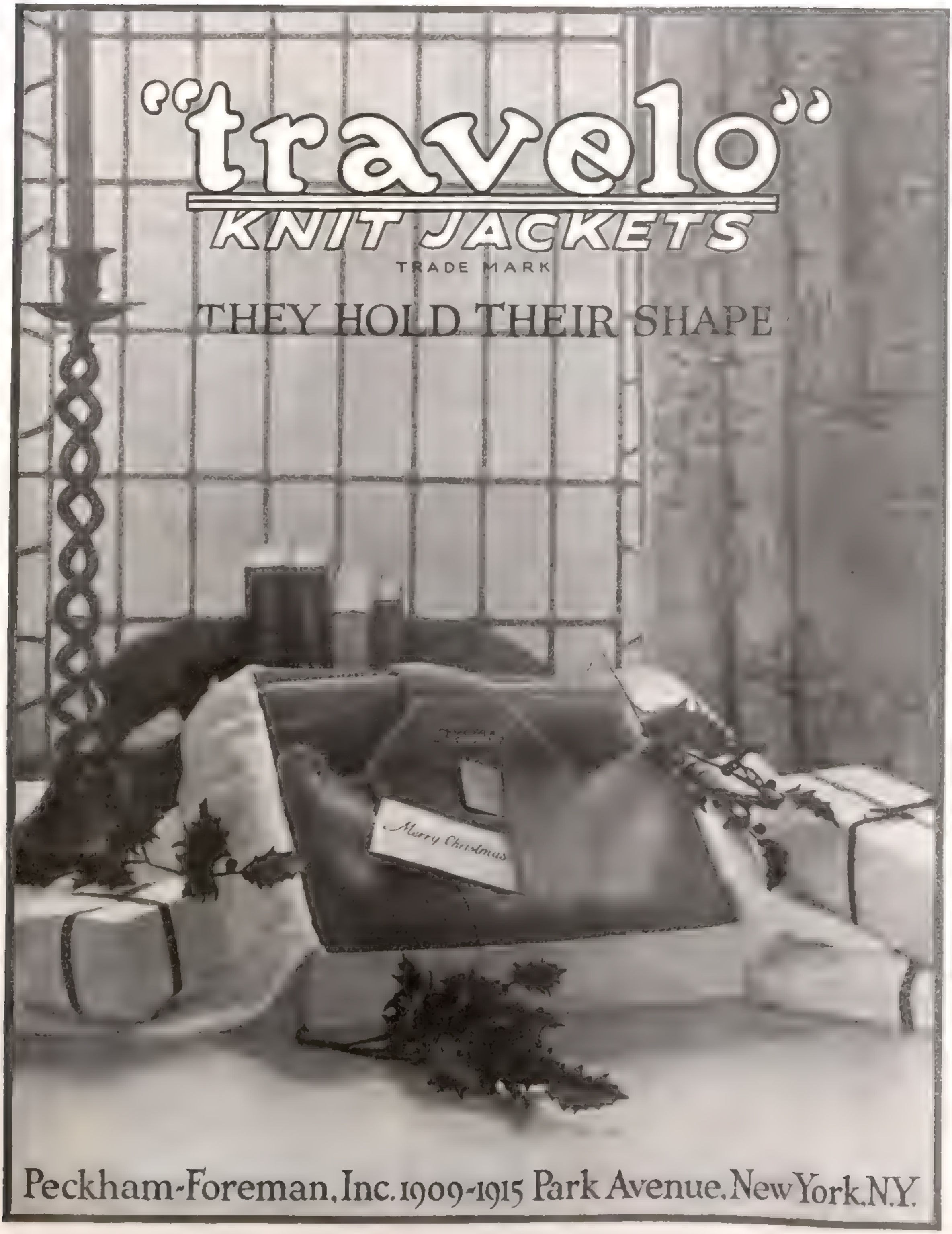
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(Continued from Page 157)

as he could get. His wife and his daughter were servants in the lord's house. In short he was nominally a freeman, but actually a slave. And the hope of improvement lay only far away, in some other country. In the past generation he looked for salvation more and more to America. From what he had heard, she promised to enable him to pay off his crushing debt and provide him with the means of enlarging his farm.

So much for the peasant. The other great class of immigrants from this region was the Jew. In this connection I take the liberty of reminding you that the great ghetto of the world is not in Palestine, the historic homeland of the race. It lies on this broad strip of territory which we have been discussing, between the northern shores of the Baltic and the Mediterranean. It comprises Lithuania, Poland, Galicia, the Ukraine and Rumania. Once in the dim past of fifty and sixty years ago we had immigrant Jews from Western Europe, principally Germany, but not many in recent times. Generally speaking, when we say "Jew" nowadays in the United States we mean the latter-day arrivals from these East European lands. Though they vary greatly among themselves they have all been stamped with the seal of their history and their environment. And their history and environment have been pretty much alike, regardless of political frontiers. They have all the virtues of their western coreligionists—intelligence, a slight but tough physique, extreme adaptability—and an extra measure of the latter's shortcomings. Their faults are those of ancient and highly bred races which have been subjected to discrimination the world over. The oppressed human being may elicit sympathy, but he is not invariably an attractive object to live with. He is very apt to be of rather florid temperament, suspicious, high-strung, greedy and, when suddenly released, inclined to bend too far forward. Taken as a group they adhere to the orthodox Jewish faith, observe the same laws and customs, are heirs to a common system of social institutions and speak a corrupted German dialect known as Yiddish.

Racial Persecution

To a degree infinitely more severe than the peasantry the Jews of Eastern Europe were foreigners in the countries of their birth and descent. The Rumanians of Transylvania, the Slovaks, the Poles and all the rest of the subject peoples could at least aspire some day to independence. They formed the majority of the population in their respective lands; in most cases they had in the past been masters in their own home, and even now half of them could look hopefully across the frontier to self-governing nations of their own race. The Jews had arrived into these countries in comparatively recent times, and had from the start been outsiders and minority peoples—a sort of foreign islands within the nations. Culturally they were, and remain to this day, superior to the bulk of the population among whom they live; with the consequence that, while in America and Western Europe the Jew has shown a tendency to assimilate the local civilization and intermarry with the native people, in Eastern Europe he was rather inclined to look down upon the Gentile and to keep to himself. Partly for this reason, and partly for other reasons, which I shall come to directly, his neighbors have been slow to take him to their bosom in brotherly affection. He was persecuted and discriminated against in a score of ways, and since he was weak and isolated and removed many hundreds of miles from his aboriginal home, and since he had no means of obtaining redress through the action of foreign governments, his lot was a most unenviable one.

It is popularly believed that the Jew suffered in this medieval Europe from religious persecution. My acquaintance with the facts leads me to the opinion that this is an error. To my knowledge there was nowhere any attempt to prohibit the exercise of the Jewish faith or the practices that go with it. In Rumania, for instance, synagogues flourished in every town, and the pious worshiped openly and without interference. The same, I understand, was the case also in the Russian dominions, in Poland and elsewhere. Neither was there, as far as I can discover, any discrimination against Jews even on account of their creed. The plain citizen might perhaps entertain a certain aversion to the race on this score, but it was not the plain citizen who enacted the discriminatory laws. A very considerable number of the younger generation of Jews were well known to have pretty thoroughly outgrown the bias of their fathers. Yet that did not in the least win them the favor of the government. The disabilities were applied without favor or distinction alike to the faithful and the renegade. The authorities never inquired in times of massacre or in rating civil-service eligibles whether a given Jew believed or did not believe in the laws of Moses and the Talmud

The fact of the matter is that to his neighbors the Jews were not a sect, but a class. They were par excellence the urban inhabitants, and they drew upon themselves all the jealousies and suspicions which the townsman everywhere enjoys in agricultural communities. They were the only thing resembling a bourgeoisie—which is merely the French word for the city person Trade was largely in their hands. The Jews of Poland were actually imported by the native princes to promote commerce and encourage the growth of towns in that country. They were the only people who had ready money. Such industry as existed in this backward world was, in the main, conducted by them. They were the artisans, the entrepreneurs, the bankers. The professions which were open to them they almost monopolized. Worst of all, in a society where the vast majority of the population was illiterate, they not only could read and write and calculate but possessed the use of one or two languages—Yiddish and Hebrew—which they alone understood and which enabled them to communicate and carry on affairs with their kin beyond the border. They thus rivaled the landed aristocracy, and constituted a social class by themselves which stood halfway between the ignorant peasantry and the cultivated Junkers.

Though both peasant and agrarian lord were dependent on the peculiar services of this commercial middle class, they both distrusted and feared the Jew in proportion as they needed him. And there can be no doubt but that, looked at from their own point of view, there did lurk a danger in this advantageous position of a class which was at the same time a race and a sect. With his education, his ability, his capital and his international connections, the Jew could, if he were allowed, eventually dominate the community, exactly as the middle class—Jewish or non-Jewish—has done in the last three hundred years in the west. To sum it up, the feeling against the Jew in Eastern Europe was fundamentally the same which in industrial countries animates the classes who work with their hands against the superintending and administrative groups. Bismarck, who did not exactly love the race, said fifty years ago that anti-Semitism is the socialism of the blockhead.

The Unwanted Middle Class

The authorities could, of course, if they had wished to, have naturalized the Jew and made him a proper member of the community. That was what was done in the west after the French Revolution. But the difficulty was that the dominant agrarians wanted no middle class at all. By discouraging the Jew they served notice on the native population that no bourgeoisie would be tolerated. They meant to suppress the creature altogether.

So in all these countries special laws were enacted to keep the townsman Jew down. The first—and, if I had not explained the psychology of the thing to you beforehand, you might think it the strangest—was to keep the Jew a townsman. In Rumania, for instance, he was forbidden to acquire land or to reside in the country. He was discouraged from getting any more education by being required to pay a fee for his children in the public schools while other folks paid none. Higher institutions of learning were either entirely closed to him or left narrowly ajar for a small and arbitrarily chosen percentage. He was drafted into the army, but he could not become an officer. He was barred from the professions of teaching and the law, as well as from the civil services, which latter included employment on the railroads, the telegraph and the municipal traction enterprises. Moreover, the government monopolized certain branches of trade, such as tobacco, matches, salt and a variety of other commodities; and as the Jew was technically a foreigner—even when his ancestors had

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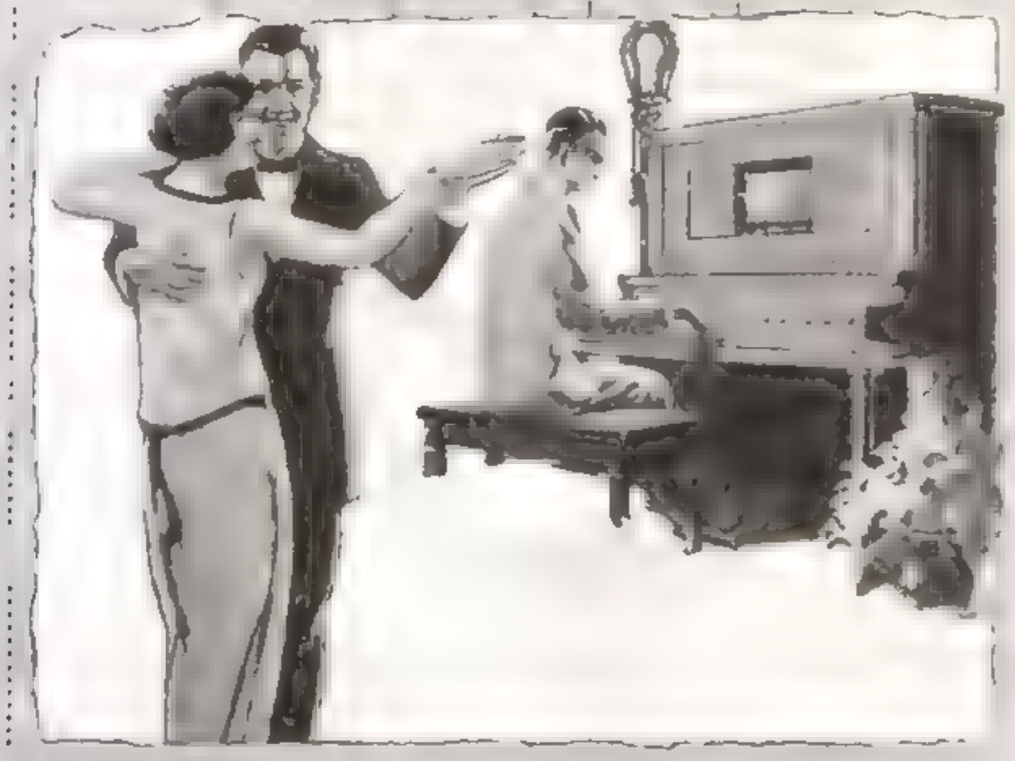

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known no other country for hundreds of years—he could not traffic in them. Finally there were devised a variety of clogs and confiscatory taxes and special licenses for the paralysis of trade generally, with the consequence that not only the Jew, as the leading trader, but the country generally was held down. Clever and thoughtful people have been heard to say that the treatment accorded the Jew in any community is a measure of its enlightenment. It seems as if the wretched lot of the race were not only a gauge but also a prime cause of the backwardness of Eastern Europe.

Now all this was in the prehistoric ages which preceded the Great War. Today, as the result of the struggle itself, of the treaties which ended it, and more especially of some unforeseen results of both, the peasant and the Jew have become the dominating elements in the entire region under discussion.

Territorial Grievances Removed

The most striking, and therefore the least significant, of the changes can be appreciated by anyone without the trouble of a trip to the Balkans. All you have to do is to look at the map as it is today and then compare it with its antiquated predecessor of 1914. Glance at Rumania, for instance. You will discover a country three times its old size, and with nearly three times its former population. What has happened? Rumania has been unified by annexing the provinces from Hungary, Austria and Russia inhabited by people of Rumanian race and speech—and a little more for good measure. Glance, also, at Serbia, if you can find it. The little old kingdom which once bordered on the Danube has disappeared to make room for the great empire of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes, which stretches halfway down the Adriatic and challenges the ambitions of Italy. Here, moreover, are a couple of brand-new republics—resuscitated Poland and a Bohemia revived and enlarged by the addition of Magyar Slovakia and part of Ruthenia. Up in the north there are liberated Finland, Lithuania, Latvia and Esthonia. The old crazy quilt is gone. The territorial grievance of the subject nationalities has been removed. They have become free and independent nations.

That is the political change, and politics is more bark than bite, more bone than meat. The substance of the new orientation is economic. The agrarian upheaval came in through the back door. It had little to do with the good intentions of diplomats and demagogues. It was less a consequence of the deliberate efforts of the peacemakers, and more of the blind force of the war. It was essentially an accident. Part of it, indeed, came about by legislation. In Rumania and in the other countries, too, laws were enacted looking toward the break-up of the great estates and the distribution of the land, by sale, among the working farmers. But this long-demanded reform amounted to little more than a pious promise, because no means were provided for capitalizing the peasant. Some of the governments did pledge themselves to finance the enterprise, but as all these states were bankrupt, the well-meant statutes had every chance of remaining on the books while the peasant continued in his hovel, as wretched as ever and much more disgruntled. The absentee landlord enjoying himself in Paris could make a noble gesture of patriotic self-sacrifice without any cost to his patrimony. He was most obediently willing to sell his lands to the peasants, but what was he to do if no one had the wherewithal to buy him out?

Here is where the good fairy of the exchange stepped in and set things right. That is what I meant when I spoke of the agrarian overturn as chiefly an accident. The very bankruptcy of the governments turned the trick. You see, the laws, whether by oversight or by malice aforethought, omitted to provide for payment at gold par. The depreciated paper currency was still legal tender. Therefore, the landlords were bound to accept the money offered them. When I was in the Balkans in 1921, Rumanian lei stood a hundred to the dollar as against five in normal times. Bulgarian leva were about at the same figure. Serb dinars were worth one-fourteenth of their prewar value; Hungarian crowns one-fiftieth; Polish marks only a little this side of zero. Meantime farm produce rose in price fantastically, as did other commodities, to keep pace with the fall in the currency. Many articles were actually dearer, when figured in American money, than ten years before. So the tiller of the soil, for the first time in his career, was raking in real wealth. I knew of multitudes of instances where a peasant who had inherited some absurd little debt, because his forbears had for generations tried and failed to get the sum together, went and flung the mortgage in the great man's face and paid it off with the price of a keg of wine or a sack of beans. The landlord not only lost his age-old grip on his serf; he began rapidly to sink into beggary. The possession of an estate turned into a liability. With the peasantry free of debt and rolling in money, it was difficult, if not impossible, to get farm hands to work. The result was that the nobility were forced to cut up their holdings and sell, not so much because the law required it as because disobedience threatened ruin. The new day in medieval East Europe was ushered in by a historical joker.

The Jew was emancipated largely by the direct intervention of the peacemakers. All the new and enlarged states of Eastern Europe were required by the terms of the treaty to guarantee the rights of citizenship to minority races within their borders. But even in his case the law in effect merely recorded an accomplished fact. At least it may be said to have guaranteed the continuance of the good work. A beginning was made long before. In the emergency of the great struggle the governments—in Russia and Rumania, for instance—were obliged to swallow their prejudices and take good men where they could find them, regardless of race, creed or caste. In my native country Jews were allowed to become officers almost from the beginning of hostilities. The restrictions on commerce which had hitherto injured their interests were removed. The civilian bureaus, too, were for the first time thrown open to them. As everywhere the sudden and overwhelming crisis cut away the ground from under many preconceptions and theories, and forced the threatened nations to adopt radical measures in order to avert disaster. And when the peace came the reforms were not only allowed to stand but given legal recognition. The Jew, after centuries of discrimination, became a citizen in the lands of his birth and his ancestors.

Militarism Rampant

Now, if I read the moral of these changes in Eastern Europe correctly, if the experience of the past in other countries counts for anything, and if my personal contacts and observations and colloquies have not misled me, the consequence of the liberation of the two classes which hitherto formed the bulk of emigrants from this region cannot but be to weaken the incentives to emigration and diminish the flood. Please remember, however, that when I speak of incentives I mean only the general-group motives. Apart from the vast mass of refugees, who are of course a temporary case, the movement is not likely to stop suddenly and completely. There are, to begin with, numerous counter tendencies, which, in a single article like this, could scarcely be touched on. There is, among other things, the matter of ill-adjusted frontiers. Nearly all the liberated nations have overreached themselves slightly, and have annexed a considerable portion of the lands of their former masters; so that the boot is now on the other foot, and the problem of subject nationalities is not entirely solved. In Poland, the Ukraine and Rumania there have been serious attacks made upon the Jews in spite of newly granted citizenship. Above all, the war cloud still hovers over the entire Continent, and standing armies have in many places been reorganized rather than disbanded. And that has for ages been one of the most powerful of all the motives of emigration. Besides, there remain the individual incentives. There are always likely to be people who will be spurred across the ocean by the desire to reunite families, to better their lot even when it has ceased to be intolerable at home, or simply to pitch their tent on greener pastures.

Nevertheless, I repeat that the great waves of recent years are, in my estimation, a thing of the past. Looking at the matter purely from the viewpoint of America's future unity and social well-being, that seems to me an agreeable prospect to contemplate. It should give the country a breathing spell and an opportunity to naturalize the great undigested masses of immigrants already in its midst.

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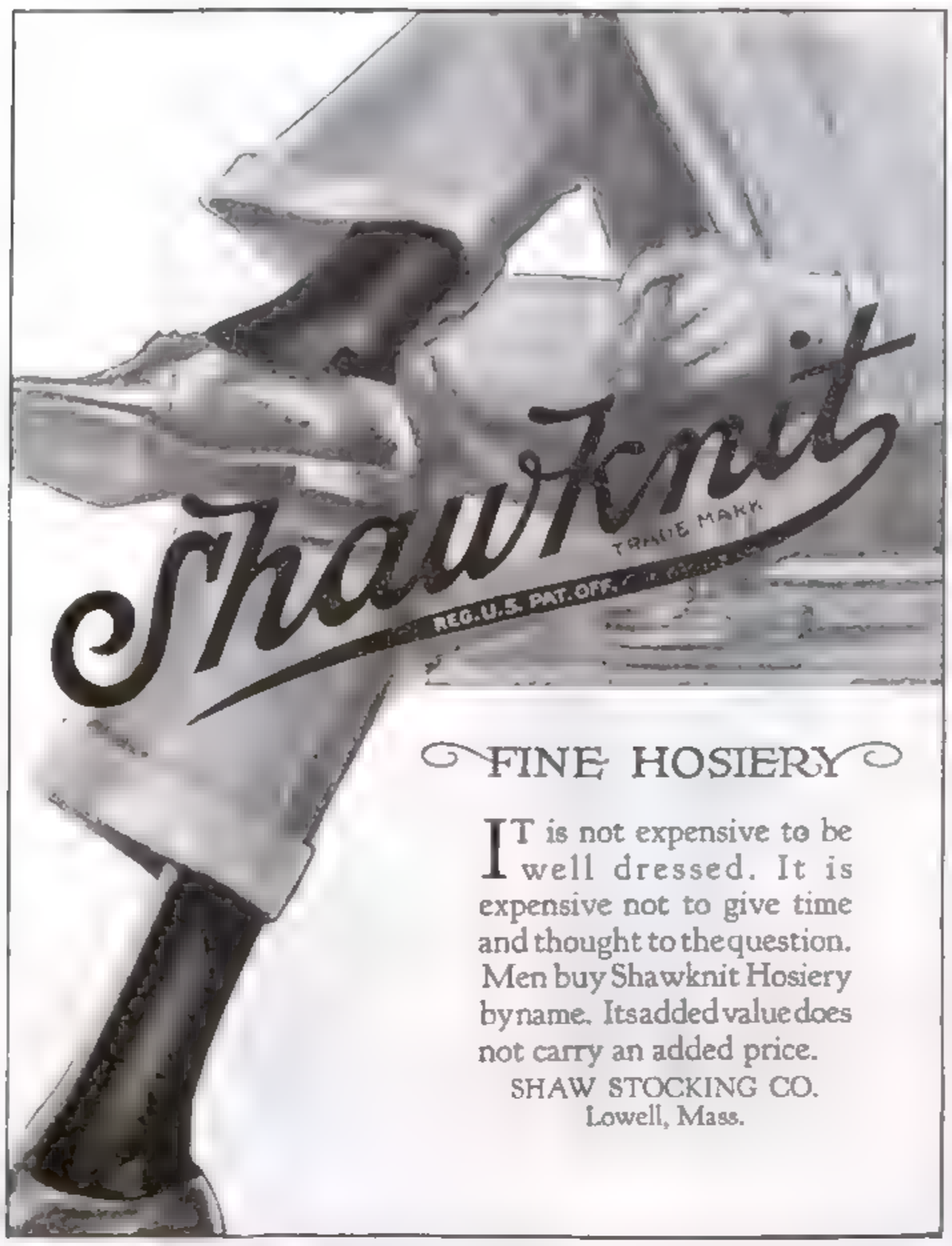

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WHO ARE THE AMERICAN PEOPLE?

(Continued from Page 29)

of the alien is made only when it is apparent from his appearance or behavior that there is probably some defect in his mental make-up. As a result border-line cases, or incipient cases of insanity or other defect, are often overlooked. They succeed in passing the inspection at the port of entry, and once they are in this country they are lost to view until they turn up in some state institution, to be cared for at the expense of the taxpayer.

Another prolific source of social inadequates among our alien population is the smuggled alien—the foreigner who enters the United States surreptitiously, in violation of our laws and without inspection. The smuggling of aliens has become a regular trade since the United States imposed a numerical limit upon the immigrants coming from Europe. We have put up the bars against European immigrants, but we find them crawling under the bars in numbers which we can only estimate. Many and devious are the schemes for smuggling aliens into the United States. We have found them coming by every means of transportation and in every guise. Our thousands of miles of land borders and our vast expanse of coast line offer wealth of opportunity for the hardy outlaw who, tempted by the vast profit in the traffic, engages to pour the poison of illicit immigration into the lifeblood of American civilization.

The actual number of surreptitious entries is difficult to calculate, but it has been conservatively estimated that 100 individuals a day are coming into the United States in violation of the law. Some authorities are of the opinion that the number is as high as 1000 a day.

Every underground channel into America is crowded with illicit immigrants. We find them waiting by the thousand in Cuba for an opportunity to take to the fast motorboats of the smugglers for a quick trip to the shores of Florida. We find them sneaking over unguarded points on the Mexican border and losing themselves in the great Southwest. The illicit traffic in aliens runs side by side with the illicit traffic in rum and the vile commerce in narcotic drugs. Many of our railroad employes are cooperating in an effort to halt the traffic, and the sheriffs of some border counties aid the Federal forces.

One of the chief means of smuggling immigrants today has been contrived as an evasion of the Seaman's Law. Under this law foreign sailors entering an American port and leaving their vessels may remain in the United States sixty days while they seek berths in an outbound ship. They simply leave their ships, wander away from the seacoast and are lost sight of. Hundreds of these pseudo sailors were found not long ago at work in an Eastern industrial plant. On the Pacific Coast the Chinese sailor, or rather the Chinese who claims he is a sailor, finds his way into the United States under this provision of the Seaman's Law, despite exclusion acts or immigration statutes.

Smuggled Chinamen

Under our present laws it is absolutely impossible for the Federal authorities to keep in touch with the alien for even a few hours after he enters this country. Once he is in, there is no machinery for keeping track of him. So long as he keeps out of sight he is safe, and under the law any alien who has been in the United States five years, no matter how he came or what his condition was upon his arrival, cannot be deported.

Recently we made an effort under the immigration law to provide that seamen of the excluded races, the Chinese and other Orientals, must furnish bonds of $500 each upon arrival to insure their reshipping within sixty days. In nine months we collected more than $100,000 in forfeited bonds from Chinese seamen alone. The courts, however, have questioned the power of the Department of Labor to exact this bond, and this method of checking the influx of excluded laborers who enter as seamen has been held in abeyance.

The immigration authorities estimate that there are today in the city of New York nearly 5000 Chinese who are in this country illegally. Our means of rounding up these aliens who are outside of the law are very scanty. Recently we did succeed in getting together more than 150 of them in a series of raids. These aliens are liable to deportation, but it costs $200 a head to send them back to China. For 5000 Chinese that would amount to $1,000,000. The money is not available.

Many of these illicit aliens come to America in the dark holds of smugglers' vessels from the lonely islands of the Caribbean, which for centuries have been the center of the lawlessness of the seas. Within a few months a pilot boat plying out of New York found lying helpless off the coast of Long Island a sloop such as is commonly used in sponge fishing off the Bahama Islands. A crazy string of flags hung from the mast, eloquent of the craft's distress. Aboard the sloop were found fifteen young Chinese nearly starved and utterly bewildered. They told a tale fit to grace the annals of any ancient cutthroat that ever flew the skull and crossbones. There were twenty of the Chinese originally and they had hired the sponger with her captain and crew of four to smuggle them into the United States from the West Indies. When they arrived off New York the captain went ashore in a small boat and failed to return. In a panic the Mongols armed themselves with hatchets and knives and in wild unreasoning fear attacked the four members of the crew, who were armed with revolvers. The Chinese conquered after the deck of the sloop had run red with blood. The four members of the crew and five of the Chinese were killed. The survivors calmly threw the bodies overboard, scrubbed the scarlet decks and sat down to wait. They were near starvation when the pilot boat found them. This is but one incident.

For every smuggler that is intercepted, dozens escape and land their illicit cargoes.

Dregs of Humanity

It is clear to me that we cannot even approximate the abolition of the smuggling of aliens under our present system. If we put the whole Army and Navy and every police force in America at the task, we could hardly check the flow of illicit entries. And the alien who enters the United States illicitly is not fit material for citizenship. We get no real upstanding American out of the dregs of humanity which crowds itself into the holds of smugglers' vessels, fit company for illicit rum and outlawed drugs. What kind of an American can be made out of the individual whose first experience of this country comes through defiance of her laws and evasion of authority? He comes through crime and he brings crime with him. He is an outlaw from the moment he lands on American soil. He has learned contempt for law and order, for all that America stands for. He is the raw material from which is manufactured the population of our jails and penitentiaries.

The criminal and charity records of our great cities show plainly that there is something wrong, either in the alien who comes to America or in the way America treats her alien population. It is in the crowded slums of the cities that the alien is at his worst. Here the second generation, the sons and daughters of the European peasant who finds his way to this land of promise, grow up in an atmosphere of viciousness. The respect for the home and the family which the alien brought to America is lost.

Often the parents fail to grasp the significance of American customs, institutions and laws; fail even to learn the English language. As a result the children are gradually alienated from the family life and find their way to the streets, where they learn their lessons in Americanism from the vilest elements of our population. The result is a wrecked family life, and without a stable, united family, firm in its respect for the sanctity of home and marriage, we cannot maintain a social structure that will justify American civilization.

The alien who comes to America, however strong he may be mentally and physically, is often bewildered by the totally changed conditions which he finds here. He is at a loss to fit himself into his new environment, for in most cases he has been born and lived on the soil and under

the conditions which surrounded his ancestors for generations. Everything is new and strange, and he clings to his old customs, his old language tenaciously, as a matter of self-protection.

It is these things which contribute to the problem of the naturalization of the alien. For it is a fact that the average alien is in America ten years before he undertakes to claim the legal exercise of the rights and privileges of citizenship. It is these things which give us an alien population, unnaturalized, of upwards of 7,000,000. A Federal judge recently said that in his naturalization work at the army camps during the war he was astounded at the number of aliens who thought they were citizens, although they had never been naturalized. He said that he found many of them who voted regularly, despite the fact that they had no legal right of suffrage. He asserted his belief that in some close congressional districts there were illegal alien voters enough to prove the balance of power in an election. To many of these aliens the only naturalization or Americanization authority is the precinct captain of a political party.

Surely these conditions call for a remedy. America owes a duty to the stranger who is admitted to this country. It furthermore owes a duty to itself, in the present and in the days to come. For an alien population which fills more than its share of our jails and insane asylums is hardly the source from which we can draw a sturdy upstanding citizenship for the future. The occupants of charitable institutions and homes for the feeble-minded are hardly the stock that will parent men and women fit to cope with the manifold problems which the nation will face in the future. We must provide means for helping the alien improve himself, and if he proves unable to do it we must send him whence he came. Compulsory citizenship is a futile expedient. Citizenship does not come from mere formality. It is a matter of the heart. The alien, to become a real American, must know America, its traditions, its history, its ideals and its institutions. It rests with America to provide the alien with the means of learning these things if we are to do our duty not alone to the alien but to ourselves. We must Americanize the alien before the alien alienizes America.

The Enrollment Plan

Our need is a system that will do two things—first, give the alien who seeks honestly and conscientiously to comply with our laws and to fit himself for the duties and responsibilities of citizenship the help which he must have to accomplish this end; second, to clear the way for the elimination of the alien who is here in defiance of our laws, or who seeks to abuse our hospitality by preaching the downfall of our institutions, the destruction of our representative form of government. To meet this need there has been proposed a plan of enrollment by means of which every alien entering the United States would be registered, and under which he would be required to make an annual report to the Federal authorities. Every alien, upon his enrollment, would receive an identification card which would establish his right to be in this country and which would entitle him to the benefits of an educational system, already well established through churches, patriotic societies, fraternal organizations and school institutions throughout the country, where he could learn what America means. Under this plan we could see to it that every alien was given an opportunity to become a good American citizen, and if he proved worthy we could accept him as a citizen under a simplified naturalization plan.

It is plain to see that under this system we would have no difficulty in weeding out the illicit immigrant, the smuggled Oriental and the apostle of destruction who has found his devious way to America to preach the downfall of American institutions, the destruction of all law and order. The alien unable to produce his identification card would be given a hearing, and if after a fair and impartial investigation he was unable to establish his right to be in the United States, he could be summarily and promptly deported. Then, too, it would help us combat those among us who would mislead the alien through his ignorance.

This enrollment plan is no radically new departure in our American scheme of things. Every American citizen who lives in our cities under the law must register himself before he can exercise the right of suffrage. There has been suggested some objection to this enrollment plan on the ground that it has in it some of the elements of espionage. If I thought this possible I could not support it, but I cannot find any basis for this objection. The registration lists of our citizenship have never been a basis of espionage, and to my mind there is no more reason to believe that the enrollment of the alien would subject him to any surveillance that has not been imposed upon every citizen through the registration as a voting qualification. No man whose life is open and aboveboard would object to enrolling himself as a prospective good citizen any more than any American today objects to enrolling himself as a voter.

Education of Aliens

There is a clear inconsistency in our treatment of the alien. We provide under our state laws that every child, whether native or foreign born, must attend school. We insist upon years of schooling to fit our own sons and daughters for citizenship. We provide schools for the children of the alien and enforce their attendance. But we accept without an effort at education hundreds of thousands of adult foreigners who are vastly more in need of schooling in Americanism than the child who has from birth lived in the atmosphere of America, under American institutions. This plan for the education of the adult alien would not entail additional expense to the Federal Government. By the payment annually of a small fee prior to naturalization—say, of ten dollars—the alien would defray the expenses of his own schooling in Americanism. If by force of circumstances the alien was unable to pay we could remit the fee. But the great bulk of our alien population is well able to pay such an amount, and to my mind would be more than willing to pay for the benefits which would follow.

There is in this proposal nothing in the direction of discrimination as to race or creed. It would enable us to help every good alien and to deport every bad alien. Of course, there will be opposition. There are those who fatten on the ignorance of the alien, who make a financial profit out of the alien's difficulties and distress. These will be aligned against any move in the direction of eliminating that ignorance and that distress. There are those who make a living by charging the alien high fees for services in connection with naturalization proceedings, a service which ought to be rendered by the Federal Government without cost. These, too, will oppose any simplification of the system of naturalizing the alien.

But no honest American, honestly seeking to better conditions in America, and no honest alien, honestly seeking the best that he can get for himself and his in America, will oppose this plan. The real American and the alien seeking to become a real American will join in supporting it, for it means a better America for the alien and better aliens for America.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles on immigration by Mr. Davis.

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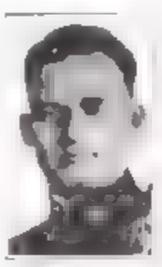
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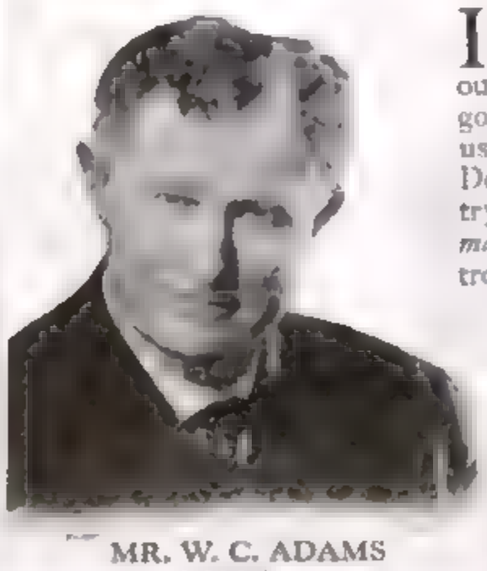
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SPAIN UNDER THE DICTATOR

Continued from Page 23

people received this drastic measure with a somewhat uneasy acquiescence. Their attitude is perhaps most succinctly summarized by a cartoon published in El Sol, the most independent of the Spanish newspapers, which represented a fiercely mustached general washing out a piece of dirty linen inscribed Public Liberties, while a civilian holds up an admonishing finger with the words: "When you have made it nice and clean, don't forget that you are under the obligation to return it to me!"

Thus, at the very beginning, De Rivera was forced to go far beyond Mussolini. The Italian dictator certainly browbeat the Italian Parliament after his march on Rome; he was able to avoid the awkward problems involved in its suppression. There will be no more dangerous moment for De Rivera than that in which he re-creates the Spanish Parliament, and some time or other he must re-create it.

Simultaneously with this decree, on that first day of the new régime a military censorship of the press was instituted, forbidding any hostile criticism of measures taken by the directory and prohibiting even tendencious remarks innocently prefaced by "it is said" or "it is believed." Likewise forbidden was the attribution of proposals and decisions to the directory which are not officially announced, or the publication of mutilated texts of its decrees. Martial law was proclaimed and the constitution suspended. Baldly, this means that the life, liberty and property of any citizen are completely at the mercy of the executive. The Spanish people acquiesced with a shrug of the shoulders. It did not dispute that strong measures were necessary. Abuse of these powers might conceivably provoke a reaction of protest, but so far that abuse has not occurred.

On that day, too, General Aizpurú, minister for war under the Alhucemas government, was nominated to the high commissionership of Morocco, and the civil high commissioner, recently appointed by the Spanish Government as a last hope after the long and dismal succession of failures exhibited by the various generals in the post, was summarily recalled. It was a significant measure. Prior to his *coup d'état*, General Primo de Rivera was known to the Spanish public, in so far as he was known at all, as a general who had several times been relieved of important administrative appointments because he had publicly advocated a complete withdrawal from Morocco. In his pronunciamiento he had said that he did not consider it incumbent upon him to avenge in Morocco the honor of the Spanish Army. There is not the least doubt that the great majority of the Spanish people would be delighted to clear out of Morocco, bag and baggage, if it could be done without a humiliating loss of prestige.

Decrees In Shoals

The inauguration of a civil protectorate—which in the circumstances was a mockery—by the last government was generally interpreted as the beginning of the end, and in the first moments of General de Rivera's accession to power it was thought quite probable that the end was in sight. Of all the generals in the Spanish Army, De Rivera was the only one who, far from being committed to the prosecution of the campaign, was identified with the suggestion of its abandonment. The recall of the civil commissioner, his replacement by General Aizpurú, coupled with the inspired announcements of a vigorous campaign to make a final end of the resistance of the Moors, was not only a surprise to the Spanish people—it has in all probability linked the fate of General de Rivera's government, like that of so many Spanish governments before him, to the success of military operations in North Africa. And unless the generals in the field adopt methods very different from those of their predecessors, the betting is on the Moors.

Since that first day without cessation decrees have issued in shoals from the office of the Directorate, emanating in every case from the dictator himself. It is he who frames each one personally, and although they are all countersigned by the King, it is his thought they represent. The quantity of work he has taken on his shoulders is colossal, and the difficulty of his task is accentuated by the fact that there is no reason to suppose that he had previously made any deep study of the innumerable complex problems of administration. But so far he has ridden roughshod over all obstacles and made summary and often startling excursions into almost every department of the national life. Whatever his genius for government—and that has yet substantially to be proved—no one can deny him the possession of a fierce, almost febrile, energy. Surrounded by the mountains of paper that heap themselves on his desk, he works from early morning till far into the night. For a moment or two each day, as he hurries in, and again as he hurries out, at the portal of the council chamber of the Directorate, he throws a few curt words to the eager group of assembled journalists, informing them succinctly of his latest decision. But he gives no interviews, even to the most important representatives of the foreign press. To world opinion he is indifferent. He is a soldier who issues his orders and does not discuss them.

The Separatist Movement

One of the first of those decrees provided for the immediate raising of 450,000 voluntary armed police, 50,000 from each of the nine military regions. It was a measure that seems to have been inspired by the national militia into which Mussolini converted his armed Fascisti, although the decree invoked the memory of the old Catalonian *somatén*. But it is perhaps the only decree of the new government which so far has been but languidly carried into effect. It is possible that it has dawned upon General de Rivera that 450,000 armed civilians might exhibit unpleasantly independent tendencies. He has no loyal and sternly disciplined Fascisti party at his back. He has no party at all on which he can rely. The country is merely looking on, with, on the whole, a benevolent curiosity: it is not yet confident enough for active collaboration. He has nothing but the army, and so long as the army obeys it is certainly supererogatory to create another weaponed force.

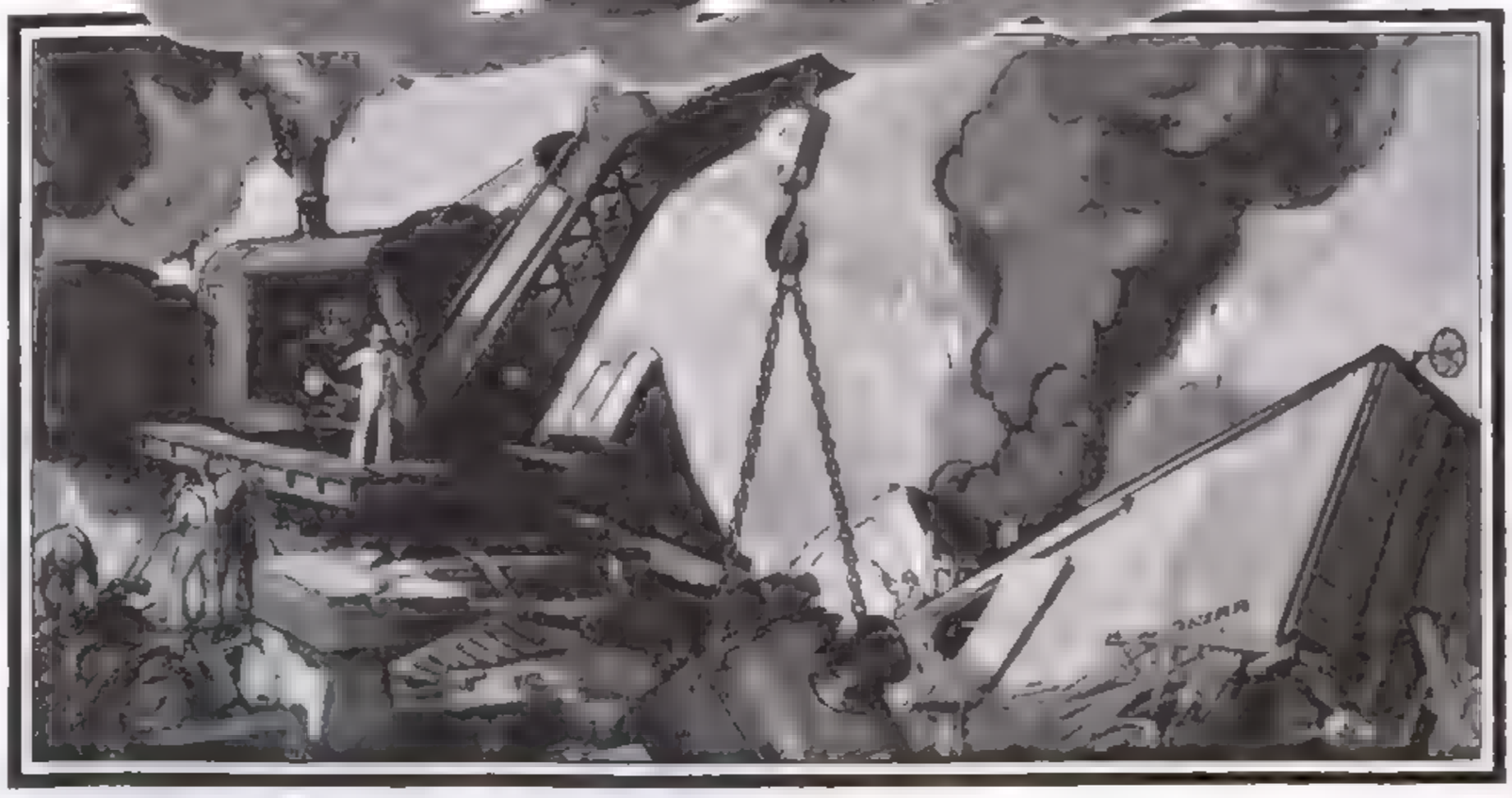
But all the others of those swiftly following decrees have been inexorably applied. One of the earliest was directed against that separatist movement in Catalonia and Galicia, which is too big a subject to be elucidated here, but which for years has been a steadily growing menace to the organic unity of Spain. Separatist newspapers, flags, meetings, manifestations of any kind, were summarily suppressed, and—for the moment—separatism is not.

The measure, however, which has given the greatest satisfaction and not a little cynical amusement to the Spanish people, is the decree which deals with the bureaucracy. It is notorious that not only was the Spanish bureaucracy enormously overstaffed; it bore on its pay sheet hordes of people who were merely political pensioners and who made no pretense of performing any duties whatever. Many of these fortunate persons were appointed to four or five ministries at once. A very large number of journalists, thus cheaply subsidized by the politicians whom they served, were among these privileged sinecurists. It was a scandal which aroused not a little resentment among the less-favored employes who had after all to put in an appearance; but, as one of these journalist-bureaucrats pleasantly remarked to an indignant desk-tied colleague, "If some of us did not write the newspapers for the rest of you to read, what would you do with your time?"

Four days after assuming power General de Rivera issued a decree which threatened with dismissal all those government employes who were not in their offices by the regulation hour of nine A.M., and automatically discharged all those who were not regular in their attendance. The result was pure comedy, with behind it those real and pitiful little human agonies of spirit which make the best of comedies only the other face of tragedy. Those inhabitants of Madrid who get up early enough—and they are few—may now any day treat themselves to a spectacle which would be a sweet if vengeful delight to the long-suffering taxpayer of any country. At those portals of the ministries dotted all over the center of the capital wherein, prior to that catastrophic nineteenth of September, the august bureaucrat entered with the fine casual leisure proper to his dignity at

(Continued on Page 169

Wrecking Chains or Tire Chains
It's All in "Knowing How"



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Ready to attach to any good set, in place of headphones.

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—this distinctive gift

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It is graceful and offers pleasing color combinations that match the practical house dress or the delicate negligee.

"The Mandarin" is particularly stylish at this time. It expresses the Chinese note.

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CosyToes
The Restful Slipper
California's Suggestion for true restfulness

STANDARD FELT COMPANY
WEST ALHAMBRA, CALIF.

(Continued from Page 166)

any hour from eleven A.M. onwards, may now be witnessed a most undignified jostling throng feverishly hurrying to sign the book before the clock strikes nine.

And the comedy does not end there. Within those offices is a pathetic congregation of individuals standing around helplessly and anxiously. Many of them are entirely unknown, even to the oldest and most regular of the workaday employes. Yet these strange faces are his colleagues, for months and years in receipt of official pay, which often enough they have sent a deputy to draw for them. There are no desks at which they can work, for they have never had desks. They cannot sit down, for there are no chairs for them. Yet unless their daily bread is to vanish—they must remain there, revealed in all their humiliating superfluity, from nine A.M. to two P.M.

Work in those offices proceeds with a dispatch unknown in any other government offices in the world. Does a letter come in? Is there a docket to file? A dozen outstretched hands snatch at it, tremblingly eager to create a justification for their official existence.

But if the situation is awkward for these supernumeraries making an unfamiliar attendance in the office to which they are accredited, it is even more awkward for those who hold a multiplicity of such appointments. The talents of these gentlemen must presumably have been very highly appreciated by the politicians who nominated them, but even the most gifted of *âmes damnées* finds it physically impossible to be in five or six places at one and the same time. The exigencies of time, space and that terrible General de Rivera conflict fatally. Those erstwhile happy pluralists have now to be content with one poor precarious sinecure. And the journalists, particularly those on the evening papers, are compelled to renounce even one. It is that obligation to remain until two P.M. which overthrows them. In the first day or two of the application of this measure 1500 names were struck off the pay sheets of the ministries, and it is shudderingly calculated that not less than 10,000 are immediately menaced.

But the dictator had not yet finished with the Augean stable of the Spanish administration. Successive decrees provided that there should be no more promotions; if a chief died the next man would take over his work without increase of pay. Of the vacancies which normally occur by death or retirement, a quarter are not to be filled at all. All examinations and nominations for entry into the government service are canceled; for the time being there will be no new appointments. And inspectors are now going round the offices searching for evidence of corrupt practices and dealing faithfully with the cases that they find.

Soft Government Jobs

By these measures General de Rivera is not only arousing for himself the implacable, bitter enmity of a horde of dispossessed placemen, many of them journalists with influence upon public opinion; he is, of course, incurring the hostility of the entire civil service, which by no means enjoys being thus speeded up. Also, by shutting the doors of the government offices in the face of some thousands of young men who had been educated with the sole object of eventually being provided for at the public expense, he has spread dismay among a large section of the bourgeoisie.

"The government service," cynically wrote a Spanish statesman many years ago, "is the civil list of the middle classes."

They had grown to regard a comfortable, sheltered job for at least one member of the family as their inalienable prerogative. And now, suddenly, "What to do with our sons?" has become an acute problem. One of the Spanish papers not very confidently suggested that in a few years' time some of these young men thus balked of their career might possibly drift into commerce, and that eventually the economic resources of Spain might as a consequence be considerably developed. This was held out as some small consolation to the despairing parents.

Of course, so long as General de Rivera commands the loyalty of the army, and that army can put a few machine guns in the streets, it does not greatly matter; and for the first day or two it looked as if he were going to hold onto the grateful attachment of the soldiers at all costs. Although he had publicly announced that he would not create so much as one new hall porter, almost his first act was to add five new generals to the 500 who are ready to lead the Spanish Army into battle. The army smiled; they were all right, anyway. But they were wrong. The army, hitherto from time immemorial splendidly immune from any inquiry into its little private scandals, was also to be the victim of General de Rivera's reforming zeal.

For many years there had been a pleasant system by which a well-connected young officer could be seconded to civil life. Thus relieved from any irksome military duties, he could devote his talents to business, pleasure or a civil-service armchair as he preferred, while all the time he received not only his military pay but whatever military decorations were being handed out; and at the same time he mounted, step by step with his growing years, the hierarchical ladder of promotion, until at last he became one of those 500 generals.

This idyllic system has suddenly been shattered. General de Rivera has decreed that all officers thus seconded must return to military duty within two months or forever relinquish their commissions. This is a measure which perhaps is not without its cynical appeal to those hard-working officers—and there are many in the Spanish Army—who have honestly and sincerely devoted their lives to their profession. Welcomed also will be the decree which provides for the reform of the notoriously corrupt army commissariat; and the regulation which insists that officers must always show themselves smartly dressed in the streets and shave at least twice a week is not likely to be resented by keen soldiers.

Trial by Jury, Spanish Style

But it would seem that the army is not altogether happy. General de Rivera has found it necessary to issue a stern circular letter to the various commands, sharply recalling the army to discipline and threatening severe punishments on all who sap its homogeneity by reviving the perplexities, hesitations, doubts and cross currents of divided loyalty in the army which accompanied his *coup d'état*.

More important to the people at large was the decree reducing the military service—to which all Spaniards, and not merely the peasants, have for the past few years been liable—from three years to two. But it is not yet clear whether the law which exempts any conscript who pays 1000 pesetas from one year's service and service in Morocco, and the conscript who pays 2000 pesetas practically from any service at all, is going to be modified. The presumption is that it will be. General de Rivera is determined to give Spain an efficient army.

Ten days after the revolution the dictator sent another thrill of horror through the ghosts of all the Liberal patriots who in the civil wars of the nineteenth century had shed their blood to purchase constitutional institutions for Spain, by summarily suppressing trial by jury all over the country. But the living Spaniards remained smilingly indifferent. Trial by jury sounds well—every schoolboy knows that it is the palladium of all our liberties, the keystone of the arch of justice, and so forth. But in Spain it did not work out like that. In Spain it meant that the more desperate the criminal being tried the more probable it was that he would get off with a light sentence or even an acquittal. If he did not, his friends assassinated one or two of the jury. The jury knew this well enough—indeed, they generally received little notes reminding them of it—and however great their interest in abstract justice, it was nothing to their interest in returning safe and sound to the little shop where the wife was serving behind the counter in their absence; and as a rule they sapiently took no risks.

This measure, of course, was superfluous as regards crimes committed since the proclamation of martial law. Those crimes in any case would be tried summarily and without a jury. It applied retroactively to crimes committed prior to the fifteenth of September for which accused persons were still awaiting trial—and particularly, perhaps, though naturally it was not specifically stated, to the syndicalists and anarchists in prison for the past two years and a half on the charge of murdering the Spanish prime minister, Señor Dato, in March, 1921, and whose trial was fixed for October 1, 1923. If public opinion goes for anything, the new government was determined not to be balked by the vacillations of any nervous jury in their resolve to make a

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More men would "take" to prunes if—

More women took the trouble to prepare them properly. And, really, it's no trouble at all. For the right way is just as easy and just as quick—and there's all the taste-difference in the world!

Some morning (and you can do a lot, Mr. Man, to hasten the day) you will sit down to a dish of breakfast prunes that will surprise you with a rare relish, with a *flavor* you never thought possible in prunes. And it will be because the Lady of the House followed this recipe worked out in the Sunsweet kitchen by our own Domestic Science Director:

First, soak Sunsweet Prunes overnight, if possible; if not, for several hours at least. *Second*, cook them *slowly* until tender in the water in which they were soaked. *Third*, use plenty of water so fruit will be "loose." *Fourth*, do not cook too long lest fruit becomes too soft. Flavor with inch stick of cinnamon or some lemon or orange juice. Add sugar to taste.

SUNSWEET
California's Nature-Flavored
PRUNES

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salutary example of these gentlemen—whose guilt, incidentally, unproved by any direct testimony, was made somewhat doubtful by the written declaration of another Spanish anarchist, now an officer in the Russian soviet air force, that he alone had committed the crime. Abstract institutions are easily relinquished under concrete pressure in Spain, but there is a precedent in the somewhat similar case of Francesco Ferrer at Barcelona in 1909, which created an international storm of indignation and led to the overthrow of the Spanish Government of the time—the summary execution of any of these men, after a trial which has received intense publicity in Spain, may not have the results expected of it by the government.

Among all the multitude of decrees promulgated by the directory, that which aroused the next degree of interest in Spain was the suppression of all the municipal councils of the country, 9254 in number. These municipalities, whose membership varied from fifty in the case of great cities like Madrid and Barcelona to six in the smaller places, were elective bodies; and, of course, being elected, they were as much the product of the *caciquismo* boss system as the political parties in Congress. They were merely another aspect of the same thing. General de Rivera, pledged to the abolition of all the old political parties and the extermination of *caciquismo*, could not very well leave them in his rear. They were obviously strongholds in which the old political chiefs bided their time and organized their forces for an offensive sally when the occasion should offer.

These municipal councils—ayuntamiento is the Spanish name—have each with them a sort of shadow of themselves called a Junta de Asociados, equivalent in number of members to its collateral Ayuntamiento. This junta is not elected like the Ayuntamiento itself, but is coöpted, theoretically at random from the list of taxpayers, by the senior body. Actually, of course, the people coöpted to the junta are usually the friends of the majority on the municipal council. Their functions are merely advisory, and somewhat nebulous at that. General de Rivera, in this opening of his offensive against *caciquismo*, decreed that the suppressed municipalities should be replaced automatically by the associate juntas, with the right of revision by the military authority in the great cities.

Embarrassing Honors

The result has not been altogether what he expected. In many places, where the old elected Ayuntamiento had at least some minority of opposition, the junta which has succeeded it is composed exclusively and notoriously of nominees of the local *caciques*. Chosen arbitrarily, as they are, also, the composition of some of these new municipal councils is comic. In Madrid, for example, a cab driver and a street fruit seller both suddenly found themselves promoted to the council chamber—and both vehemently protested, with tears in their eyes, against the honor. How were they—poor men, but honest—going to get their living? At last, after much argument—for were they not on the list?—they were, to their infinite relief, exempted.

It is too early yet to say what will eventually be the effect of this measure, as it is too early to predict what will be the reactions of those measures by which the Directory is controlling the stocks of commodities and regulating the price at which they are to be sold. Many Spaniards profess to find them symptomatic rather of an energetic temperament than of an acute genius for administration. The most famous of Conservative ex-premiers is alleged to have compared the government of the dictator to a man riding a bicycle—all right so long as he keeps going swiftly onward, doomed to fall off if he stops to look round.

But the Spaniards would not be human if they did not find some fault with the new régime. It is certain that General de Rivera is addressing himself to a task greater perhaps than that which confronted Mussolini, with an immense energy and a single-minded straightforward sincerity of purpose. He is solving his problems to the best of his ability and according to his lights. Whatever the criticisms whispered of him, no one for a moment suggests that he is acting for his personal profit or on any motive other than that of pure and disinterested patriotism. Even his arbitrary methods have so far hurt no law-abiding person, and I heard a group of Spanish journalists agree, in the middle of a competition as to who could say the most wittily malicious thing at the dictator's expense, that the official censorship he has imposed was in reality far less strict and vexatious than the unofficial censorship kept in force even by Liberal governments

It is, indeed, difficult to see how General de Rivera could have done more than he has done in these first weeks. Before the new political edifice can be raised, the old one must be demolished. And one of his severest Spanish critics admitted to me that whatever party—whether Liberal, Socialist or Conservative—had made the revolution which was overdue in Spain, that demolition was essential.

But the dictator is already laying the foundations of the work of reconstruction. For example, at the end of his second week of power he addressed a somewhat naïvely simple pastoral letter as it was irreverently termed by the scoffers—to the working classes of Spain, inviting them paternally for their own sakes to increase the national production and to abstain from organizations whose real aim was sabotage of the national life. It was promptly replied to him that, if the production of Spain was below the world norm, the fault did not rest exclusively with the workers. The employers, instead of returning their immense war profits to the industry in the shape of improved machinery, had invested their gains elsewhere—largely, alas! in German marks—and continued with an installation that could not be qualified as other than archaic. Forthwith appeared another pastoral letter, to the employers, warning them that they had better improve matters before he put pressure on them.

Industrial Reforms

The next day he summoned the socialist president of the miners' federation, Señor Llaneza, a man universally respected in Spain, to a conference. Señor Llaneza explained to him the appalling conditions in the mining industry, particularly in the state mines, conditions that had ceased to exist in any other country 100 years ago; and the dictator listened sympathetically, with frequent scandalized interjections of "I had no idea of that!" The following day a commission of technicians, including a representative of the workmen, was appointed for immediate inquiry into the conditions of that industry—and there is no doubt of his intention to reform them. He at least displays a tendency, unexpected in a soldier-dictator, to inform himself at first-hand and exactly of these matters which are necessarily recondite to him, and an equally unexpected sympathy with the workers' point of view.

Similarly, the worst abuse that for generations has cursed the life of Spain has been its venal and incompetent judicature, appointed solely by political favor. A commission of secret inquiry, with the most rigorous terms of reference, has been appointed to investigate the career of every judge appointed within the last five years. It is to report at the expiration of two months, and each and every judge then found guilty of malpractices is to be summarily dismissed without appeal. And once more, there is no doubt that De Rivera means business.

As for the politicians, they remain in that complete ostracism to which he condemned them in his pronunciamiento. First one and then another addressed somewhat timid offers of collaboration to the new government. They have all alike, whatever their party, been ignored in a contemptuous silence. None has yet been prosecuted. Probably none will be prosecuted. They are left to wander pathetically around Madrid—those that have ventured to return—in a complete extinction of publicity, which is worse than death to the professional politician. They would prefer to be martyrs. But no one takes the least notice of these men, who a month ago could not walk across the street without being photographed for a sycophantic press. Not even the most disgruntled builds any hopes on them. For an indefinite period they are simply out of the picture, and no one in Spain cares if they never come back into it. Only, the average Spaniard cannot see how, if and when parliamentary government is resumed and the Cortes is reconstituted, these men are going to be kept out.

In the meantime General de Rivera governs through that somewhat nominal directory of generals, and the men whom he

(Continued on Page 172)

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Coleman
Quick-Lite
"The Sunshine of the Night"

HOW mother will appreciate her Christmas gift—if it's a famous QUICK-LITE Lamp! It will mean no more washing of chimneys—no more wicks to trim, a welcome relief indeed, as she will tell you. A gift to mother means something for *all* the family if it is practical, and useful all over the house. Your folks will be delighted with this wonderful 300-candle-power light during the festive season and every night throughout the years that follow after

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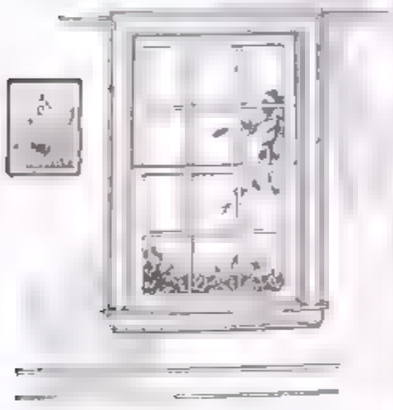
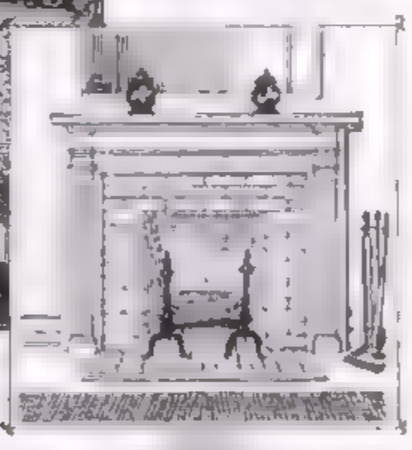
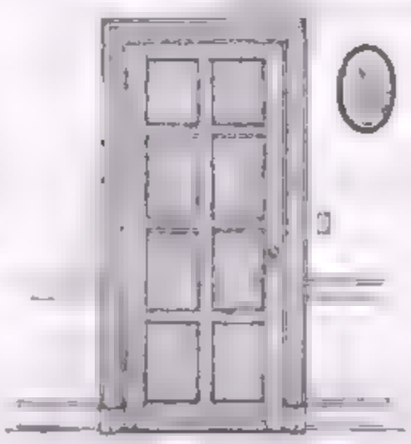
Small window panes add greatly to the appearance of the house, and are quaintly suggestive of olden times. This is Curtis Window C-1024. A free booklet on "Windows" will illustrate many others



This mantel, C-617, is appropriate for the Colonial, or Southern home. It is one of several Curtis mantels illustrated in the free booklet on "Permanent Furniture." Write for it

Door C-305, illustrated below, is one of many shown in the free booklet on "Interior Doors and Trim"





ENTRANCES
by Curtis

THE entrance shown here (C-106), lends itself very readily to the Colonial type of dwelling. There is plenty of glass in transom and sidelights to illuminate a large hall, even though the entrance be cloaked by a porch.

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Curtis Bros. & Co., Clinton, Ia.	Curtis, Towle & Paine Co., Topeka, Kans.
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Curtis Woodwork sets up a standard of value for all woodwork, and through the trademark makes it possible for all who specify Curtis to be sure that only the genuine goes into their homes.

We cannot legally prevent imitators from copying our patterns and designs. The law however, does prevent others from using our trademark. Make sure that the wood work [illegible] CURTIS trademark, shown at the right.

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Check books desired and enclose $1 for each.

I would like copies of your free booklets about

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Each page of an A-Line-A-Day is divided into five spaces. Each space represents the same day for five consecutive years. What you wrote a year ago today, or two years ago today, is on the same page, and just above what you write today. This makes it easy to see at all times what you did a year ago, and to compare it with what you did today for reasons either of sentiment or of business.

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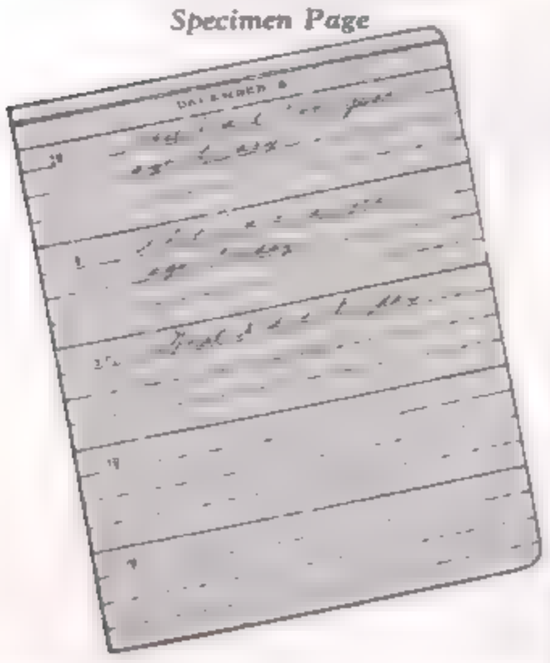
Specimen Page



(Continued from Page 170)

has chosen for his really effective lieutenants are men who tolerate no quibbling with their authority. The chief of them is General Martinez Anido, nominated to be undersecretary of the interior, and in the continued absence of any minister—the dictator has maintained his suppression of all ministers whatever, together with their salaries—in absolute command of the internal life of Spain.

It is a most significant appointment, for General Martinez Anido has a reputation known to every Spaniard. At the time of the worst communist outrages in Barcelona, from 1919 to 1921, when every day brought its tale of murders, he was first military governor and then civil governor of that troubled city. Governor after governor before him had failed to quell the gunmen, and the bomb throwers had been recalled, but Martinez Anido succeeded—at least to an extent which by comparison was marvelous. No one has ever managed completely to put down murder in Barcelona.

Martinez Anido's method was simple. He organized a corps of opposition gunmen. When the communists committed a murder, Anido merely ordered two of the most prominent communists to be assassinated; if they committed two murders he had four killed, and so on in grimly exact ratio. It was an illegal and barbarous method, but it was indubitably effective—I was in Barcelona myself, investigating these terrorist outrages and the counter terror, in 1921, and can vouch for it—and the entire population of Barcelona, except the criminal element, was enthusiastic in support of their governor. It was in reprisal for these stern measures that Señor Dato, the conservative premier of the day, was assassinated in Madrid in 1921, and it was because Señor Sanchez Guerra, a subsequent Conservative premier, did not approve of them that Martinez Anido was eventually relieved of his post.

He is now the man to whom the dictator looks to keep order over the whole of Spain, and as the chief of police associated with him is General Arlegui, who was Martinez Anido's right-hand man in Barcelona, it is certain that if he fails it will not be because he is not sufficiently ruthless when the occasion demands. So far, however, except for putting under preventive arrest some of the best-known communists and anarchists—anarchism, dead everywhere else, still flourishes in Spain—the tiger has not even growled. The directory is undertaking no persecutions. So long as it is not interfered with, it is content—up to date—to go on with that work of far-reaching reform which every Spaniard admits to be necessary.

A Deal in Real Estate

Will General de Rivera succeed in his self-appointed task? Even those who know him best find it impossible to say, and a knowledge of the man is obviously the best criterion.

I met him in that brick-and-stone palace on the leafy Paseo de Castellana which was built by the father of ex-Premier Romanones, sold by him at 100 per cent profit to the Carlist pretender, and sold by the Carlist pretender to what he maintains is the usurping Spanish government of Alfonso at a businesslike 1000 per cent profit for use as the offices of the prime minister. It looks now uncommonly like one of those wartime corps headquarters established in a French château. There is the same stripped look of the lofty stucco-paneled walls, the same paucity of furniture, the same makeshift expedients to carry on the office work, here and there the same nakedness of electric wires hanging from a plaster-broken corner. Some of the generals are in civil garb, that is all.

And Primo de Rivera? He walks in, a man sturdily built and a trifle above the medium height, in civilian clothes and an obviously new straw hat. He walks with a somewhat stiff immobility of the trunk and a curious throwing-out movement of the legs, which suggests—I am not physician enough to diagnose it as a fact—the menace of that disease which I believe Private Mulvaney explained to Private Ortheris was so called because "'twas like a locomotive attacks ye!" His beaked nose is more powerful than either chin or jaw, which tend to a slight recession and a fleshy fold. The skin has the network of little red veins and the coarse grain of the typical retired colonel. His eyes are pouched and heavy-lidded, and in them is nothing of the fire which glows in Mussolini's dark orbs. They are cold scarcely seen eyes which keep his own counsel, and the sharply shut mouth accentuates their reticence. His manner has lost the smiling bonhomie which radiates from him in the photographs taken in the first days of the *coup d'état*. He is shut up in an inward and abiding confrontation with the immense problems that loom ahead in his mind, armored against the possible drain of his energies if he opens himself to the myriad importunities ready to fasten themselves greedily upon him. As he walks he throws a few curt, almost *sotto-voce* words to those around him, closing that tight mouth with a snap after each sentence. He is quietly sure of himself—or is he, deep down, not quite sure, repressing a lurking qualm of doubt with a grimly courageous firmness of will? One has the quick flash of a suspicion, come and gone again. There is absolutely no trace of pose in his demeanor. He gives the impression of a man habituated all his life to command, efficient in a military routine rather than acutely intellectual. He is fifty-three, and looks it.

De Rivera's Nerve

He has no statement to make. All his decrees are matured in silence until they are announced for the first time in the Gaceta which, from being merely an official record found only on the files of government departments, has become the most popular newspaper in Spain, an eagerly purchased *boite à surprises* every morning for the Spanish people. He has a sovereignly military contempt for the press, and irritably asked a journalist of my acquaintance, representing one of the greatest newspapers in the world, who sought for an indication of policy on a most important international matter, whether he hadn't anything better to do than to come bothering him. That is his attitude perhaps by temperament—and, outside the king and possibly the directory, there is no one in his confidence. So far as I was concerned, whatever purposes he had in mind would be published to the world long before this article could be printed, and I could accept his reticence with a philosophic resignation. I merely wanted to acquire a first-hand impression of the personality of the man, and I got it. It was that of a mentality perhaps too rigid for success.

But he has one supreme qualification, and the following authentically true anecdote is illustrative of it: Years ago, when Primo de Rivera was still only a lieutenant colonel, there was a serious strike at Seville. It was a strike accompanied by much violence, and one morning the strikers thought it would be amusing to march to the club of the officers of the garrison and shut it up. They did so accordingly, some thousands of them. They arrived in front of that club and commenced to hurl large stones through the windows. In about two minutes all the windows of that club were tightly shuttered and all the officers had departed as quickly as might be by the back door—except one. That one was Lieut. Col. Miguel Primo de Rivera. He had one of those windows opened and looked calmly on the infuriated mob. Then, drawing his revolver, he ordered a terrified club servant to set a table for his luncheon on the street. The wretched servant, trembling for his life, obeyed under the menace of the weapon. And Lieut. Col. Primo de Rivera, putting his revolver on the table, calmly sat down to his lunch. He did not say a word. He merely ate—and that crowd melted away. That is the sort of man he is.

But however resolute and fearless he is personally—and no one disputes his obstinate courage—it does not follow that he is going to be allowed to complete a work which the more sincere and thorough it is the more enemies it must create. The menace of assassination is ever present. For the moment he is backed solidly by the army alone, and perhaps not too solidly by that. The bourgeoisie of Spain contents itself with looking on and hoping for the best. It cares nothing for constitutionalism in its present mood. It wants only competence. Primo de Rivera has already done much. But underneath the surface of the national life of Spain there are volcanic forces which may yet overthrow the structure which the self-appointed rebuilder of Spain has so far scarcely begun to rear.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of three articles by Mr. Austin. The next, which will appear in an early issue, will deal with what is going to happen in Spain.

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The makers of Deltah Pearls are now
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they have created many new necklaces
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$10. to $250. Jewelers everywhere are displaying
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The Surprise Chest

The Surprise Chest, pictured below, makes the
most delightful Christmas Gift. It
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White Gold Safety Clasp set with Genuine
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A Romance of California and the South Seas

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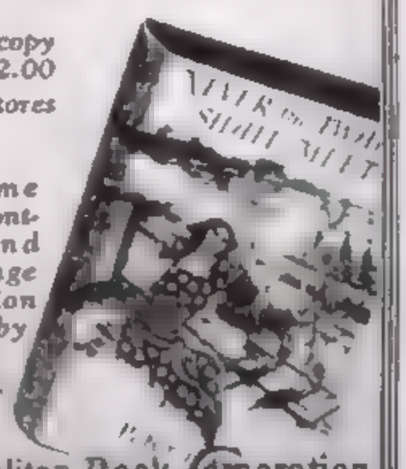

Cosmopolitan Book Corporation

FOUR-MINUTE MEN

(Continued from Page 7)

politicians who were anxious to provide them with vote-getting issues.

As before mentioned, students of conditions frequently limited their sojourns in European capitals to five or six hours or even less, and devoted most of that short amount of time to impressing their half-baked beliefs and theories on the fortunate officials with whom they came in contact.

One American went to Warsaw to study, as the saying goes, the immigration situation—and the immigration situation in Warsaw is one that can be pretty well covered in seven or eight days if the person who is covering it knows his business.

This particular man arrived in Warsaw around ten o'clock in the morning and left that same afternoon, so that he had some six hours in which to permit his intellect to soak up the situation.

An American newspaper man took him in tow and led him over to the American Legation for lunch. At the legation he fell into a violent monologue, in which he set forth all his personal views, theories, beliefs and obsessions; and the minister listened to this monologue with every appearance of deep, not to say passionate, interest.

Poor Reporters

The newspaper man, having no diplomatic reputation to maintain, displayed less and less interest as the monologue progressed; and at length he leaned forward and placed a restraining hand on the speaker's arm. "I beg your pardon," said he, "but didn't you come here to find out something about immigration?" The official admitted that this was indeed the case. "Well, then," said the newspaper man, "it might not be a bad idea to begin. You've been here for four hours and you've done nothing but talk; and since your train goes in two hours you'd better let somebody else do the talking while you do some heavy listening."

Generally speaking, the Four-Minute Men violated the cardinal principles of what is known as good reporting. They lacked the nose for news; they were neither careful nor accurate observers; they allowed their personal feelings and leanings to influence their judgment; some accepted favors and assistance from countries concerning which they were supposed to make unbiased reports; they forced their own views on the persons to whom they went for information; they seemed unable to differentiate between good and bad sources of information; they seldom cared to hear both sides of any case; and they stayed about long enough in each place to unearth approximately one-tenth of one per cent of the information on the subjects which they imagined themselves to be reporting.

They were persistent and tireless travelers, and the results of their studies were handed out to European correspondents in torrents. They were ready to talk on any subject at a moment's notice, and most of the things that they said were of a nature to cause the correspondents to hide their heads beneath the nearest rugs and burst into low moans of delight. And their utterances, in addition to providing good bits of news for the correspondents, also caused the good folk back home to glow with pride at the thought that their sturdy investigators were getting Europe's number, so to speak, in nearly every European capital.

From Stockholm to Constantinople, every day, American investigators poured out European impressions that were strikingly similar to the following suggestive news dispatches published by the Paris edition of the Chicago Tribune when the Four-Minute Men were at their busiest:

PARIS—Rep. Mud of Arkansas, after spending thirty-six hours at the Ritz, visited Montmartre and the Tour Eiffel, and reported favorably on the economic condition of France. He has left recently by air for Prague.

AIX-LES-BAINS—Rep. Sand of North Carolina, who has been suffering from a floating rib, is taking the baths at Aix-les-Bains. He finds Europe wetter than he had expected.

BIARRITZ—Rep. Gravel of Oregon, after an intensive study of Biarritz, has asserted that Bolshevism is at present impossible in France.

MONTE CARLO—Rep. Stone of New Mexico, who has recently toured the Riviera, declares that France is recovering rapidly.

BERLIN—Rep. Loam of Missouri, after drinking a dollar's worth of wine in Berlin, has decided definitely that prohibition is a good thing. Market note: One dollar equals 9,999,999 marks. Rhine wine at 9999 marks per bottle.

WARSAW—Rep. Pebble of Maine, after touring Poland, Silesia, Ruthenia and Latvia, believes that the Slavic tongues should be given more attention, he said in an interview here.

STOCKHOLM—Rep. Silt of North Dakota, who recently made a comprehensive study of the Scandinavian countries, declared that Lapland is ripe for democracy.

RIGA—Rep. Soil of Illinois, who has been studying the agricultural development in soviet Russia, reports that the country is fertile enough to come back.

MEMEL—Rep. Rock of Arizona has discovered important concrete markets in Lithuania.

Since in some cases the Four-Minute Men had been taught to believe that any undue politeness or exhibitions of refinement were marks of weakness or even of degeneracy, their manly and—as the saying goes—breezy actions and remarks aroused wonderment and awe in various parts of the Old World

An American who is somewhat averse to the lighter side of life was led to various points of interest in Paris by a reception committee of prominent Americans. He was overcome with horror at the many sidewalk cafés at whose tables the simple and tireless Parisians sit by the hour, lapping up their apéritifs, indulging in passionate games of dominoes, writing occasional letters to distant friends, and pausing ever and anon in these harmless amusements to look 'em over. The American had no sympathy for Parisian methods. "Look at those fellers!" he exclaimed, halting in front of several crowded tables and pointing openly at the objects of his scorn, "look at those fellers sittin' out in the open air in broad daylight, wastin' their time and ruinin' their health drinkin' alcohol!"

A little cluster of serious official and almost-official students traveled in a private car which flaunted along each side a broad white banner inscribed with the words "American Mission Diplomatique"—not because it was a diplomatic mission, but in order that the members of the party might not be subjected to the customs and passport annoyances to which ordinary Americans are subjected, and also in order that the party might receive the proper attention from everybody along the way.

Manners and Methods

Having arrived at the capital of the country which it was to look over, the party in due time found its way to the American Legation, where the American Minister entertained them with fitting deference. All the members of the party were gay and talkative with the exception of a member of the House of Representatives, who acted as though the cat had his tongue. To all the remarks of the American Minister he returned no answer except muttered rumbles and an occasional growl. For two hours he said nothing at all; but finally, just as the Mission Diplomatique was preparing to leave the legation, the eye of the uncommunicative congressman fell on a young and pretty American stenographer who chanced to be passing. The congressman's eye lighted up, he leaned toward the minister confidentially, placed a protecting hand at one side of his mouth, jerked his thumb over his shoulder at the stenographer, and bawled hoarsely: "Native gal?" This student should be most enlightening when he addresses the House on general European conditions.

Another American minister in one of the northern countries of Europe had one of the busiest of the Four-Minute Men to lunch on the one day when the Four-Minute Man honored his country with his presence. When the soup came on the table this distinguished statesman said loudly and firmly: "Mister Minister, I want to congratulate you on the fact that you do not serve cocktails or other alcoholic beverages with your meals, as do so many of your colleagues. These things are the work of the devil."

"I know it," said the minister. "They make my gout worse, and I try to keep away from 'em as much as I can."

The distinguished statesman brooded silently over this reply for some time, but was finally galvanized into action when he was served with coffee. "Ah, Mister Minister," said he, "I had hoped that no stimulants of any sort would find their way to your table. My family and my friends

"Gee Dad, it works first crack!"

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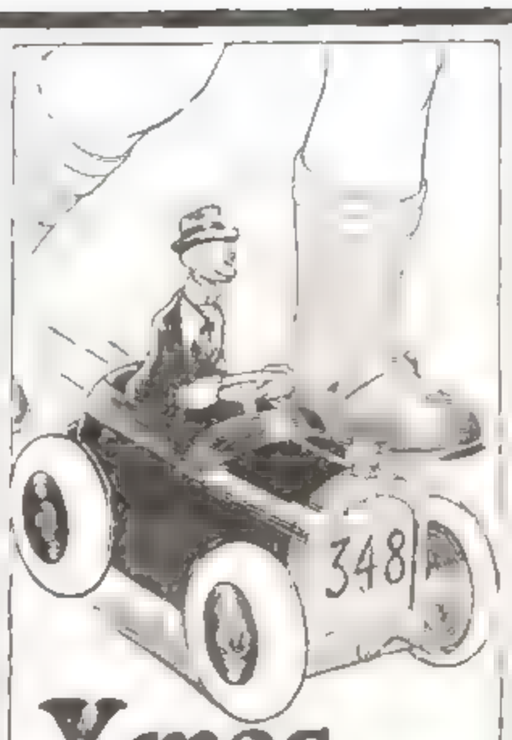

Xmas fun on wheels!

THINK of the fun your kids can have with Andy Gump. Andy Gump—the man you've laughed at 365 days every year—the "funny" you've read to the kids every day—Andy is here in his beloved old 348. He's the funniest, jolliest toy a kid ever had. He's going to make millions of happy youngsters this Christmas.

Give the kids a regular Christmas on wheels. Get a whole set of the Arcade cast-iron toys. When you buy Andy, ask for the Yellow Cab—just like the big ones; the toy Ford Sedan—an exact pocket edition; and the Fordson Tractor that makes every youngster a play-farmer or builder.

Sturdy toys for sturdy kids. They stand the rough-housing and mauling, the knocks and tumbles that send most toys limping to the trash-pile. They're built of cast iron—rugged and strong. And there's not a spring or piece of clockwork in them.

Nothing ever made such a hit with the kiddies. And Andy Gump and his fun-making pals outwear every toy ever given. Get the whole set. Look for them in toy and department stores.

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have entirely given up the use of tea and coffee; and when I have sufficient influence I shall have a law passed that will prohibit the use of these stimulants in America." Almost immediately after this the minister excused himself on the ground that his gout was paining him severely. He may have fibbed a little about the gout, but he certainly had the pain.

It was this same investigator who, on arriving in Vienna, repaired to the wash room of the Bristol Hotel in order to save the price of a room, laved his face and hands, and removed the stains of travel from his collar with a damp cloth, while a large gallery of fascinated onlookers followed his every move with breathless interest.

With him he had an American who had accepted some sort of unpaid position with one of the government departments in Washington. This gentleman, evidently fearful that he would be judged by the company that he kept, frequently took acquaintances to one side, gestured deprecatingly toward the statesman and remarked apologetically: "I don't believe the things that this man says; I'm only in it for the ride."

An investigator who was engaged in studying farming conditions in those Central European countries whose currency has depreciated with the greatest violence got most of his information on German farming conditions by taking a ten-hour train ride across Germany. He declared that his knowledge of farming conditions was so comprehensive that he could get more information by looking out of the windows of the train than anybody else could get by talking to farmers for a month.

It was this same prodigy who studied farming conditions in Poland by passing through the country in a cloud of dust. When it was suggested that he use an interpreter to speak with Polish farm workers he replied coldly that he only needed to look at the soil and to look deep into the eyes of the peasants in order to have the great white light of understanding burst on him.

His Thrilling Moment

One of his most thrilling moments, said this gentleman, was when he pressed the horny hand of the peasant premier of Poland, and felt the calluses made by the plow. The distinguished student of conditions appears to have slipped a cog there or thereabouts; for it had been so long since the premier had chaperoned a plow that his calluses must have come from seizing the brass rail on the swinging door of the Hotel Bristol dining room in Warsaw and pushing it open several times a day.

One congressional student of Europe who was particularly noisy with his explanations of how he had come over with an open mind, declared enthusiastically that the ideas of Europe which one picked up in America were unfair and unjust, and that one simply had to come to Europe oneself in order to get the proper impressions. For example, said he, he had always understood that Germans drank and smoked a great deal; but he had been to several dinners in Germany, and the Germans neither drank nor smoked. By attending a Presbyterian convention in Scotland, this gentleman could probably have made the epochal discovery that Scotchmen don't drink whisky.

It might be added that the gentlemen who stated with the greatest loudness and frequency that they had come to Europe with open minds were the ones who never found any occasion to alter the ideas that they had generated in America under their own steam. The most opinionated of the lot was constantly talking about this open-mindedness. It was claimed by his guides that he changed neither his shirt nor his mind during his entire stay in any country.

One aggregation of eager investigators was studying everything under the sun, from Swedish embroidery to Italian emigration. It filed an enormous and impressive report of its studies and findings. The report, however, consisted almost entirely of reports furnished by various bureaus of the countries that the aggregation visited, supplemented by various American consular reports.

An American investigator who poses constantly as the farmer's dearest pal was obsessed, during his flight through Europe, with the desire to have his photograph taken with the peasants of the various countries through which he passed. While motoring in Turkey he caught sight of a peasant plowing just beyond some bushes that fringed the road. Leaping from the automobile, he dashed through the bushes, sprang at the peasant, seized him firmly by the hand and drew him to his breast. The peasant, thinking that war had broken out again and that he was in danger of being murdered, promptly took to his heels and is probably still running.

Impressive as were the feats of condition studying performed by Americans along the beaten tracks of Europe, they faded into insignificance by comparison with the remarkable performances given in soviet Russia by Four-Minute Men with their minds wide open to everything that was thrown at them.

Russia, in spite of the ease with which the Four-Minute Men rolled in and out of the country, is the most difficult country in the world for certain people to enter legitimately. Anybody at all can buy forged passports in Berlin that will get him across the Russian frontier; but these documents are worse than useless if the bearer wishes to move freely in the soviet republic. In order to stay out of jail in Russia, one must enter the country with the permission of the soviet government.

News From Russia

The soviet government is particularly averse to persons who are able to conduct competent investigations of their own. It admits newspaper men; but if the newspaper men wish to remain in Russia in peace and happiness they usually find it necessary to restrict their dispatches to news that is provided for them through government channels, or to news that does not distress the soviet government—and the soviet government is more easily distressed than any other government known to man.

One American newspaper that had sent a correspondent to Moscow stated last summer that the government constantly mutilated, deleted or destroyed news reports of facts which it considered unfavorable; that the many months of experience of the newspaper's correspondent in Moscow had brought proof upon proof of that fact. Consequently, the paper declared, honest newspapers found themselves in danger of being used as the tools of the communists, because the soviets released only favorable news. This, said the paper, was an intolerable situation, and an injustice to American readers. Consequently it had decided to withdraw its correspondent from Moscow.

"We will not," it declared, "support what tends in effect to be a bureau of soviet propaganda."

Important news stories—like the story of the Butkievich trial had to be brought out of Russia by the correspondents.

The personnel of the American Relief Administration in Russia were subjected to constant espionage, their mail was opened, their every movement was watched.

The soviet government, however, always has a welcoming hand outstretched to reds and pinks of every sort, as well as to the type of person who announces loudly that he has an open mind, and to the gentleman who is willing to accept the hospitality of the soviet government and who, by so doing, cannot in decency see anything except the things that the soviet government wants him to see.

But those who are known to work independently of government agencies, and who have access to sources of information of which the soviet government isn't sure, are not welcomed to Russia with the clashing of cymbals or the blowing of factory whistles.

Early in July, 1923, I was urgently in need of certain information from a certain section of Russia. I therefore went to Berlin and to soviet headquarters at 7 Unter den Linden. By accident I stumbled into a soviet tea party in honor of Litvinoff, and had to find my way through some scores of long-haired and eyeglassed Russian men, several slender, pale-faced and short-haired Russian women, and a number of beaming Japanese, to the official that I sought, one Mr. Ustsinoff.

Mr. Ustsinoff was the soul of hospitality and affability. Could I come on the following morning at ten o'clock in order to arrange the details of my trip to Russia? I could. And at ten o'clock the next day I was promptly received by Mr. Ustsinoff and escorted by him in person to the passport division, where he gave orders to expedite

(Continued on Page 177)

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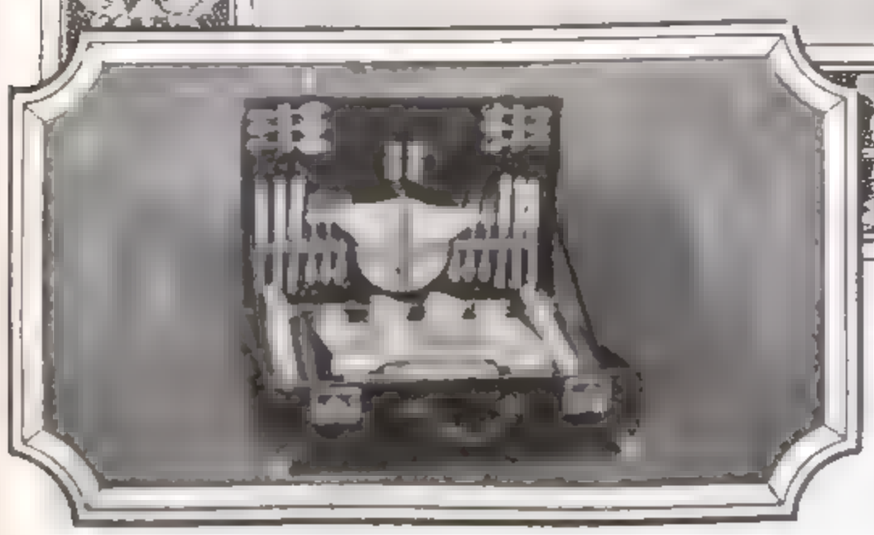

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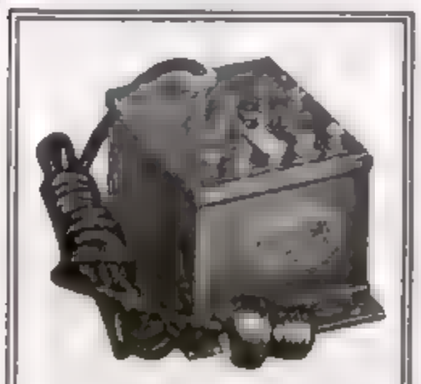

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The Fisherman's Paradise.
The Golfer's Wonderland.
The Polo-player's Pride.
The Surf-Bather's Joy.
The Aviator's Dreamland.
The Yachtsman's Rendezvous.
The Realization of Your Anticipations.
Truly the outdoor City.

THE setting is along the shore of Biscayne Bay and the Atlantic Ocean, among the Coconuts, Royal Palms, Orange and Grapefruit Groves.

The Beautiful Atlantic Ocean, Multi hued in this Southern Zone, crystal clear, its blue and green reflecting the white clean sand. Unexcelled beaches for surf bathing enjoyed daily throughout the winter.

A City of Beautiful homes of varied architecture and often called the cleanest looking city in America on account of the great number of new concrete buildings finished in light colored stucco with fancy tile roofs.

Hotels to suit every demand. You may select a hotel with beautiful tropical gardens, with ultra-modern arrangement or choose among numerous moderate priced establishments. A total of 75 Hotels.

Apartment houses with the very highest appointments or in lesser style at a lower cost. A total of 200 Apartment houses.

Fine private residences or moderately priced Bungalows or Cottages may be rented furnished. 5,000 for your selection.

ARTHUR PRYOR'S FAMOUS BAND
plays twice daily in Royal Palm Park.
December to April.

A grand Flower and Fruit Pageant
will be staged on New Year's Day, 1924.

Other special outdoor events will be staged all through the season including the Mid-Winter Regatta and a National Aëronautic Meet for valuable Prizes—March 7th and 8th.

Those who come to Miami are "Delighted."

Write for free handsome Booklet with full information.

MIAMI CHAMBER of COMMERCE
MIAMI, FLORIDA

On the East Coast of Florida—The American Riviera

(Continued from Page 174)

my papers to Moscow and to have the reply to my request expedited to Stockholm. The passport division supplied me with several bulky documents to fill out in Russian, and smiled on me blandly.

There were four long papers, of somewhat the same size and shape as the last will and testament of a wealthy gentleman who has left his estate to forty-nine first cousins. Each of these had to bear the photograph of the applicant and to answer fully in Russian the following pregnant questions: Where in Russia are you going? Why are you going there? How long shall you stay there? At what addresses can you be reached before you start? At what frontier point do you expect to enter Russia? What sort of passport do you hold? Where, when and by whom was it issued? What is your name? What is your father's name? When and where were you born? How many children have you? What is your nationality? What was the nationality of your father? Have you ever been a citizen of any other country? What sort of education have you had? Name the schools or universities that you have attended. What is your business? To what political party do you belong? What is your specific duty in your business or profession? Have you ever served in the army of any country, and if so, which? What was your rank? Were you a member of the armed forces of any country during the World War? In what campaigns did you serve? Were you at any time on any part of the Russian front? If so, what political party did you favor? Have you been in Russia prior to 1917? Did you hold any official position in any part of Russia? Did you fight against Russia in the late war? Were you forced to leave Russia for any reason? When did you last leave Russia? What was the occasion for leaving Russia at that time? On what passport did you travel? What person or persons do you now know in soviet Russia? Name two persons in Europe who can vouch for you. Where do you live? Give country, state, city, street number and telephone number.

I returned these documents, carefully and completely filled out, to the passport division of soviet headquarters on the following day—July fourth—and the passport officials assured me that they would start for Moscow by courier the same day and that the answer to my application would be delivered, as requested, to soviet headquarters in Stockholm within twenty-one days at the latest.

Neither All Good Nor All Bad

Twenty-one days later I applied to soviet headquarters in Stockholm, where the chief of the mission—a most affable and amiable man named Simanovski—informed me with deep regret that no instructions had been received on my case.

Mr. Simanovski, who spoke with me in German at first, later shifted to English because of my imperfect command of the German language. Even later it developed that he had been for two years a student at the College of the City of New York. Simanovski telegraphed to Moscow for me at my expense, asking that instructions be telegraphed to him at once concerning the disposition of my case. There was no chance that my application had gone astray, for in Dantzic I met a member of the Federal Trade Commission who had visited soviet headquarters in Riga and had there been told by soviet officials that I had applied for permission to enter the country, and that a special investigation was being made to determine my case.

I spoke with Mr. Simanovski about the delay to which my application was subjected as compared with the expedition with which several American legislators had been railroaded into Russia.

Simanovski laughed. "Since citizens of soviet Russia are not permitted to go to America," said he, "soviet Russia doesn't particularly care to have Americans come to Russia. We, therefore, feel free to consider whether the person who applies for permission to enter our country will be useful to us or not useful. If he will not be useful we do not care for his company. Of course it is much easier for a United States senator to get permission to enter Russia than for a journalist.

"You see," said he, "there isn't much interest in politics among the American people. The people don't frame the policies of your government, for example. Such matters are done in the Senate and the House of Representatives. Therefore it is good that we admit senators and representatives."

Simanovski added that Russia under the new régime was neither all good nor all bad. The American papers, he said, that did nothing but praise the soviet government made him about as ill as the papers that never had a good word to say for it. And then he added that there were two weekly journals in America that had been consistent friends of soviet Russia ever since its beginning, and that they had done more to further its cause in America than all the others put together. He then named two sheets that are found in many a home that thinks of itself as being slightly highbrow and more than a bit exclusive, but never as being pink. He had both of them on his desk.

I left my address and telephone number with Simanovski, and stayed in Stockholm for another eight days; but the permission to travel in the land of the soviets never arrived.

Things were very different where the Four-Minute Men were concerned. Several of the more radical Four-Minute Men received permission to enter Russia three days after applying. Those who went in were either accompanied by soviet couriers who saw to it that they were not disturbed or distressed in any way by passport or customs difficulties, or traveled in special cars provided by the soviet government. They were absolutely in the dark as to the treatment accorded to ordinary travelers in Russia, and their sources of information were the usual ones of the Four-Minute Men—hand-picked.

Having Eyes to See

One of these amateur students of conditions, traveling on a tour which had been carefully arranged for him by the soviet government, ran across one of the officials of the American Relief Administration in Southern Russia and spoke with some bitterness of the unfair reports on Russia that had appeared in foreign papers. He took up the cudgels in behalf of the downtrodden country rather heatedly.

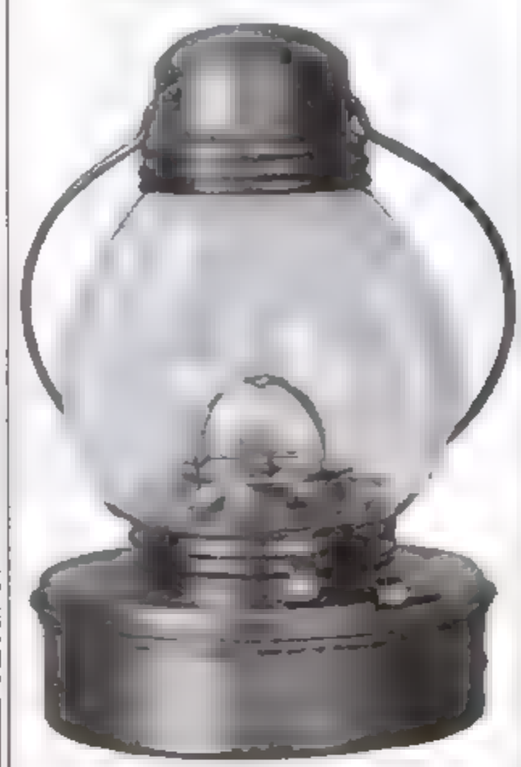
"Yes," said he, "and did you ever read anything so terrible as those accounts of the trial of that priest? Why, anybody might think that the Bolsheviks were a lot of beasts! I've traveled all the way across Russia and I've never seen anything like that. The man that wrote such things ought to be put in jail!"

If this man were to visit Northern France he might go home with the idea that because many of the trenches have been filled, there never was a war between Germany and the rest of the world.

In Warsaw I ran across a number of American Relief Administration officials who were the last of that organization to leave Russia. One of the young men had been in charge of one of the largest administrative districts in the country, and he had just learned that an investigator who had visited his district was something of a lecturer in the United States, and that he would probably spend a large amount of time lecturing on what he learned in Russia. The young man was sputtering with rage.

"A reporter could have covered my district in four or five days," mourned the Relief Administration man, "but this chap

Embury
SUPREME ELECTRIC LANTERNS



$2.50

For Christmas

The Embury Supreme Electric Lantern is one of the most useful presents you can make, and is sure of a welcome.

In the home it is wonderfully handy for dark corners, for use in the cellar and in the attic.

For motorists, in changing tires and making roadside repairs, it is better than any other electric light, because it leaves both hands free.

For campers, sportsmen, and all out-door uses, it is indispensable.

It can be hung up or set down anywhere.

It throws a bright light in *every* direction, instead of in one spot.

There is no fire risk.

There is no smoke and no smell.

Batteries can be renewed anywhere for 50 cents a set.

The Embury Supreme Electric Lantern is 8 inches high and 5 inches wide. It is strong, weatherproof, and does not get out of order.

ORDER FROM YOUR DEALER
If he has none in stock, we will mail post paid on receipt of price.

Embury Manufacturing Company
Warsaw, Dept. H. New York

Embury Manufacturing Co.,
Dept. H, Warsaw, N. Y
Enclosed please find check for $
for which send ——lantern , to:
Name
Street Address
City & State

only stayed four hours. He doesn't know anything at all about the district. He never saw any rough stuff because he never took the time to look for it. If he had waited two days I could have shown him a batch of two hundred political prisoners marching into exile. I could have shown him all sorts of things I suppose he was in a hurry to get on to the next bazaar."

It was this same investigator who, while waiting in the reception room of the embassy at Berlin, began to express himself freely to another gentleman on the ideal conditions existing in soviet Russia. Unfortunately there was a third man in the room who had spent some time in soviet Russia during the past two years.

After the legislator had run on for some fifteen minutes, with many a graceful gesture and many an orotund phrase, the third man rose to his feet, stalked over to him, glowered at him ferociously and said: "Sir, I don't know who you are, but my name is So-and-So; and I wish to tell you that your views on Russia make me ill."

A very distinguished investigator on arriving in Paris last summer stepped to the front for the Four-Minute Men as follows: "There is a well-defined movement in America to do something about the problems abroad, and I expect them to be the most important events of the next session

"The question of the recognition of Russia is bound to come up, as well as reparations and other European problems, and this is why so many members of Congress are traveling in Europe. The women's clubs and religious societies are making a firm demand to end wars, and, while it may have no definite plan, the whole country is changing its attitude and wants to evolve something."

The State Department keeps trained reporters in Europe, in the persons of its consular and diplomatic officers, to inform it on the rapid changes in European political conditions.

The Department of Commerce also has trained reporters in Europe constantly engaged in gathering information. If, as the distinguished senator says, the whole country wants to evolve something it could do worse than to evolve the old maxim that there's a place for everything and that everything should be in its place. Then it could make the Four-Minute Men stay at home where they belong and look after the interests of the sections of the country which they represent and make them get their information on Europe from the trained reporters.

THE SIEVE

(Continued from Page 13)

know perfectly well by experience that every attempt to tax intangible property on the same basis as tangible will fail. One result of the personal-property tax was a nation of tax dodgers; and tax dodging is a bad habit to get a nation into. Of course any sensible revenue reform would wipe out the tax on intangible personal property everywhere. But then a lot of people would arise to remark, 'Stocks and bonds are held by the rich; you're trying to exempt the rich from taxation.' The answer is that the rich don't need any exempting from that tax; they've always exempted themselves. As a matter of fact it is unjust. In some states it would amount to an income tax of 40 per cent on the returns from a 5 per cent bond.

"Putting taxes on the statute book and collecting them are two quite different affairs. On that head, and also on the general head of tax dodging, we might turn to the Federal income tax. For the year 1916—before the high war surtaxes were levied, you remember—we had a mild income tax. For that year 1296 persons reported income of $300,000 a year or more, and the sum of their reported incomes was $992,972,986. Then came the high war surtaxes—60 per cent on $300,000 and 65 per cent on $1,000,000 or upward. Those surtaxes were fixed on the plausible theory that the rich must be made to pay for the war For the year 1921 only 246 persons reported income of $300,000 a year or more, and the sum of their reported income was only $153,534,305.

"In five years of high surtaxes the number of people reporting incomes of $300,000 or more shrunk to less than one-fifth of what it was in 1916, and the aggregate of their reported income was about one-sixth of the corresponding figure in 1916. It is true that in 1921 many people were writing off losses, due to the slump of 1920, but in the boom year 1919 the aggregate of income above $300,000 on which income tax was paid amounted to only 40 per cent of what it had been in 1916

(Continued on Page 180)

Lafayette National Park, Maine

HAPPY LEGS!

For an inexpensive remembrance that is certain to please

THIS beautiful new gift package is a favorite with men and women who wish to give a thoughtful, inexpensive remembrance for Christmas—to brother, son, husband or friend.

Last year, thousands bought our single gift package containing one pair of standard Ivory Garters. This year we have prepared an attractive selection: one with standard Ivories; another with the remarkable new wide web Ivory, and still another handsome combination of Ivory Garters with Ivory Arm Bands or Golf Garters. The boxes are beautifully printed with the colorful red and green of the holiday season—and the larger sets contain a "Merry Christmas" card for you to sign.

You can be certain that when you select Ivories for a friend you are giving a garter that will please him most. The light, lively web—the absence of metal or heavy pads—and the convenient white clasps all unite to make Ivories the ideal garters for "Happy Legs."

Be sure and put the Ivory Gift Package on your list. Prices range from 35 cents for the standard Ivory, to 75 cents and one dollar for the handsome combination sets. Ask your dealer to show you his assortment.

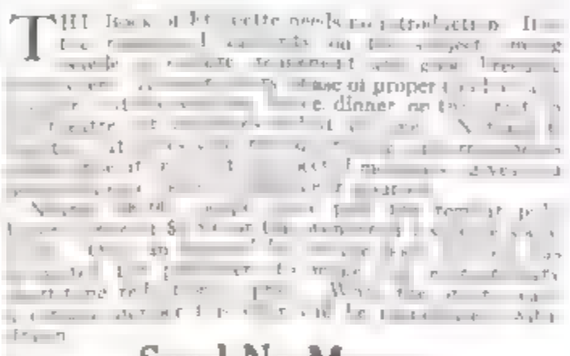
IVORY GARTER CO.
New Orleans, La.

Ivory Garter
REGISTERED U.S. & FOREIGN

Now Only $1.98

The Famous Book of Etiquette

An Amazing Bargain — Nearly Half-Million Sold at $3.50 — Special Limited Offer at Only $1.98. Send Your Order Now.



Send No Money

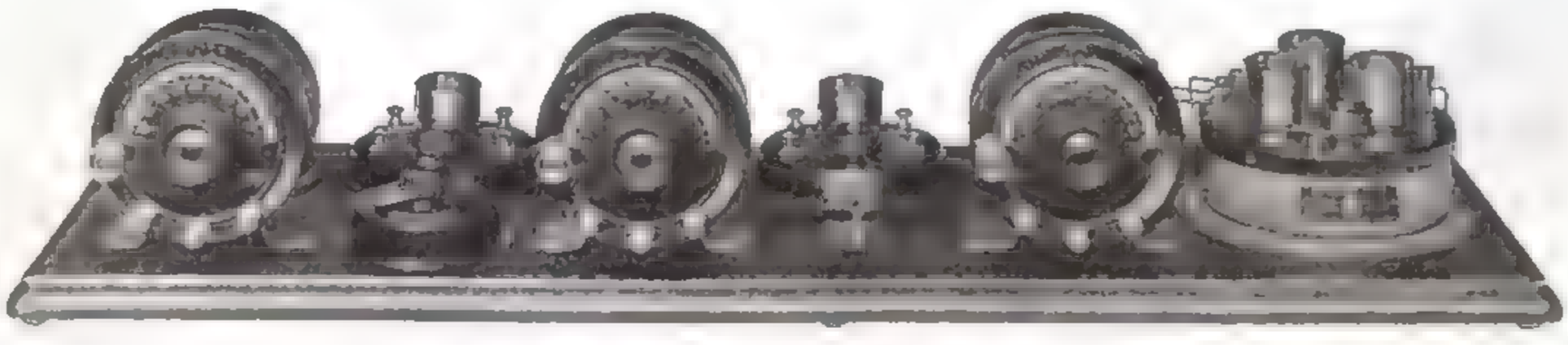
Nelson Doubleday Inc., Dept 9512 Garden City N Y

"Say, Daddy, why don't you get hooks on your shoes like I have?"

Ask for shoes with shoe hooks—insist on having what you want!

ANDY GUMP
Combination Round
BRUSH AND MIRROR
Send 75¢ in Stamps
PARISIAN NOVELTY CO.
SOLE LICENSEE
2200-22 LA SALLE ST. CHICAGO, ILL.

ATWATER KENT
RADIO EQUIPMENT



The Atwater Kent Model 10 Receiving Set

ONCE the dial positions have been noted on this set a desired broadcasting station can be tuned in at will. It gives unusual selectivity and volume

ATWATER KENT Receiving Sets are a truly remarkable achievement, embracing many new developments in radio reception. Their wide range of operation; the volume and clearness of tones obtained from distant points, together with the ease with which desired broadcasting stations can be tuned in are the high points of performance.

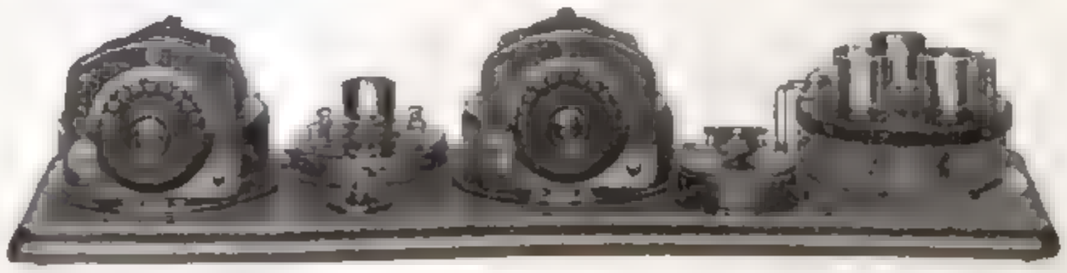
The infinite care observed in every detail of the design and manufacture of ATWATER KENT Radio instruments assures uninterrupted satisfaction over a long period.

ATWATER KENT Radio Equipment includes complete sets and every instrument necessary for the assembling of complete sets from tuning unit to loud speaker.

Atwater Kent Loud Speaker

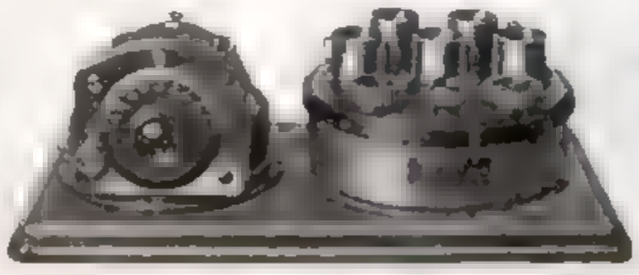
THE ATWATER KENT Loud Speaker will give you a new conception of clear reproduction and tonal beauty. It is the result of painstaking research—of many months, and almost endless tests and experiments.

Literature describing the entire line of Atwater Kent Radio Sets and Parts sent on request



Model 9 Receiving Set

THIS is an easily operated, highly efficient receiving set which gives excellent loud speaker performance on distant broadcasts.



Model 5 Receiving Set

THIS set gives sufficient volume for loud speaker operation on both local and distant broadcasts.

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

4939 STENTON AVENUE

—where it's Maytime the year 'round.

Pasadena

"Home City Beautiful"

Don't Be Late

Plan Now

THE rose-floats are gathering in parade formation—throngs line the flowered streets. Bands are playing and everybody's gaily dressed.

Sixty thousand people have their tickets to see the U. S. Navy team of Annapolis, which has agreed to meet the best team of the West this year in Pasadena.

The famous "Tournament of Roses" is opening the season!

After that it's motoring, trail riding in the mountains, exploring the old Missions, playing golf or tennis—and a score of other interests to fill the balmy days.

This is Pasadena—Mecca of the traveler.

A city of fine homes and modest bungalows, small and large hotels and schools of highest standards.

A place that you will want to see—to *live* in perhaps—some day. See it *this* winter. Don't be late for "The Tournament of Roses." It's a treat no one should miss.

Mail coupon now for free booklet and folder telling all about the *fun*.

Mail This

Chamber of Commerce
Greater Pasadena Committee
100 South Raymond Avenue
Pasadena, California Dept. 312
Please mail free booklet and folder about Pasadena.

Name

Street

City State

(Continued from Page 178)

"On the face of the returns that would look like frightful mortality and ruin among our plutocrats. But when I look in any other direction than the Government's tax reports I can't see that our very rich are dying off or going into bankruptcy at any such rate. For one thing, they have $11,000,000,000 of tax-exempt state and municipal bonds to invest in. That they have been rushing to cover in that direction is beyond question. But there's cover in other directions. When you tax a man 50 per cent, by and large, you set him to hiring the best lawyers and tax experts in the country to find cover for him. He will be splitting up his income between himself and his wife and grown children and setting up trusts for the minor children, and so on.

"Mind you, I don't say he ought to; but I say he will. A very heavy tax is just that much premium on finding some way to sidestep it. They said they were going to make this income tax practically hog tight, with collection at the source, and information at the source, and penalties, and so on. But it can't be done—especially in the United States. A high tax will tend powerfully to defeat itself; and a legislator who frames a tax law on the basis of what ought to be, instead of on the basis of what is, is only a troublesome blockhead. The legitimate object of a revenue law is to get revenue into the treasury and not to furnish material for stump speeches.

"Mister High Surtax not only has about $11,000,000,000 of tax-free state and local bonds to take refuge in, but we are furnishing him more at the rate of at least $750,000,000 a year after allowing for the refunding of old issues. There is more or less anxious discussion of the national debt; but the outstanding indebtedness of state and local governments is already nearly half as big—and growing vigorously. A large part of this debt represents useful public improvements, just as a large part of the taxes represent necessary and useful government functions. But the debt and the taxes have now reached a size where they need a great deal more intelligent consideration than they have ever received."

Bonds for Short-Lived Roads

"Ten years ago the total public debt, national, state and local, was about $5,000,000,000 and the total tax bill was just over $2,000,000,000. We had a wide margin. We could be careless if we wanted to. Anyhow we were as careless as our worst enemies could have reasonably asked us to be. Now the public debt is $34,000,000,000 and the tax bill is $7,000,000,000—or nearly $300 a year for your theoretical average family. To meet the public pay roll alone takes ninety-one dollars a year for every man, woman and child in the country over ten years of age and gainfully employed. Those are tall figures. We have no wide margin. On the tax side, it's a question whether we've got any margin to speak of. Now debt and income and outgo are the same problem for a nation that they are for an individual.

"You're sailing along free and easy, well within your income. You may pay a couple of hundred dollars for the Colonial chairs that nobody can sit in, if you want to. But when you daren't draw a hundred-dollar check before figuring up to see whether you've got that much money in the bank you let somebody else bid on the old chairs—if you have any sense.

"One big item for which bonds have been issued is road improvement. Twenty years ago we were away behind Europe in country roads. Now we're away ahead. At present we are spending hundreds of millions a year for better footing. A great part of it is a good investment, even a directly productive investment, for automobiles and trucks now pay over $150,000,000 a year in license fees, the Federal excise tax on automobiles produces $144,000,000 a year, and the gasoline tax about $12,000,000. But only a couple of weeks ago I drove over some nine miles of as fine concrete road as I ever saw. It connected two towns of no overwhelming importance, to put it mildly. It ran through woods the whole way with hardly a house in sight and I passed only two other cars. I judge that road will last a long while, for there's nothing to wear it out. On the other hand, last spring I drove over the wreck of a fine, broad, new brick road which must have looked as good as any city pavement when it was finished the summer before. But the foundation was wrong. Frost had heaved it up in ridges so it was about like driving over plowed ground. A great deal of road money had been wasted.

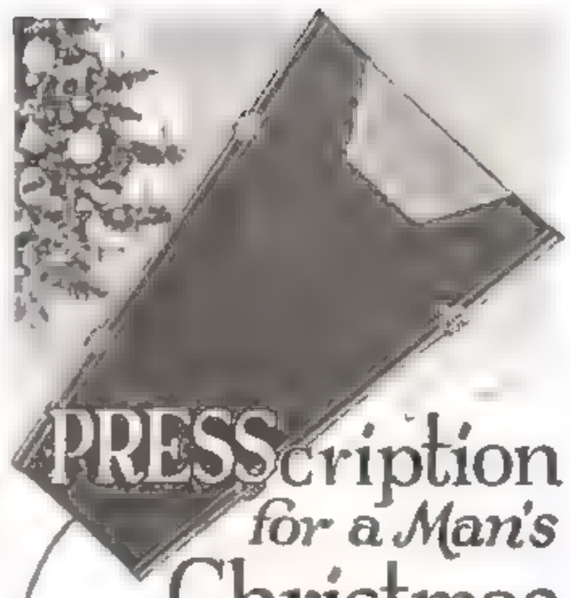
"Some of the financing has been as bad as that frosted road. Any public improvement wears out in time. Of course bonds should never run longer than the probable life of the improvement, and they should always contain sinking fund or other amortization provisions to retire them as the improvement deteriorates. But that plain rule has been disregarded about as often as it has been observed. They talk about letting posterity pay for things, but posterity never does; it never arrives; it's always around the corner. If you could really make posterity pay, German marks might be worth par now. Getting money out of a turnip is child's play compared with getting it out of something that doesn't exist, and posterity never does exist. It isn't posterity's resources that are pledged for these loans, but our resources today. They are supported by taxes out of our income today. Our borrowing power is limited by our present ability to pay taxes to meet the interest on the debt."

Killing the Goose

"It's my notion that we are nearer the practicable tax limit than is generally supposed—I mean the limit beyond which heavier taxes cost more than they yield. Some pretty capable people think England is already beyond that limit; that British taxes burden industry to an extent that lessens production. I saw in my newspaper the other day that the number of unemployed, supported by government doles, was about 1,300,000 and rising weekly, so they calculated it would be 1,500,000 by Christmas. Not so merry a Christmas, I should say—five years after the Armistice. A great many Englishmen of all shades of political opinion are powerfully exercised by the national debt and the tax bill; but in proportion to population the British tax bill is probably no larger than ours. Their national taxes are proportionately heavier; but the sum of their local taxes is much smaller. Even the socialists seem to agree that they are at the limit of ordinary taxation. Spending to the limit of your resources is as poor a situation for a nation as for an individual.

"At the last election over there, you remember, the Labor Party proposed a capital levy for the purpose of reducing the national debt. They went at the proposition in an admirably businesslike and scientific manner, collecting all the available data on the ownership of wealth in the kingdom. Information of that kind is more plentiful there than it is here because their inheritance tax, or death duty, has been in operation many years and takes in much smaller estates than the similar tax in this country does. Having got what information they could regarding ownership of wealth—in other words, as to the number and size of fortunes from £5000 up—they proposed to levy 5 per cent on the first £1000 above £5000, and so on up in a graduated scale to 50 per cent of the £1,000,000 fortune and 60 per cent of fortunes of £10,000,000 and over. Their literature indicates that they considered themselves quite reasonable; but a man who was worth only $1,000,000 in our money would have had to hand over 39 per cent of his possessions, and we don't consider a man worth $1,000,000 so dazzlingly opulent. In short, this capital levy was a fourteen-inch gun for the rich.

"But according to their own calculations the yield of this capital levy would pay off rather less than two-fifths of the national debt. Looks to me as though their calculations were excessively optimistic; but on their own showing the levy, graded up to 60 per cent of the biggest fortunes, would still leave somewhat more than three-fifths of the debt outstanding. You sometimes hear people talk about taxation as though, after all, it was just a simple matter of the government reaching out and taking what it wanted; the wealth is here, the income is here, so why shouldn't the government simply take whatever it wants? But only comparatively little of the national wealth and income is in a form that the government can take for debt-paying purposes. This British Labor Party, of course, is whole-heartedly socialistic. Its chief ambition is to destroy capitalism. In order to pay off the national debt it would cheerfully shake down every millionaire in the kingdom to his last shilling if it could. But when it studies the problem scientifically it concludes that £3,000,000,000, or rather



PRESScription for a Man's Christmas

AN ELECTRIC VALET to keep his trousers trim without the bother of ironing, and without the eternal question, "Have my trousers come back from the presser's?"

A pants-presser that really works! Not a clamping device, BUT—a proved, practical presser that creases trousers by electricity as well as any first-class tailor could do. Sanitary, too!

ELECTRIC VALET is simple. Just three units. Top and bottom felt-lined plates and an electric heating pad. Thermostat prevents overheating.

Every man who sees this advertisement should [illegible] Christmas list with his own name for [illegible] ELECTRIC VALET. Can be had at $[illegible] at [illegible] tment stores, or direct from us, parc[illegible] [illegible]d. (Denver and points west, $11.)

[illegible] order in early. Write for interesting folder showing how ample and practical ELECTRIC VALET is.

DEALERS—If you are not yet handling this popular item, find out now about "sales inCREASES" Order sample ELECTRIC VALET at once

HOME APPLIANCE MFG. CO.
301 Market Street, Camden, N. J.

HOME
ELECTRIC VALET
Presses Pants in 15 Minutes for 2c or less

Does your child kick the covers off?

This cover fastener prevents it!

Mothers may now sleep without worry, knowing that the little ones are securely covered every minute of the night.

—simple to attach

—elastic bands allow freedom of movement, yet they prevent falling out of bed or exposure to drafts and cold.

—no points or corners to injure the child or damage the finest covers.

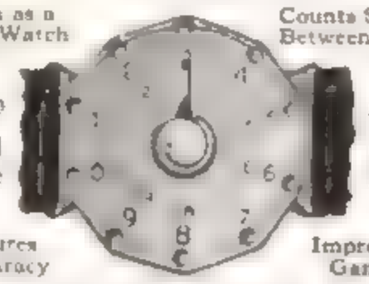
For sale in children's and notion departments and baby stores, or send $1.00 to—

UNIVERSAL COVER FASTENER CO.
Dept. 1-H, 125 East 23rd St., New York

A CHRISTMAS GIFT TO GOLFERS
A Practical Golf Counter

Worn as a Wrist Watch

Counts Strokes Between Holes



$3.00 Gold Plate

$3.00 Gold Plate

Insures Accuracy

Improves Game

Money refunded if unsatisfactory. Mail your order now for Christmas. *Write direct to*

BROOKS GOLF STROKE COUNTER CO., Inc.
280 Madison Avenue, New York City

Give Him a

CUNO

ELECTRIC MATCH

NOTHING could be more welcome to the motorist this Christmas than the Cuno Electric Match. A [illegible] reminder of your thoughtfulness. No taking his eyes off the road, as when he uses eye-blinding friction matches. No burned fingers, clothes or upholstery. Standard equipment on many of the world's finest cars. A quarter of a million enthusiastic users. Attractive holiday container.

Sold by all first class [illegible] sory dealers or direct upon receipt of [illegible]

THE CUNO ENGINEERING CORPORATION
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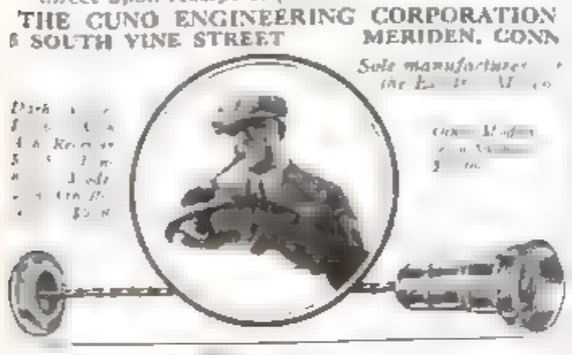

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under two-fifths of the national debt, is as much of the national wealth as it can lay hands on.

"The net saving would by no means amount to two-fifths of the annual interest charge, however; for they recognize frankly than an important portion of the government's revenues now comes, in the form of income taxes and death duties, from the people who would be hit hardest by this capital levy. If the government took away a quarter or a third or a half of a man's fortune by a capital levy the man would, of course, pay proportionately less income tax and death duty. Thus by their own showing nearly half the saving in interest, due to cancellation of two-fifths of the debt, would be offset by loss of income taxes and death duties; and after they had turned the country financially upside down by their capital levy the net gain would be only £70,000,000 a year, or not much over one-fifth the present annual interest charge of £335,000,000.

"Presumably, to give 'em due credit, they would expect to make another capital levy five or ten years later on, and wipe out some more of the debt; but a capital levy involves a heavy strain on the financial machinery. For example, under the British plan, a man worth $1,000,000 in any sort of property, or in all sorts of property, would be obliged to raise $390,000 in cash, or in securities acceptable to the treasury, in order to pay his capital tax. Everybody all over the country who was worth more than $30,000 would be raising cash or securities for his capital tax at the same time. That huge liquidation would be a job, I should say. Yet some capable men, well grounded in, at least, the theory of economics, regard the national debt and tax bill as such back-breaking burdens that they are ready to try even this desperate experiment of a capital levy graded up to 60 per cent in order to get rid of two-fifths of the debt and one-fifth the interest charge."

Statesmanship Gone Bankrupt

"I think we Americans would do well to study England as a sobering example, for we're not really so far behind her either in debt or taxation as the lads who cheerfully vote the appropriations and the bond issues take it for granted we are. That we are about up to the practicable tax limit is pointedly suggested by the history of the soldiers' bonus bill which President Harding vetoed. The men who passed that bill had all the information on the subject of taxation, and all the expert advice, that the country affords, but the only resource they could find to meet the cost of the bonus was a sales tax. They wouldn't adopt that because it can't be hidden from the public; every time a man bought anything he would be reminded that he was paying that tax to the Government—and be sore about it. So they just threw up their hands and proposed to issue Uncle Sam's I O U's for the bonus, trusting to luck for means to redeem the paper sometime in the future. That, for the immediate purpose in hand, is a practical confession of bankruptcy; anyhow it's fiscal statesmanship gone utterly bankrupt.

"My newspapers say that another soldiers' bonus bill is sure to pass at the coming session of Congress—over the President's veto, if it comes to that. It will cost two or three billion dollars. I'm waiting to see how they propose to raise the money. On this subject of soldiers' bonus, it's not the present two or three billion dollars that makes me nervous; but all experience here and abroad shows that public treasuries are provided with taps that mostly work in one direction only. You can open 'em, but you can't shut 'em. With this present bill as a precedent and starter, it's as sure as sunrise that a lot of politicians who want votes will be throwing out bait for soldiers' ballots in the shape of proposals to amend and extend and adjust the bonus—in short, to keep the tap open and flowing freely. If they open that tap this winter you drop around twenty years from now and tell me whether or not they've got it shut yet. Easy to open and hard to shut is the rule.

"They will tell you on Fourth of July that this is a government of the people, by the people and for the people and on that principle it's just like you and me spending our own money for our own benefit. But I don't suppose there's a solitary numskull left who believes the oratorical theory that government in the United States is an organ which automatically expresses the will of the people, as my hand expresses my will. Everybody with eyes knows that government in practical fact is no such thing. About three times out of five it is an institution run by persons actively engaged in politics for their own and their party's advantage.

"I wouldn't think of denying that on big, dramatic issues which stir the people's emotions or appeal strongly to their moral sense, government will finally express the will of a majority. But issues of that kind make up only a small part of the business of government, and appropriation bills mostly do not fall within that small part. So far as I can remember offhand only one appropriation bill in a dozen years has created any wide or deep public interest. That was President Harding's ship-subsidy bill, which some Western senators made a campaign issue of."

An Unlimited Liability

"To this day nobody knows what a majority of the people of the United States think of that bill. My opinion as to what they think of it is as good as anybody's, and I would bet a cooky that a majority of them don't think anything about it. The bill was unpopular in those few Western States where it was made a campaign issue, and it was defeated. But that bill contemplated an expenditure which amounted to only about 1 per cent of the total national expenditure. The other 99 per cent was hardly mentioned. Only now and then is an appropriation bill ever mentioned to the public. Mainly they are shaped up in Congress and the state legislatures by active politicians who are often guided by their ideas of personal and party political advantage. Put it to the public this way: 'Do you want to pay three times as much a head for government as you paid ten years ago?' The answer would be NO. But they pour water into the sieve all the same.

"A public debt of $34,000,000,000—and growing. A yearly tax bill of sixty-five dollars for every man, woman and child in the country. A great mass of tax exemptions that ought to be scientifically overhauled. A patchwork revenue system that ought to be scientifically reorganized. There is a large problem. The main trouble about it is that government, at present, is an unlimited liability; Lord only knows how much it may let us in for next year or the year after. You can't balance your books or bring your affairs into any sort of rational order with an unlimited liability outstanding against you. Germany says her reparations assessment, when measured against her resources, amounts to an unlimited liability—no matter how much she actually pays she will have just as much still to pay—and she can't stabilize the currency or balance the budget or construct anything but a temporary revenue system until the liability is rationally limited. If that premise is sound the conclusion is sound, for you can't figure against infinity. If one side of the ledger is boundless, no dickering with the other side will bring a balance. Is there any way of limiting the public's liability in respect of government in a time of normal peace and prosperity? Any way of coming to terms with the gentlemen who pass the appropriation bills on the basis of we'll stand so much but no more?"

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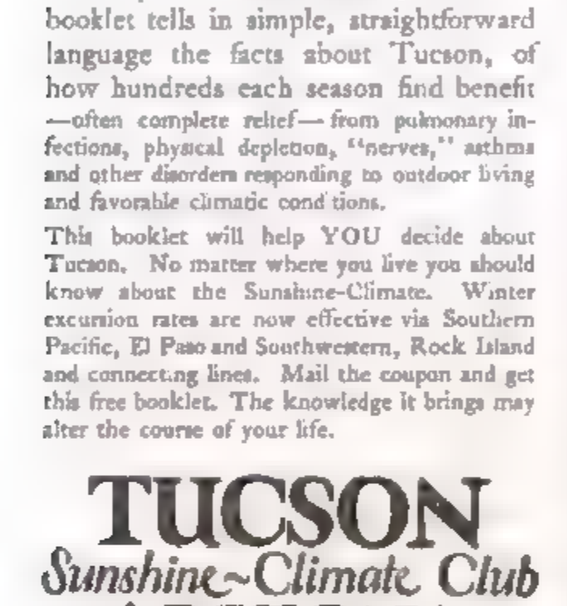

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EASY

(Continued from Page 34)

and stay hidden until my brain cleared, until I could come back with a normal front.

I crept to the kitchen door again, fearful now of making any unnecessary noise in the house, and peered out. The coast was still clear, although I could hear Bobby whistling a popular tune as he returned. Without a moment to spare I fled across the yard, reaching my haven in the loft and lying there, panting and trembling, just as my brother came through the gate.

He went directly into the house and did not emerge during the remainder of the afternoon. The hours passed slowly, giving me ample time to think, and I certainly did all of that! The light grew long and yellow, and finally expired in an exceptionally lovely blaze of glory. Easy seemed to have relaxed his vigilance, although once toward evening I thought I saw him for an instant in the orchard, moving stealthily among the thick trees.

As night fell my nervousness did not decrease, and the sight of old Mr. William Cooper, the venerable party who had lectured that long-past night at the Historical Society, pausing feebly to look over the soap and candy display in Bowditch's lighted window, almost gave me a fit of hysterics.

Poor old duffer—once a leading virile citizen of this town of Little Cape! To what depths were we fallen, all of us! Here the old gentleman stood, extracting a feeble substitute for interest from the tawdry shop window of one of those who were seizing our town for themselves! I recalled how the old man had spoken of the sweetness of these poor ignorant foreigners, of their industry and thrift, and put forth his plea—"What harm can they do?" What harm? We were rotted, undermined in habit, in our standards of thought and living; wrecked, swamped by the riffraff that had seeped in upon us through the leaky doors at the country's gateways! The town was gone—gone—that was a fact; and likely as not, I must go with it, drowned in the sea of imported habits that surrounded me. Oh, my Bobby, my little brother! I buried my face in my hands and wept.

Hours of darkness, especially when you have a pain in your heart, wear away very slowly. I think that in spite of my utmost efforts I must have slept, when some time later the muffled sound of voices in the yard below stung every nerve into wakeful listening. I glanced at my wrist watch, the luminous dial of which showed me that it was nearly two o'clock in the morning. What had happened while I dozed? Anxiously I crawled back into my position by the window and peered out.

In the yard were two cars without lights, and between them and the house several men were moving quietly. Across the way all was dark and silent. There is no place so utterly deserted as a country business center once the lights are out, and Little Cape's four corners, at this hour, was desolation itself.

The house, too, was dark except for one dim light in the kitchen, and against this, intermittently, I could see my brother's head silhouetted. Who the others were I had no idea. To begin with, it was almost impossible to see them, but as my eyes grew more accustomed to the dimness I concluded that Adrian was not among them, for almost certainly I could have distinguished him by his height and the shape of his shoulders.

The four strangers, with Bobby's help, were piling the cases of liquor from the kitchen into the back of the two automobiles, working with remarkable rapidity and making very little noise. Neither of the cars, I concluded after straining my eyes at them, was either my brother's or that big blue Alpine of Adrian's. So these people had come from outside—God knows where—and the house was nothing but a cache.

Of course I tried to fix the appearance of the strangers in my memory, but it was a thankless undertaking. And while I watched, a sixth figure came into evidence. A part of one of the outbuildings seemed to move, betraying the fact that someone was standing there in the pitchy darkness.

Who was it? Adrian, perhaps. But after a moment I began to realize that the workers didn't know of this other person's presence. At least they paid no attention to him, and, their task at an end, the last man came out of the house, Bobby went in and closed the door, while the two drivers mounted to their places and their companions sprang aboard. A muffled purring of powerful engines broke the silence. The two huge cars began moving slowly, and a lot of things happened all at once.

The first car slid into high and sped through the gate and, at the instant of its passing, the black figure in the shadows sprang for its running board. Easy's voice rang out strong and clear.

"Halt!" he cried. "In the name of the law!"

The two men in the first machine raised an instant's clamor. There was a struggle of black shapes as the car gained speed, and something hurtled from it as it dashed away. My heart stood still for an instant and then the black object rebounded, apparently unhurt, and resolving itself into Easy's stalwart figure made for the second car as it reached the exit, his command repeated loud and clear. So he wasn't hurt—not yet, thank God! But he was alone against four of them, with Bobby in the house behind him!

The second car was no more obedient than the first. A voice from it yelled something unintelligible. Easy replied, but the pace never slacked. Then all at once the night was smeared by two red spurts, the crash of an exchange of shots, and the second car became a dim whirling shadow that was instantly lost in the darkness.

The light in the house had gone out at the first sound of trouble, and now there was no movement of any kind in the yard below. Where was Easy? Why didn't he move or cry out? My hands were wet and cold as I put them over my burning eyes. And Bobby? What had happened to him? Had he come out into the yard, or had he dived for the secret hiding place within the house on the first alarm? More likely that!

My nerves were torn beyond endurance. David! Something had happened to David! If he killed me for it when I got there, I must go down. Beyond the point of finding him, of touching his dear body, I dared not think.

I found my flashlight, but it refused to work, and so, fumbling and stumbling about in the blackness of the loft, I felt my way toward the opening that led below, crawling on my hands and knees, fearful that I might fall through. Then at length I came upon the aperture and lowered myself gingerly, climbing down the steep ladder, rung by rung, into a seemingly bottomless pit. Most gratefully I felt the solid floor beneath me and, finding my way by means of feeling along the side of Bobby's car, finally reached the side door. By great luck it was unlocked.

For an instant I stood in wild uncertainty, scarcely knowing which way to turn, not daring to call out, yet finding that it took all my will power to keep quiet. In the yard were several spots of deeper blackness, each of which might have been the body of a man. The silence was portentous. From the house—nothing! Not a flutter, not a gleam! I turned toward the gate. He must be there—he must!

"O God," I thought, "help me, give me strength to find him!"

I walked rapidly, quietly, and then after a moment stood stock-still. At the gatepost was a heap of—something! I came nearer and I heard a moan. David! Then without conscious action I was at his side, his head was in my lap, and a warm stream of blood was trickling over my anxious searching hands

XII

WITHOUT warning a strong hand seized my arm and held it fast. Every drop of blood in me went cold, and then I realized it was Easy himself who had done it.

"Nancy!" said he. "My God, child, what are you doing in this mess? I thought you had gone over to Plymouth?"

"I was in the hayloft, watching," I replied. "Oh, David, are you much hurt?"

His grip on my arm tightened and he pulled himself to a sitting posture.

"Good land!" said he feebly. "Do you mean to say that noise hasn't waked up the entire town? No, Nancy, I'm not hurt—just a scratch! But I didn't dare to stir until I found out how much I'd started!"

"Nothing, apparently," said I. "The Bowditches are the only people likely to

(Continued on Page 184)

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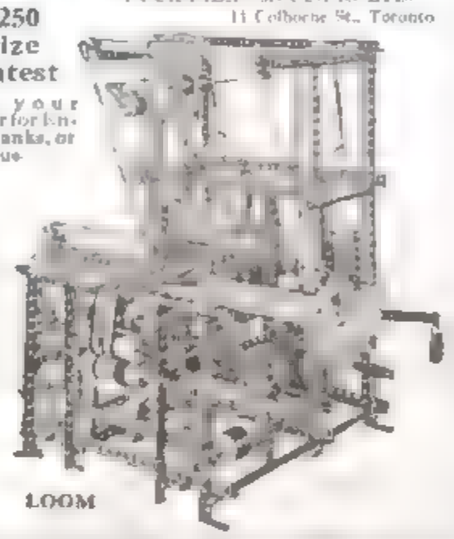
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(Continued from Page 182)

have heard the shot, and perhaps they think it's wiser not to."

Easy grunted and pulled himself to his feet. Then he remembered that he hated me.

"Nancy," said he, "you'd better run in. I don't want to hurt you, nor to have you mixed up in this. Now get along and I'll pretend I haven't seen you!"

But I clung to his coat and argued.

"No, I won't clear out, Dave!" said I. "I am under arrest."

"What on earth do you mean!"

Both of us were speaking in a low key, but I caught the astonishment in his voice.

"I mean you must arrest me!" I insisted. "It's your duty and you can't get out of it."

"Nonsense!" said he. "Go on into the house at once."

"I will do nothing of the kind," I replied indignantly. "You know I'm a more than suspicious character. Arrest me!"

"You're crazy, Nancy!" said Easy. "I won't!"

"You will," said I. "Or I'll scream and start something. I'll go to headquarters and give myself up."

Easy made a gesture of despair.

"But I can't arrest you at this hour of the night!" he expostulated. "The jail is closed."

"Well, then, take me home to your mother," I insisted.

For the moment he was nonplused. Then a faint glimmer of understanding began to come over him.

"Why won't you go into your house?" he asked abruptly.

"Because I have found things out about it," I replied. "For God's sake, Easy, don't force me to go there. You don't understand, but you shall. Bobby sent me away this morning on a fake emergency call. You know that much is true, because someone told you I had gone to Plymouth."

"That's so," he admitted.

"Well, I was suspicious, and didn't go," I declared. "I hid up in the hayloft and watched. There are things you must be told. I swear, David, that if you don't take me home and listen to them, I will do as I said—go to your superior officers with my story."

The desperate earnestness of my voice must have touched him at last. At any rate he gave in.

"Well then, come on," said he gruffly. "God knows you are a trying woman, but I don't see what else to do with you at this hour of the night! My motorcycle is parked down the road a way. It ought to be useful!"

I followed him in silence where he led, glancing back apprehensively at the house once or twice, but it showed no sign of life. From a little copse at the roadside Easy unearthed his machine. Then he showed me how to mount behind him

"I'm afraid you'll have to hold me around the waist," said he gruffly, "as long as you're not used to riding."

I said nothing to that, and he started the engine with a sputtering racket like six Fourths of July gone mad. Then he got aboard and my arms flew about him, holding tight, according to instructions. But I went them a little better. It was a mean advantage to take of a man on a two-mile run, but I put my cheek against his back and left it there. I was suddenly, violently happy. I could have stayed where I was forever, and I knew instinctively that he felt as I did.

Away we went like the wind, over the smooth black satin ribbon of road, through the graying night, into the face of the morning, the sea wind stirring the sweetness out of the pines and bayberry bushes which through the long hot day had soaked up the sunshine, and now radiated their stored perfume. He would not turn his head, but I knew—I knew! Oh, didn't I, just! My heart sang with the wind, and so did his. I knew, I knew! He didn't have to tell me. There was a stirring of birds in the wild cedar gardens as we passed. Then his house came into view. It was like riding to heaven on a firecracker.

Bumpety-bump we went over the curb, into his yard, and up to the side door with a sudden stop. I let go and slid to the ground. He followed closely and took me in his arms. When he let me go there was no more pretending. Whatever I had done, he would go on loving me if he died of it. As for me, I was all made over—unafraid.

"I'll call mother," he said softly, holding me at arm's length.

"Not yet, Easy!" I said. "I can't possibly sleep until I have told you everything."

"Very well, if you say so," he replied in a hushed voice.

Then he led the way through an immaculate kitchen into the living room beyond, and lit the lamp. I sat down in a big chair—his mother's, palpably, and he stood listening.

"She's heard us come in!" he announced. "Wait until I speak to her, Nancy. She'll want to get a bed ready for you."

I nodded and he disappeared. There were stirrings and murmurings overhead. I looked about me lovingly, a great sense of ease upon my soul. How kindly the room was, how true, in its very homeliness and lack of trained taste, to the traditions of its owner! It even smelled of New England as such houses do—of soap and twilight weeks when blinds are closed; of preserves and dried herbs—a lovely smell! There was a plush-covered album on the center table, and I was about to open it in search of the photograph of Easy in curls which I knew it must contain, when Easy himself came into the room, the blood washed from his face, carrying milk and cake.

"I've told mother that you can't go home tonight," he said. "Eat first, and then talk. I'm starved myself."

But I couldn't eat. Instead I urged him to while I told my story, beginning with that day years ago when Adrian's eyes had first stared out at me from the idol's face. Then about New York; of my despair, of my job with Adrian Lee, of my infatuation and of the five hundred dollars. And pretty soon Easy stopped eating too.

When I came to the part about paying Adrian I fumbled in the pocket of my suit, and mercifully found the note he had returned.

"This is what you saw on the beach, my dear," said I. "He gave it back to me then."

I passed the note over to David, who took it and read it solemnly. He couldn't even look at me for a moment afterward, so I went on with the story, rapidly, piecing it together bit by bit. I told of Bobby's footprints which came out, but which had never gone into the cave; of my return to the house; the telephone message; of my hiding in the barn; my venture into the house during Bobby's absence and finding the liquor there—the whole story from start to finish.

When I had quite done, Easy sat as if turned to stone. He did not move or look at me or speak, and for a dreadful moment I felt that he did not believe me. I fell on my knees before him and took his hands.

"Dave!" I cried, looking into his eyes. "Dave, it's the truth, every word of it!"

"I believe you!" said he at length, with a long breath. "It's a big bunch of information, and it ought to be useful!"

I watched him with wet and shining eyes.

"Easy, why can't you walk in tomorrow and arrest them all?" I asked. "You know they are guilty!"

He gave a wry little smile.

"Unfortunately the law does not admit moral certainty as evidence," said he. "You have to catch them with the goods. I was a dumb-bell tonight trying to do the job single-handed. But it doesn't much matter, after all, for the big chief wasn't with them—and he's the feather I want in my Easter bonnet!"

"And you must let me help you catch him."

"Would you?" said he eagerly. "Oh, but, Nancy—I'd rather you kept out of the whole mess!"

"You forget," I reminded him, "that I have a quarrel with Adrian Bowditch."

He thought this over for a moment.

"Don't you think you can trust me to take care of your interests?" said he. "This is no job for a woman."

"But it is!" I cried eagerly. "Don't you see how useful I can be? I'm right in the house. Nobody will suspect me."

"There is a lot in what you say," he agreed reluctantly. "But how about tonight? What will Bobby think?"

"Why need he know I've been here?" said I. "Look, Dave—you take me down to the junction early. I'll get on the Plymouth train there, and get off at our station. Eli will drive me home, and I'll tell Bobby the call turned out to be a false alarm. All he wanted was to be rid of me last night, and he'll be perfectly satisfied."

"Nancy, it's a sound plan!" said he. "But it's most certainly a risk, my dear, and if anything happened to you ——"

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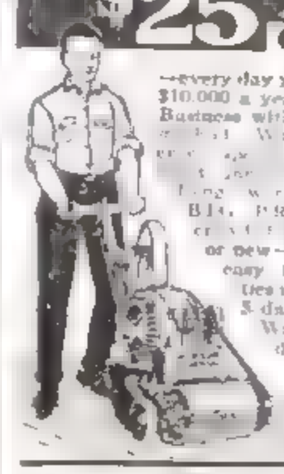

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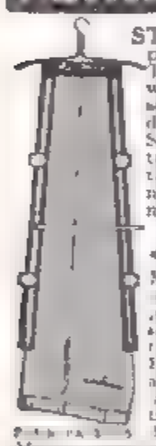

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"Nothing will!" said I firmly. "Not now. And if anyone can locate that secret entrance, I can!"

"It must be through the idol," said Easy. "Anyway, things will be mighty quiet for a spell. After tonight's shindig they will lie low or I miss my connections, but we'll get that bad actor of a Bowditch in the end!"

He took me in his arms once more and kissed me tenderly. "Little partner!" said he.

"Easy," said I sleepily, "can all this really be happening in our town of Little Cape?"

"Doesn't seem real, does it?" he replied. "But it is, hon. All too real. It simply means that we, the natives, are finished off by the invaders!"

"No, dearest, no!" I cried. "Don't say that!"

He shook his head gravely, his lips compressed. A very different man, this David Cooper, from the lazy good-looking boy who had accepted the traffic-cop job so lightly a year ago.

"It's too late," said he soberly. "We should have realized what was happening to us ten years ago, or more, and put the brakes on then. But we were sentimental instead of practical."

"But surely this town is exceptional," said I.

"Exceptional!" he exclaimed. "I wish to God it were. But it's all going the same way—the whole Atlantic seaboard. When my job here is through, so am I. I'm going away!"

"Easy!" I cried painfully.

"Oh, you're coming with me," he assured me cheerfully. "We are going to move to America, that's all!"

"Where?" said I, breathless.

"Out to Kansas—where my uncle had brains enough to go twenty years ago. That's where we are going to live when we are married."

"All right!" said I with a sigh. "Anywhere you say! But it makes me sick, just the same. One thing more, Dave. It's about my brother."

He frowned over this for a moment. Then he gave his verdict.

"I tell you what, Nancy!" said he. "It's really up to him. But I'll try and avoid pulling him in with the gang if you'll go bond for his honest effort to straighten out."

"I will!" said I earnestly.

On the great white bed which Easy's mother had prepared I fell asleep at once, worn out with fatigue, excitement and happiness, and for two hours I lay in absolute unconsciousness until Mrs. Cooper awoke me, a steaming cup of coffee in her hand.

"Wake up, Nancy!" said she. "David says it's almost time to go!"

I obeyed at once, struggling to a sitting posture and taking the coffee gratefully.

"I've been a big bother, I'm afraid, Mrs. Cooper," said I, "getting you up at dawn!"

"Lord, child!" said she. "That's nothing! And it's not so early's you think. It's most six o'clock!"

She was everything that Easy's mother should have been—prim, tidy, austere on the outside, and, like most New England women, a rank sentimentalist under her armorplate of indifference.

"Mrs. Cooper," said I shyly, "did Dave tell you anything—about us?"

She folded her hands over her stomach in the traditional gesture of her kind and regarded me severely over the tops of her steel-rimmed spectacles.

"He did," said she uncompromisingly, the smile vanishing. "And while I will not pretend, being a truthful woman, that I am not real mad and hurt at his getting married, the same as every mother is about her son, still I will admit that I have always known it had to come, and that, now that it has, I'd rather it was you than any girl in town."

It was a real compliment. What is more, she knew that I was aware of the full though not apparent cordiality of the speech, and she got my reply in its context, just as I had registered hers.

"I'm very pleased you feel like that, Mrs. Cooper," said I, "because I want you to be satisfied about him. I only hope I can come somewhere near making him as good a home as you have."

The muscles of her face relaxed a little and she took the cup from me with a smile.

"Well," said she, "I'll be glad to give you my recipes for ginger preserve, and so forth. He's particular fond of it. I always heard you kept a clean house, Nancy, but I'll be glad to tell you anything I can. Now hurry and get dressed. He don't like to be kept waiting!"

I sprang from the bed, dressing hastily but carefully. Easy was at the foot of the narrow boxed-in staircase, his face alight.

"I was almost afraid last night was a dream!" he whispered humbly as I came to him

It was another glorious day, and we had the world very much to ourselves as we started for the junction. We used the motorcycle again, and this time our path was rough and circuitous, for, wishing to keep out of sight of the townspeople, Easy was forced to follow the shore road, a mere country lane of dirt and gravel. But it wound along the very edge of the ocean for mile after mile, with low hummocks of sage and scrub pine or golden green marshes on the land side. The sky was cloudless and the ocean sapphire, and my head was on his shoulder once more.

Easy, the foresighted, reached the junction depot long before train time, and we sat ourselves in the sun on a cindery bench to wait, and there he gave me my final instructions.

"Just go in as if nothing had happened," said he. "Merely let him think you are a little sore at having gone on a fool's errand—see?"

"Uh-huh!" said I.

"By the way, where is your bag?"

"Good night and day!" said I, sitting up abruptly. "It's in the hayloft! I completely forgot the darn thing!"

"Well, never mind," said he. "You'll have to pretend you left it in Plymouth. Now listen, hon—I hope you thoroughly realize that almost anything can happen to you in that house, and so I've brought you a gun!"

"Dave!" said I excitedly. "No! It would scare me more than a thousand bootleggers. Suppose it were to go off?"

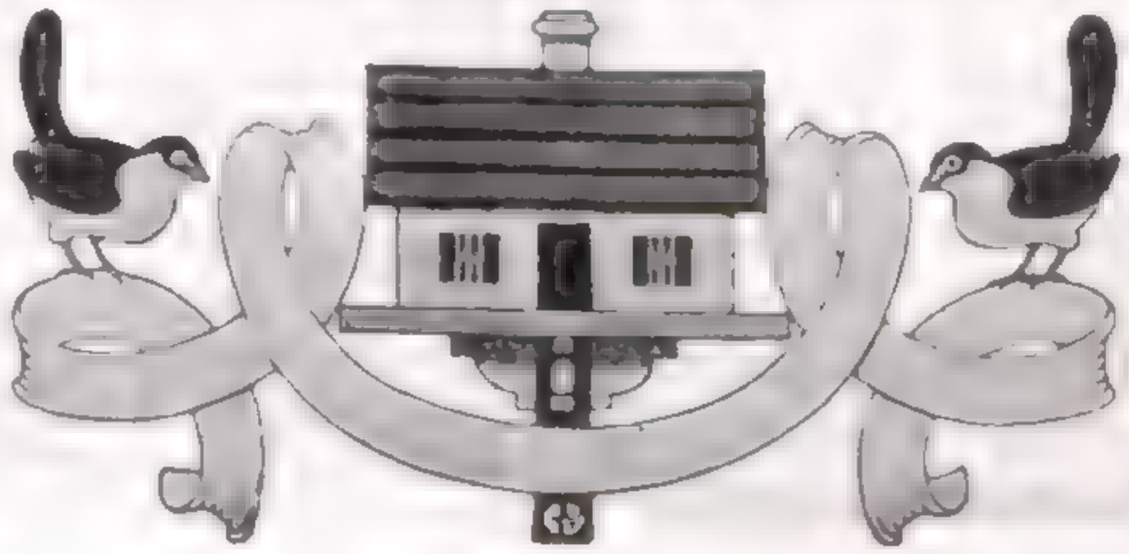
"It's a well-trained gun," said he, "and only goes off on special request. Here I'm going to give it to you now while nobody is looking."

"All right!" said I desperately. "If you insist, put it into the side pocket of my coat. I feel like a regular hijacker!"

"You may have to be, before you are well out of this," he reminded me. "I think that for the present," he went on, "the less idea there is that we have any especial interest in each other the easier it will be to get this job done."

I agreed to that as well. It was astonishing how easily I agreed with him now.

"But I'm coming to call on you once in a while, just as in the old days," said he. "We were always pals, and even Bobby, who hasn't been exactly chumming up to me since he got into this business, can't have any objection. I shall throw myself in your way whenever I can. But don't write me. You know what those people in the



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post office are, and if you were to send me a letter when you could so easily see me ——"

"I get you!" said I. "I'm not as dumb as I look. But how about a signal in case of emergency?"

"Well, there's the telephone!"

"But suppose I couldn't get to use it?" I objected.

He gave me an instinctive little clutch of terror at the notion

"Damn it all!" he exclaimed. "I don't want you to go back!"

"When I can't get out, things will have come to a pretty extreme pass," I announced. "But suppose we say I'll put a piece of paper in one of my windowpanes if anything is wrong. Be sure and kind of stick around the neighborhood, that's all!"

"Like a leech!" said he grimly.

The train was moving into sight now in the apathetic way affected by most branch railroads. David said good-by and went off on his motorcycle before the engine nosed into the station, and I climbed aboard unaided.

In my absorption I had entered the smoking car by mistake, and there, directly facing me, was the hateful Greek from whom David had rescued me in Tony's restaurant.

The fellow was sitting with his thick boots on the back of the seat ahead, his hat askew on his greasy pate, a big cigar in his mouth. He grinned offensively as he saw me, and hitched himself to look out of the window, palpably to find out if I had been with anyone. The train was moving now and it was necessary for me to pass the creature in order to reach the day coach at the rear. I started to go by, when the train gave a lurch, throwing me against him. On the instant he had my elbow, steadying me

"Careful!" said he. "Easy there, girlie. Got to watch your step after bein' out on a big night, eh?"

I recovered my balance, gasped and fled down the swaying length of the car, his words burning in my brain. He knew I had no business at the junction at that hour, and his interpretation of my presence on this early train—good heaven, it was too dreadful! What a tale he would spread—perhaps to my brother!

This man hated me, and hated Easy, with the intense loathing of one who had been punished for wrongdoing. He would most certainly hurt us if he could. Had he by any chance seen Easy ride away as the train approached the depot? It was impossible to guess.

The short ride into Little Cape was intolerably tedious. I drummed my heels, wishing I could drive the cumbersome contraption along by sheer will power. Fortunately there was no one in my car who knew me, and I was relieved of the necessity for puerile conversation. "Hurry, hurry!" I kept saying under my breath. And then at last, with a two-faced pretense of speed, the engineer took heart, and we drew up at Little Cape with a tremendous snorting and puffing and clanging of the bell.

I hurried to the platform and seized upon Eli Jones, who eyed me with his chronic mild disapproval.

"I thought ye was gone ter Plymouth," he ejaculated grudgingly.

"Correct!" said I. "But I have got back."

"Well, well, you don't say!" commented Eli. "Got any bags?"

"No," said I hastily. "I—left it up there."

"Oh!" said he. "Well, it's a nice day for it!"

And with that he climbed into his surrey and I followed him, Eli whipped up old Doctor Gray, and with my heart nearly stifling me we set out toward the house of mystery.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Why Santa Smiles

IN the midst of preparations for his annual journey down the world's chimneys, Santa is taking time to review the one gift which annually brings stimulating ideas, wholesome entertainment, business, travel, humor, to thousands of men—

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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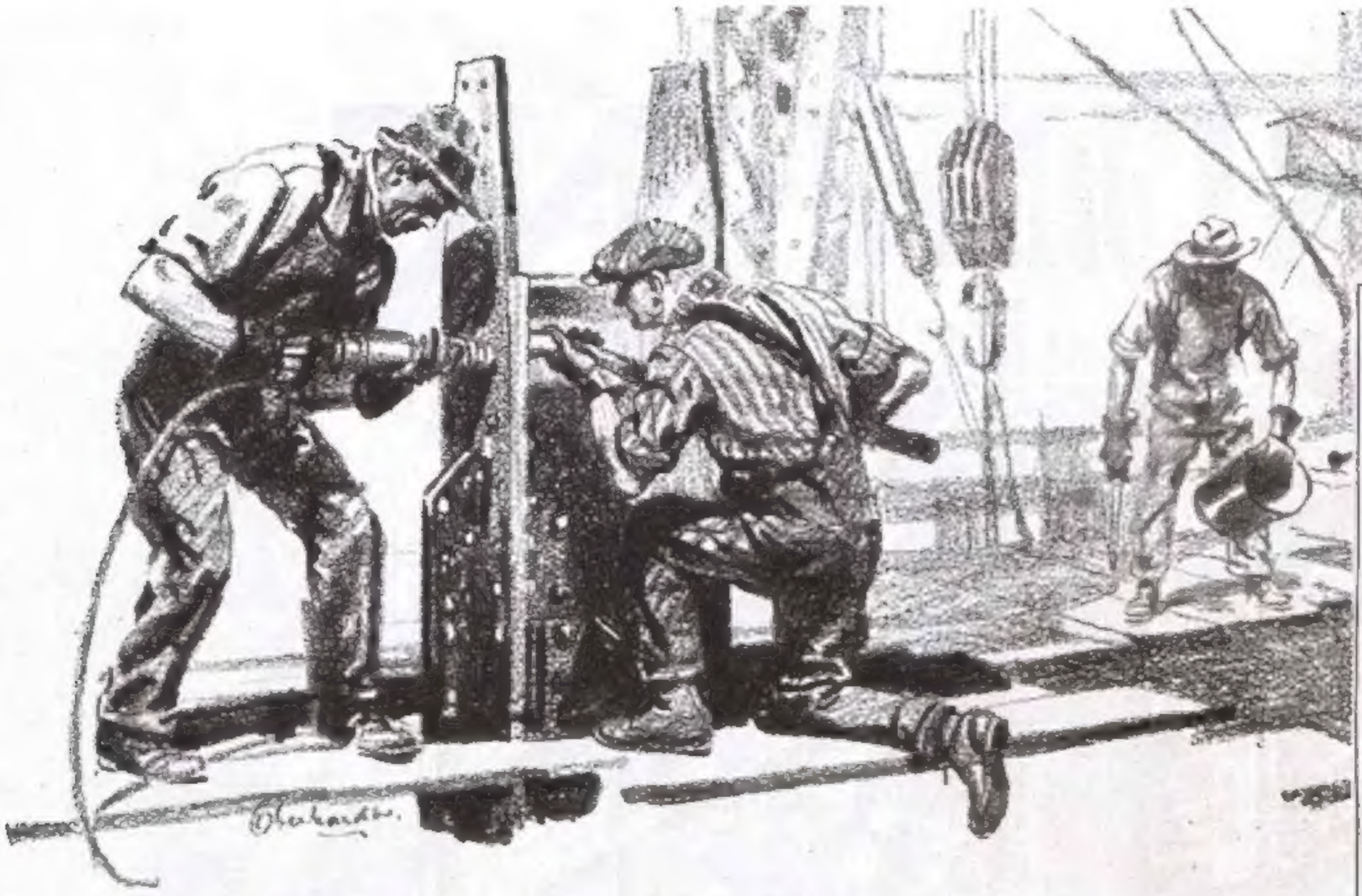

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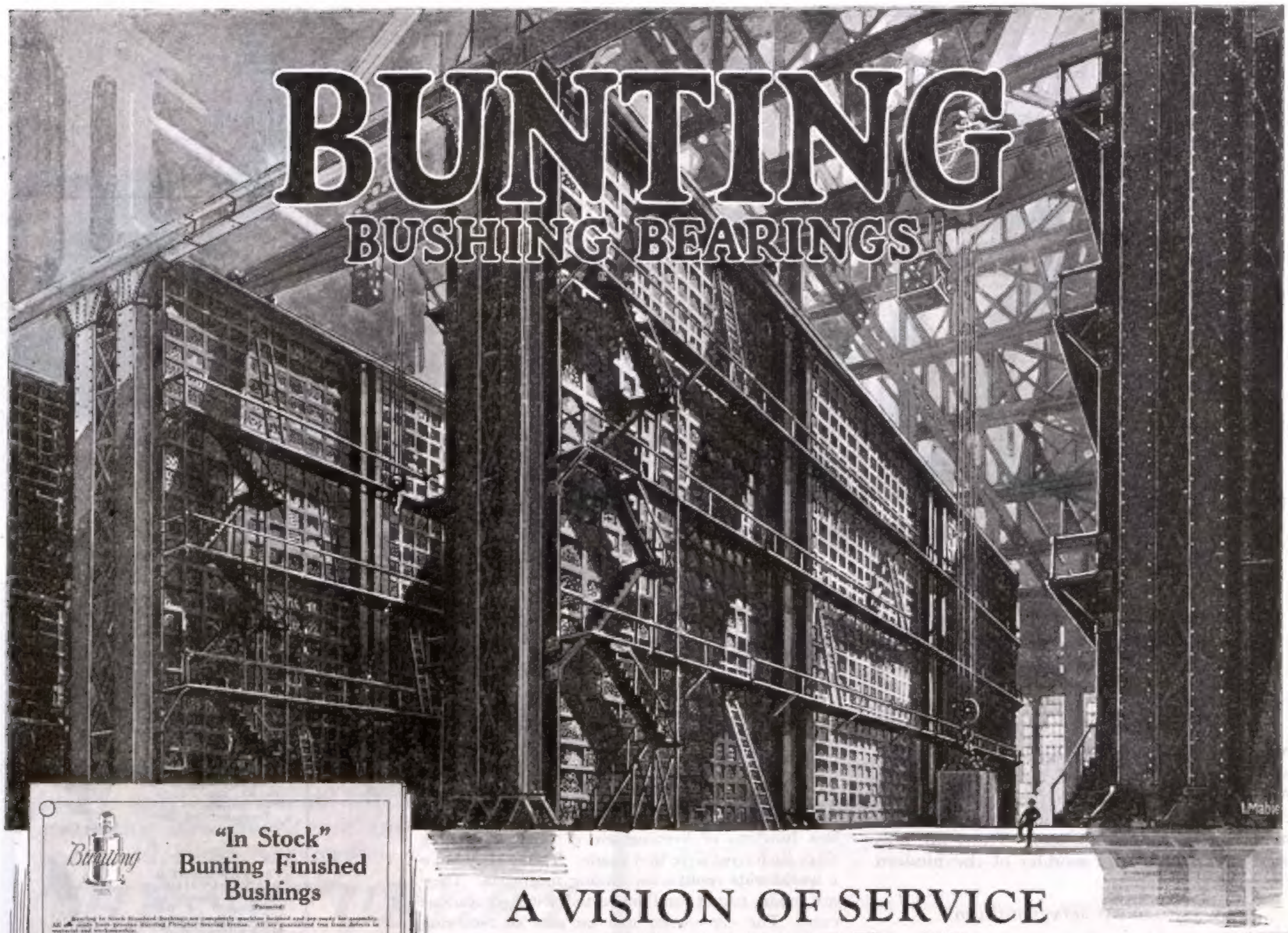

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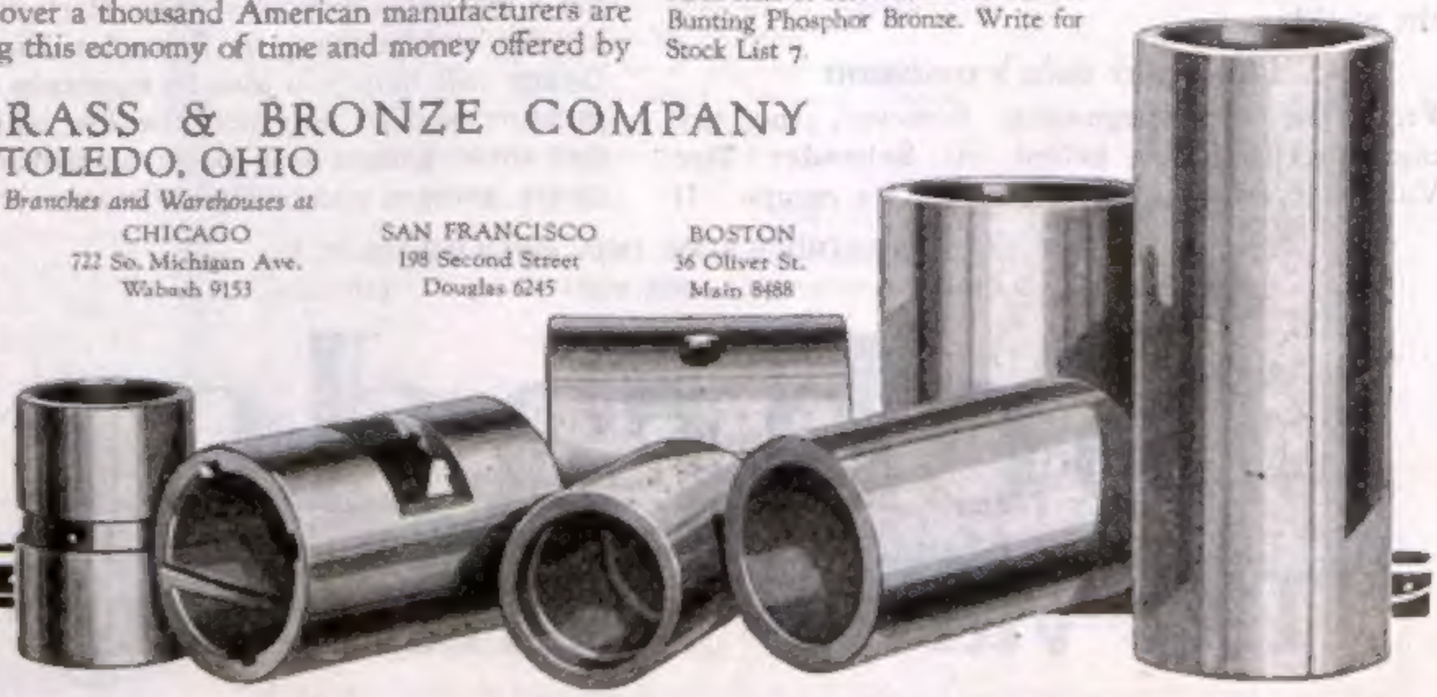

My **PET** *Christmas basket*

THIS CHRISTMAS I shall give these dainty baskets to my friends. Here are the recipes for the cakes and candies.

CINNAMON CRISPS

¾ cup sugar; ½ cup butter; 1½ cups flour;
2 teaspoons baking powder; 1 teaspoon cinnamon;
½ teaspoon salt; ⅓ cup PET MILK

Cream butter and sugar; add dry ingredients thoroughly mixed, then milk. Roll thin, cut in fancy shapes and decorate with nuts.

CHOCOLATE FUDGE

2 cups sugar; ½ teaspoon vanilla;
2 squares bitter chocolate; 1 tablespoon butter;
¾ cup PET MILK

Put milk, sugar, chocolate cut in small pieces, and butter in saucepan and stir over fire until sugar is dissolved and chocolate and butter are melted. Then boil without stirring until it forms a soft ball when tried in cold water. Remove from fire, add vanilla, beat until it thickens, and pour into a warm buttered pan. Cut in squares when cool.

WHITE FRUIT CAKES

1 cup sugar; ½ cup butter; whites of three eggs;
1½ cups flour; 2 teaspoons baking powder;
½ teaspoon salt; ½ teaspoon lemon extract;
1 cup date pieces; ¾ cup blanched almonds;
½ cup water; ½ cup PET MILK

Cream butter and sugar; add flour mixed with dates, nuts, baking powder and salt, then diluted milk, extract and stiffly beaten whites. Bake in small muffin tins in a slow oven.

PRALINES

1½ cups brown sugar; 1 tablespoon butter; ½ cup water;
1 teaspoon vanilla; ½ cup PET MILK

Boil sugar, diluted milk and butter until a soft ball can be formed in cold water. Remove from fire. Add vanilla and nuts, and stir carefully until mixture is creamy and the whole mass adheres to the spoon. Let stand until cold, then separate the nuts so that each is covered with the mixture.

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PET MILK COMPANY ~ 836 ARCADE BLDG., ST. LOUIS, MO.

(Originators of Evaporated Milk)

Send for the free Pet Recipe Book

COLGATE'S

Gifts that are sure to please

Merry Christmas

WE pass on to you Oliver Wendell Holmes' opinion that memory, imagination, old sentiments and associations are more readily stirred by a fragrance than by almost any other means. The pleasure of a Colgate gift, with its fragrant loveliness, will stir the memory and live in sentiment long after the gift itself has yielded its last precious remnant. COLGATE & Co.

Colgate's Compacts

"Mingling light and fragrance"—SHELLEY

Here are two jolly ones—powder alone or rouge and powder. Ebony black, golden border. Can be monogrammed at slight cost.

Round $1.00. Diamond $1.25

Colgate's Cha Ming

"Ever charming, ever new"—JOHN DYER

Silver boughs, blossom laden; sparkling dew; a Chinese temple against a vivid sky. Of these Cha Ming speaks with its exotic fragrance—Cha Ming indeed.

Extract $1.00 and $2.00
Toilet Water . . $1.50

Perfume for Youngsters

"I made a nosegay"—SHELLEY

Miniature vials of gathered fragrance. Four little bottles all in a row, or two with a small cake of Cashmere Bouquet Soap. 40c

A cheery red tube of Ribbon Dental Cream for each stocking. 25c

Her monogram can be engraved at slight cost by your jeweler.

Florient Combination

"A box where sweets compacted lie"—HERBERT

A trio, Florient scented—Powder, Rouge, Extract. With these, one may sally forth serene. Varied in the uses of its contents. Harmonized in scent. A gift box de luxe. $2.50

Other Suggestions

For Her: Charming fragrances; Monad Violet—Orchis—Eclat. Gift boxes of Colgate's toiletries all scented alike—Charmis Cold Cream, Cha Ming Powder, dainty soaps, powders and creams. ***For Him:*** Rapid-Shave Cream or "Handy Grip" Stick—Lilac Imperial so refreshing—Colgate's Talc—Cashmere Bouquet or Coleo Soap.

At Your Favorite Store

Colgate's Cashmere Bouquet

"Here's flowers for you"—SHAKESPEARE

Verbena, mignonette, lavender; these does the fragrance of Cashmere Bouquet suggest. In favored toilet soap or in dainty extract.

Soap (3 cakes) 70c. Extract $1.50

Men's Gift Box

"—now my task is smoothly done"—MILTON

A gift that will find immediate use. Shaving Cream or "Handy Grip", Toilet Water, Coleo Soap. A distinctly masculine affair. $1.50

Colgate's Florient

"And a thousand fragrant posies"—MARLOWE

Golden sunshine, silver seas and breeze-kissed flowers—breathing the languid soul of the Orient—Florient.

Extract $1 to $10. Toilet Water $1.50

GIVE COLGATE GIFTS